

COPELARD'S

CLARENDON.



HISTORY OF CLARENDON

FROM 1810 TO 1888.

BY

DAVID STURGES COPELAND.

SEEKING TO BE
A HISTORY OF
CLARENDON
FROM 1810 TO 1888
BY
DAVID STURGES COPELAND
—•••—
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TO THE

MEMORY OF MY BLESSED MOTHER,

LAURA A. STURGES COPELAND,

WHO EVER LOVED CLARENDON—HER POOR, HER SICK, HER UNFOR-
TUNATE, HER ROCKS, HER HILLS, HER BEAUTIFUL GROVES
AND PLEASANT STREAMS—AND WHOSE HEART
LINKED EARTH TO HEAVEN,

This Book is Sacredly Dedicated by the Author

DAVID STURGES COPELAND.

P R E F A C E.

THE preparation of this work for publication has been one of years, and the author has traveled, generally on foot, over the greater portion of Clarendon—over her highways and across her fields, through groves and swamp, on the summits of her hills and in her meadows and dales. He has visited houses in all parts of the town, from the log-covering to the fine mansion, and has held converse with the young and the old, the father and mother just ready to say “Good-by !” to this life, and the laughing boy and girl gaily entering upon the stage of action.

In some parts of the town he has found individuals with good memories of other days, and in many instances has been debarred this privilege by the silent touch of the past. In every case he has taken down the statements of living witnesses when this was possible, and, by comparing one with the other, did all in his power to arrive at the truth. He found that many records had been burnt up that should have been preserved in the town’s history, and even those in being are not as full and complete as they should be, having, in many instances, been kept by those who never looked one year ahead of their office or troubled their minds about the future. All this could be remedied by appointing in every town a local historian, whose duty would be the compilation of events as they pass over the dial of Time.

We have visited the homes of many who no longer are to be seen in our company, and to the departed we are chiefly indebted for the mass of information which we are enabled to present to the public. If in so doing we have been so fortunate as to perpetuate and hand down to coming days somewhat of the labor, energy, spirit and love of those who once lived in Clarendon, then we have finished a task which fills our soul with the thought that two years on the Atlantic and Indian oceans, in Asia and Africa, in Cuba, Georgia, Iowa, Kansas, in Zanzibar, Cape Town, Havana, New York, Buffalo, Rochester, Saratoga, Great Bend and Albion, we have never forgotten our loved Clarendon, and have endeavored to leave behind us a history that time and eternity will not suffer to fade away.

DAVID STURGES COPELAND.

CLARENDON, December, 1888.

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HISTORY OF CLARENDON.

THE HISTORY OF CLARENDON.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

IN the western part of the State of New York is the little County of Orleans, which was organized in 1824. In the southeastern portion of this county lies the Town of Clarendon, which was taken from the Town of Sweden February 23, 1821. The town was named by Eldredge Farwell, its first supervisor, in honor of Clarendon in Vermont. Clarendon is bounded on the north by Murray, on the east by Sweden, on the south by Byron and Bergen, and on the west by Barre. The population in 1821 was very small, as the assessment roll of that year will show, and the inhabitants were scattered in the wilderness, with only a slight portion of the town fit for cultivation. If you will ramble through the town, at the present time, you will at once be struck by its many peculiarities.

Leaving Holley in the background, we may ascend the hill just above the bridge, where the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. was laid in 1851, thence south, over a short stretch of highway, to where the new cemetery meets the eye, and just beyond, the old one, its tombs fast disappearing under the furrows, or standing as lonely reminders of days long since gone by. Here the land rises to an elevation that commands a distant view of the outskirts of Brockport to the east, Holley to the north, the cloud-capped hills of Wyoming to the south, while, away to the westward, Tonawanda swamp, with its dark, shady evergreens, bounds the circle.

If we turn our steps to the eastward, by the rippling pond, near the old mills of Lucas and Curtiss, we shall soon discover a deep gulf or ravine, extending to the northward, into the limits of Holley. On either side may be seen huge masses of red sandstone, piled in irregular shapes, or lying in uneven strata, over which the waters of West Sandy gurgle and eddy, on their way to join the blue Ontario. We stoop down to examine the soil, and find, at times, a mixture of gravel, with clay and sand alternating. The different roads in the town have been repaired with gravel from the Nelson bank in the north, the Mathes in the east, the Morgan and Orcutt in the south, and the Treat in the west. Dark-gray limestones stand out boldly above the surface, from one border of the town to the other; and boulders of granite arrest the eye, that must have been carried to their present position during the glacial period. The old Indian Hill, with its sandy brow, rises above the fields around, commanding a beautiful circuit of country for thirty miles. In the hills that range to the south from the village, the best of water-lime may be obtained, and, for building purposes, quick-lime is known in all the counties surrounding. Along the line of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. may be seen quarries of the Medina sandstone, that ship their material east and west, north and south; and, from the village, even to the borders of Holley, the mason builder could be supplied at any moment. The output of lime is so great that large quantities of timber-land are yearly cut over to supply the burning. Below the maple and beech, on highland and lowland, the blue limestone strata penetrate to a depth of ten or fifteen feet, where nitro-glycerine and dynamite are employed to crush the masses for use.

Above the swamp, in the south-eastern portion of the town, called New Guinea, the stranger is struck with the presence of hills, rising one above the other, as if they had

been upheaved by some mighty convulsion of nature; and at this point is the highest elevation. All around is one girdle of Tonawanda, where the huntsman has royal sport in the game season, if his dogs can penetrate the thickets. Here, too, is the great cranberry marsh, so well known to all the country round, where luckless lads and maidens have been lost to the outer world. In the mosquito season, woe unto the individual who dares to invade these retreats; a million foes are about him in an instant, and he is very fortunate if he escapes without much blood-letting. A little to the north may be seen sandy mounds, which rise above the surface, and are called by the farmers "hog-backs," in memory of their peculiar appearance. In an early day this portion of Tonawanda had heavy pine, hemlock, ash and tamarack timber; but the axe of the woodman has felled their noble forms, and the mulley and circular saw cut their bodies for the service of man.

Along the fences, out in the woods, and in the clearings, may be seen the bushes where the red and black raspberry, with the high blackberry, have their blossoms and fruit; while in the shady Tonawanda the low-creeping huckleberry loves to twine; mandrakes hang their golden heads; wild turnips are few and far between in the forests; smartweed, boneset, catnip, peppermint, spearmint, sage and tansy are in the fields; the frost-grape clusters in some thicket; and the scarlet leaves of the ivy may be seen, giving one timely warning of the poison within. Down in the old Indian lot the berry-bushes are rapidly passing away, and we no longer hear the merry laugh of happy boys and girls, who loved, in vacation day, to wind through the paths and fill their baskets and pails with the tempting fruit. There are the old mounds, in which we fancied some noble chief, with his tomahawk and faithful dog, was buried; but the smoke of the wigwam has long since been lost in the blue heavens, and the white man's tread has stamped him out forever.

Pause for a moment, and look at the great piles of stones which have been gathered from every point of the compass. Only a few years ago, and the stranger would have hardly taken this territory as a gift; but Darrow, Mathes, Stuckey and McKeon have made it to blossom as the rose. Jump over the wall across from Patrick McKeon's forge, and rest under the shade of the old elm in Church's meadow. What a grand tree is this! Having a diameter of seven feet, and rising to a height of sixty feet, without a branch, and then throwing a shade for thirty feet away! Truly, there is no peer to this old elm, from the North River to Lake Erie, from Adirondack to Pennsylvania. His giant roots are imbedded in the limestone strata of his native turf, and he laughs at the lightning and the blast. A little to the eastward stand a few thorn-apples that perfume the breeze with their pleasant fruit; while, out in the meadow, the cowslip, golden-blossomed, waves in the breeze. In the joyous spring-time the red-winged blackbird loves to build its nest in reeds and cowslips, while the lark and bobolink, along with the thrush, fill the air with melody.

Where are the "Willows" now, along the creek, where we loved to gaze into the water, like some sedentary frog? Where, now, the horn dace and bullheads, the chubs and suckers? The cork no longer bobs above the stream, for the creek has passed away, never again to return. In the icy winter days we loved to buckle on our grooved skates, and skim over the old meadow, holding out our roundabouts to court the passing gale. But the cutting down of the timber, and the drainage of Tonawanda, has changed all this, and those happy days have been hurried away into the dead past. Do you see that range of hills that reach to the southward? The woods hang over their rocky brows, as in boyhood hours; but the water only trickles now, where, formerly, there was a supply sufficient to run saw and grist-mills. Just above Col. May's was once a large spring, and

this served to run the wheels and keep the stones humming, before the bubbles plunged down a rocky ledge of fifty feet, and then rippled on to join old Sandy. Who can show this spring now? If we walk over Church's hill, we shall find great rocks that jut over the woods below, and, underneath, a good retreat from the storm when the trees shake in the gale, and the loud thunder booms above. On that stormy town-meeting day of 1886 the north wind cut a perfect swath through the timber below, and many a noble trunk hugged the dust. For over two miles one can walk these hills and have before him the finest views of grove, meadow, orchard and farming land to be found in any country under the sun, with battlements of nature that would serve to keep an enemy a long range away. Quarries have been worked out of these gray stones in the days when Dushan was on earth, and the mark of the wedge and hammer is plainly visible. In the little grove is the old beech-tree where the boys have cut out their names, but some of them have died, more than twenty years ago. Roll down a huge stone, and listen as it crashes in the woods below. We look in vain for the red, black and gray squirrels that once sported through these woods, and we sigh to think that no longer the pigeon "coos" in the branches, or moves grandly over the hill-tops, to rest in Tonawanda. The cruel hunter has made the forest as a graveyard, where one can only hear the moaning of the wind, as if in requiem. The white rabbit no longer looks slyly out upon the passer-by, and even the chipmunk gives one shriek and runs from man, as if in mortal fear.

A mighty change has taken place in the rainfall, and wells that formerly had an abundance of water must now be drilled to meet the demand. Springs and creeks, all over the town, are now dried up, and this change has happened in thirty years. The vandals that cut down our woodland for the almighty dollar should be made to drop the

axe, and leave Dame Nature to enjoy a season of shady repose.

The presence of so much calcais, or lime, in the waters of the town has had very injurious effects in the production of diseases that naturally follow in the wake of such causes.

The market for apples from Clarendon was opened at Holley, by Isaac Smith, about 1850; and her fruit can now be found in the streets of London and Liverpool. There is no town in the state that has, proportionately, more orchards to the population, and that produces finer fruit. At first these apples were shipped by Norton, of West Bloomfield, on the Erie Canal, in the bulk; then the russets, in oak barrels, from Rochester; and during the war the price advanced from one dollar to five dollars per barrel—one acre of orchard bringing as high as \$350. The favorite varieties are the spitzenberg, greening, spy, king, baldwin and russet. Holley has had single buyers that, in one season, have bought 10,000 barrels. The barrel industry has become so great that the sound of the hammer can be heard from one week to the other, the whole year through, and, at times, the demand cannot be supplied. In the raising of peaches there has been a great falling away, as the disease known as the “yellows” has come in and poisoned the tree to the very roots. Formerly, peach-trees bore in three years from the seed, and they were so very plentiful that no market was had, and they were fed to the hogs. Plums have generally become a matter of the past; but cherries and pears are still raised, where care is taken in the cultivation of choice varieties.

In the eastern portions of the town the Niagara grape culture has sprung up during the present year, and promises to yield good returns. If some company would purchase New Guinea, and set it out to small fruits, it would prove of great profit to Clarendon. Strawberries and raspberries are now extensively cultivated, and the blackberry

can be furnished in crates. Peppermint could be raised on the flats in the town and, like Palmyra, become a center for the oil.

The production of maple sugar is at present carried on very differently from the old way, with troughs hewn out by axes, trees hacked and bled,—with an old cauldron kettle or two, and a piece of pork to prevent over-boiling. Now we have Russia-iron pans for boiling on arches, pails with covers, metal spiles, evaporators, insuring cleanliness, purity and dispatch. The day has gone by when maple sugar short-cake was in fashion, and many families now use only the granulated, despising even coffee sugar.

Down at the Curtiss Mills, over thirty years ago, was a rude cider-mill, where the juice of the apple oozed through the straw, and the process was very slow, compared with the present system. The same rule was followed in the old saw-mill in the village, and also at Burr's, in Barre. Now cloths are used by Miller & Pettingill, with powerful presses worked by steam, that do an immense business. The old way of making vinegar, by taking a barrel of cider and putting in it a piece of brown paper soaked in molasses, for mother, with a junk-bottle in at the bung, has been superseded, and every portion of the apple is now used, and the great factories of Miller & Pettingill send these products East and West.

The good mothers were content to sit up winter evenings to pare and core apples for drying; then hang them on racks over the fire-place or stove, out in the sun on boards, and sell for two cents a pound at the store, there to be pressed in barrels, and shipped to meet a very limited demand. Then came the paring-machine, which was considered one of the wonders of the age, turned by hand, and fastened to a table or chair. Steam, with its easy and perfect motion, was hardly dreamt of until the evaporator came into use, and the quality of the dried apples was

greatly improved by the sulphur process. Clarendon now sends out tons of evaporated apples to the markets of the globe, and this has become one of her chief industries. In the production of cereals, such as wheat, barley, corn and oats, her soil is well adapted, and its limestone nature allows large quantities of beans to be raised of a superior quality. She has only once been troubled, to any great extent, by weevil; and the farmer is certain to reap, if he sow in season. Climatic changes have made our harvests later than formerly, and there is danger from early frosts, to those who allow the lessons of the past to go unheeded by. Creameries could be established in the town, and a cheese-factory, properly managed, secure a paying profit. In the raising of blooded stock the town is far behind, but the time will surely come when growers will awake to the fact that "blood tells."

If the good people would throw aside the road machine, and, like Sweden, adopt a stone-crusher, we would then rid ourselves of the stones on the highways, and in the fields, and in a few years have the best roads in the state. The town is very backward in obeying the highway laws, and only in rare instances are the sides kept mowed and free from ragweed, mayweed, burdock and noxious weeds generally. The present system of road-work is a sham, as the Town of Clarendon demonstrates at every turn, or line of the highway. In some places the corduroy of forty years ago may be bumped over, and rocks strike the wheels with a jar that only the blacksmith and wagon-maker fully appreciate.

The consumption of wood for fuel is decreasing yearly, while the demand for coal from Albion, Holley and Byron, is rapidly increasing; and ere long the Clarendon farmers will enjoy the winter season in one atmosphere of anthracite heat. The daily use of salt pork is nearly gone, and the butcher wagons from Clarendon, Byron, and Barre,

can be found now on every road ; and some of the younger class will not eat swine's flesh. Sugar has taken the place of molasses ; top carriages the place of buggies and lumber wagons, and the rider is seldom seen on the highway ; and to walk is considered a sure sign of poverty. If the old settlers had left a certain number of the maples, or other forest trees along the highway, when these were laid out, or had planted in an early day shade-trees, Clarendon could have boasted of beautiful avenues from one border to the other. But clearing away was the order of the day, and many of the old pioneers could only see the worth of the forest, as it was converted into arable or pasture land.

In the woods back of Oliver Allis, on the Byron road, may be found fine specimens of petrification—the limbs of trees, made enduring by the stony hand of time ; while back of Peter Stehler's, on the Wyman road, can be picked up large quantities of petrified plants resembling beads of stone, with a hole in the center of each, where the pith once lay.

When the Erie Canal was dug at Holley, about 1823, the bones of a mastodon were found deeply imbedded in the soil, near the old Salt Springs, and we are informed that these remains were sent to the museum at Albany. Occasionally arrow flints of rude workmanship have been found, demonstrating that the Indian roamed through Clarendon in an early day.

The prevailing winds are from the west and southwest, during the warm season, and from the west and northwest during the colder months. The trees mostly lean to the eastward, and have less of foliage to the west, showing the direction and effect of the wind. The potato-bug has invaded the gardens and fields ; and this new enemy of the husbandman requires a careful watching, brushing, and destroying by Paris-green. Cabbages and cucumbers, that formerly were free from insects, are now visited ; and this

year a silver worm has begun its ravages at the roots of corn. Roses and other flowering plants have now deadly enemies, that pierce the leaves, and, unless destroyed, soon sap the vigor and life of the blossom. The original caterpillar may still be seen in the apple-trees, and occasionally a blight takes place which kills the bud, which has not yet been fully explained. In the meadows, the bumble-bee has nearly become extinct; and it is rarely that the mower is seen swinging his hat, or the horses dashing away as if some Tam O' Shanter spirit were at their heels.

The introduction of the English sparrow has driven away the oriole, with its sweet and happy trills; and in its stead has come the golden robin, which has a mournful whistle. Even the robin of our boyhood days has no love for the chattering sparrow, and flies away to the woods to build his home. If the individual who first introduced these Johnny Bull nuisances had fallen overboard before he brought them ashore at Brooklyn, the whole of the bird-song world would have been greatly benefited; and we hope that Clarendon will offer a premium, in order that this public nuisance may be abated. Every year strange birds pay us a short visit, perch among the shady trees, charm us with their song and beauty, and then disappear as quietly as they came.

The owl is seldom heard at present, and the abundance of cats has sent this night-watcher to other regions. Crows and hawks hold their own, and it is questionable whether they steal more than they deserve, as part payment for carrion consumed. Snakes are again beginning to multiply, and have the audacity to invade even door-yards, giving puss a fine opportunity to shake the twist out of their bodies. The mink, muskrat, and beaver once inhabited Clarendon, but the Indian captured the latter, while the cunning youth, with his steel-trap, is yearly decreasing the former. The quail, snipe, and partridge hardly dare

to peep where man can listen, and so betake themselves and little ones to the shades of old Tonawanda. The deep rich bass of the bullfrog is seldom heard in the morning, and one must now retire to the swamp, in order that he may be reminded of other days, when gentle sleep was wooed by the music of the ponds, or the silent curtains drawn by the echoes from tree-top.

Anciently the fly found his most dreaded foe in the cruel and wary spider, but now the housewife has declared war to the death upon this useful insect, and screens and doors proclaim that this old familiar acquaintance must go, at least from the sacred precincts of cottage and mansion. Mosquitoes, away from Tonawanda, are hardly known at present; and no longer the Clarendonite has reason to use strong language in the watches of the night. For all this we should thank the gentle breezes, and the cool air of the evening, with the absence of low, stagnant pools.

Wild strawberries are now to be found in cultivated fields, and along the highway; and the old boys will remember that we were in the habit of taking our lassies up to the Island, to gather these delicious fruits, not forgetting the sweets all around us. But Murphy has passed over the Island, and the place that we once knew and loved has now only a home in blessed memory. Bee-trees, in our younger days, were quite common; and how often the axe of some sturdy chopper brought the mangled treasure in view. The advent of Moon & Hammond has changed all this; and their patent hives have made the bees contented and happy in their palace homes. Where now is Moon? Does the Wolverine State still hold his fearless soul? We well remember the honey day, when he first came to Clarendon; how we stared at him as he walked boldly up, without mask or cover, and transferred the honey from one hive into the milk-pans, and then told all

the lads to "come up and help themselves." "Don't pinch them, and they will not hurt you," he said, and we marched up like soldiers, took our sweet rations, and retired in the best of order, seldom receiving a wound. He was the prince of bee men, and understood that his favorites had reason, and more good sense than many men possess. Good-by to the old straw hive; we have now other uses for straw, than keeping it to hold honey and freeze bees in zero weather.

In the march of improvement steam has taken the place of horse-power; and for this great change every farm-horse should neigh approval, as it took them one week to fully recover from one day's tugging at the "sweeps," where some old, dusty brute of a driver kept pounding and lashing all teams but his own. Traction engines travel the highways, and the horses can tread behind, rejoicing over their introduction. Windmills are to be seen in different portions of the town, and he is a foolish man who will pump away his short life when Dame Nature only asks him to go down into his wallet and give the "Tornado," or some other machine, a chance to do the work. The day will surely come when the farmer's products will be hauled to market by some person or persons employing traction engines for this purpose, and the jolly owner taking his ease on a spring seat, while the ray of sunlight through steam and coal hauls him to market.

As to area, the Town of Clarendon is six miles square, containing 20,836 acres. The assessed valuation in 1887 was \$917,674 of real property, and \$78,290 of personal. The school districts, and parts of districts, number fourteen. In the assessment roll there is no regular division of arable, pasturage and woodland given, and, therefore, the historian can only describe the country as it appears from actual and patient observation.

The Town of Clarendon has one village, called Claren-

don, and originally known as Farwell's Mills, which we shall describe in our next chapter. The population is composed chiefly of American-born citizens, with here and there a native of the Emerald Isle, with a slight sprinkling of English, Canadians and, occasionally, a colored individual, to give variety. The last census gave a fraction over 1,800, and the writer, in traveling over all portions of the town, is somewhat below this figure. Large families are, at present, very rare, and the Yankees are averse to numbers in the household, at present, as they have been taught by experience that many mouths require much food, and many bodies the more clothing and great expense. When the country was new this increase of children was an advantage in many respects, as each member, in time, took a turn at the wheel of labor, and helped the parents to move over the highway of life. But style and fashion are tyrants, and their laws are generally as irrevocable as the edicts of the ancient Medes and Persians. The Clarendon women do not love slavery; and there is no escape from this if the mother is tied up yearly in the house by helpless infants. And, as Clarendon goes, so goes the world; which is perfectly right and proper, seeing that we open wide the gates to all Europe, and thereby take the bread away from our own people, to feed the children of empires, kingdoms, dukedoms and petty provinces.

CHAPTER II.

FARWELL'S MILLS—CLARENDON.

THE discovery of the present mill-site, now included in what is known as the Village of Clarendon, was the result of an accident. Isaac Farwell, brother of Judge Eldredge Farwell, was, in 1810, living on the old Ridge road, near Farnsworth Corners, in the Town of Murray, which was taken from the Town of Gates in 1808. His horse had strayed from home, and, in looking for the lost, Eldredge Farwell followed its track along the borders of Sandy Creek, to the south and west, through the then Town of Sweden, and near the present home of William Stuckey, westward, until he was stopped by the waterfall at the point where the present mills are located.

Eldredge Farwell, the son of William and Bethel Eldredge Farwell, was born in Charlton, New Hampshire, March 6, 1770. He married Polly Richardson, daughter of John Richardson, at Fairfield, Franklin county, Vermont, September 25, 1799, who died in October, 1821, at Clarendon. Eldredge Farwell had, in 1808, owned land on the Triangle, before his purchase in Clarendon, or Sweden, in 1811, on what was then known as the Connecticut, or 100,000 acre, tract. Milling privileges were considered very valuable in the wilderness, as the settlers were ready to take up land when the grain could be converted into food for the support of their families, and this induced Judge Farwell to contract for two lots, comprising about 200 acres, and embracing the most of the territory on which the present village of Clarendon now stands.

Early in the month of March, 1811, Judge Eldredge Farwell, with his wife and six children, Susanna, William, Mary Ann, George W., Harry and Eldredge, made their way through the woods, from the Ridge road, marking the trees as they passed, and, at the point where the creek crosses the highway, near William Stuckey's, floated their goods as best they could across the swollen waters, and camped for the night under a large beech-tree, where now Orson Cook resides, on Brockport street. The whole country was one vast wilderness, and the judge, as he was afterward called, began the erection of his first log dwelling, where now the stone blacksmith-shop of Marvin Braman gives forth its anvil music. The judge's house was the first in town of which we have any knowledge; and he at once proceeded to build a saw-mill, which was finished the same year, 1811, and, following this, a grist-mill, which went into operation in 1814. From these enterprises the settlement very soon became known as Farwell's Mills, and even now retains its name in different portions of the Union. The old saw-mill stood near the fall, at the side of the hill, where the path leads below the fine residence of William Wright, and the grist-mill this side, where the old foundation walls may be seen even now.

Judge Farwell's log home was the central point for strangers to stop, when first coming into this new country, and one can readily imagine how cheerful its light must have been to the stranger who was seeking shelter in the wilds of Western New York, or halting on his foot-journey to talk over the promised land and its future advantages.

Elisha Farwell, the first male child of Farwell's Mills, was born, as Elisha says, October 1, 1814, in the log-house, and, when he was grown up to be a lad, assisted his other brothers, George W. and Eldredge, to carry the mail to and from Byron Center, on horse-back, when the stages ran between Rochester and Buffalo, on the old Buffalo

turnpike, which now leads out of Rochester by West Main street. At times the mail would be left at Dr. Taggart's west of Byron Center, and the route was opened only a short time before the Erie Canal was dug, which was finished in October, 1825. The road over which the mail was carried was either by the Rock school-house, or to the west, by the Morse, thus avoiding the swamps. Elisha, with his mail-bag on a black horse, which his father purchased from David Sturges, was the first one to attempt the passage of this logway, and being frightened, he dismounted and led the horse, but returned on his back. Judge Farwell had a blacksmith-shop at the rear of his log-house.

In 1822 the judge moved out of the little one-story frame tavern, where now Frank Tamblyn has his flouring mill, into the residence which he bought from J. M. Hamilton, the tanner, and here the first regular post-office was kept, the judge taking for his salary the proceeds of the office, which must have paid him but little in purse, and much in honor, as, at this time, the letters bore the address of Farwell's Mills. The appointment of the judge took place when the county was organized, in 1824, and he was, also, the first justice, as well as the first supervisor, in the town. In the old log-house, where pettifoggers loved to abuse each other, the judge would sit, with brow austere, and preserve as good order as those hickory days would allow. It would really have pleased the orators of that time, could they have been allowed good chairs on which to rest, after they had wearied both court and client by their mighty exertions, instead of sitting on benches that were tougher than their cases.

The timber for the first grist-mill was cut in 1811, and the price of one dollar a day given as wages, help being very scarce, and the laborers few. In this mill Ambrose Ferguson was the jolly miller that saw the "corn grinding

small," during the year 1814, and he received twenty dollars per month, which was extraordinary pay, when we consider the scarcity of money. The first mill had two run of stone, and one of them may be seen at present just where the walk passes at the corner of the M. E. Church; and the other, Alexander Miller and Wm. H. Cooper used for years to set their tires on, at the old red shop, now owned by L. A. Lambert. These stones were procured from the land now held by Col. N. E. Darrow, and the large timbers were hewn out of upland pine, by Orlin Spafford, that grew seventy feet in height, on the colonel's property.

A second saw-mill also stood just below the present mill-race, where the mooley saw went screaming and tearing through the logs, while the water poured upon the over-shot wheel. This shanty mill was a favorite spot in our boyhood days, when the saw was silent, and we loved to run in and under the wheel, while the water was giving us a bath. John Irish was one of the sawyers in this mill, and his lantern could be seen winding up the hillside, or, like some fire-bug, moving in and out in the pitchy darkness of the night. But the old boards and planking have long since disappeared, the wheel has ceased its revolutions, the saw no longer plays, and the spot can hardly be pointed out, only by the finger of careful memory.

The first blacksmith at the "Mills" was Henry Jones, in 1813, and he lived in a log-house, where now the stone residence of Peter Stehler stands, on the Wyman road. Just below the residence of William Wright, nestled deeply in the hill-side, is a bubbling spring, that sends its pure and sparkling waters across the path that has been traveled by many weary feet, that now rest by the way-side of life. Pipes were laid by David Sturges and Joseph Sturges, to carry the water from this spring into the house where the author's mother was born in 1817, where now Marvin Braman has his home, and which was the first frame dwelling

in the town. The privilege of using this water was considered so great, that Ambrose Phillips, across the way, gave twenty dollars to have the water conveyed into his home. What of that spring now? It ripples through the peppermint, hardly noticed, unless it be in the season of heavy rains, and even then a six-inch pipe will discharge its outflow.

There was a tannery in the rear of Charles Elliott's house, which was built by J. M. Hamilton, and in this building corn was ground by horse-power, and the labor on the leather was done by hand. In 1887, while Charles Elliott was digging his present cellar, one of these vats was opened, and a perfect hide brought to light, which must have lain in the liquor for some fifty-five years, as the tannery was not closed before 1832. Alanson Dudley was a tanner and currier, and the chief one who had charge of the mechanical part in the Hamilton Tannery, and he owned lands on the south side of Brockport street, as far to the east as the limits of Alphonso D. Cook's possessions, and joining William D. Dudley to the south, where now the Church estate controls.

When the saw-mill of 1811 had become so old that the timbers were in danger, Ira Phillips rebuilt it in 1845, and this remained until the erection of the new saw-mill upon the present site in 1852, which was finished in 1853. John S. Grinnell had bought out Major, the son of David Sturges, in the grist-mill, and at once contracted with D. F. St. John to put up a new saw-mill, attaching this to the present grist-mill. The large 24-foot overshot water-wheel was St. John's workmanship, and the shingle-machine on the second floor was put up by David Nicholson, of Lockport, in 1853. How often have we, with other lads, gazed in admiration upon this machine, as the bolts moved upon the sliding carriage endwise, and were soon cut into shingles of even thickness and length. One shilling a bunch

was the price paid for packing these shingles, and Charles Sturges, of Chicago, can well remember how hard he labored to put the bright silver in his purse.

On the first floor of this new saw-mill was a buzz-saw for cutting lath, which the younger lads packed, at five cents a bunch, in a wooden frame, and then tied with tar strings, one hundred lath. In this buzz-saw Sim. Whipple caught his fingers, which Dr. Dutton amputated in good style; Whipple all the time screaming as if being murdered. What a place for logs this saw-mill has been! The farmers, when the first snow comes, betake themselves to Tonawanda, and there, in the depths of cedar, pine, hemlock, tamarack, ash and soft maple, work like beavers in getting out the logs, and then hauling them for miles to be cut into lumber. In former days, the mulley saw in an upright frame did the work, and gangs of men had their tricks by day and night, of twelve hours each. James Dalton we well remember as one of the chief sawyers; and to us it seemed very wonderful that he could pick up a chip, or piece of bark, from the saw-dust, and at once tell us from what kind of tree it came. To look back through memory's glass, and behold the workers in this mill, is a pleasing thought. There stands the boss sawyer, as the log is rolled onto the carriage, fastening in the dogs, then stepping back, with his foot and hand letting on the water, and sending the log to meet the shining teeth of the noisy saw. Zee! how the bark flies, and the saw-dust fills the air, covering the sawyer, so that for the moment he is lost to view, and as the old woman said, "one cannot hear himself think." Gather up the saw-dust and tell me how many thousand logs were here cut in pieces before Miller & Pettingill introduced the circular saw in 1880.

The author, when only a "gamin," was hotly pursuing two other lads, who were bound to leave him in the dim distance. They skipped down Byron street toward the

mill, while he, as a cut-off, ran barefooted around the old stone shop, where the farmers were in the habit of drawing away their lumber, when sawed. Near by the creek, his cross eye discovered a large pocket-book, wide open, with papers scattered about. In a moment these were gathered up, and the wallet was found to contain a number of bills, which the wind had left undisturbed. Good-by, then, to the mill and the boys, while the toes of the author were headed for the stone store, where the anxious face of the father, as usual, met us at the counter. When the bills were counted, the heavy sum of fifty dollars was the total amount—the notes calling for different payments. After two or three days of very earnest inquiry, the father handed the finder *three ten-cent pieces*, as the reward of honesty and boy luck. The owner who left this magnificent bounty has long since laid down the lumber of this life, and we sincerely hope that *dimes* have no weight with him on the other side.

All over this mighty land are scattered old boys who once loved to stop in front of some pine log, and with a stick scrape away the pitch which oozed therefrom, and after boiling take it to school for the sweet peach-blossom girls to roll between their cherry lips. Ah, me! It was this gummy habit which brought one teacher to say, “I will give you five minutes to make up your mind whether you will take a ferruling, or leave school!” The beautiful girl changed as marble and crimson, walked sadly back to her desk, packed her books, and then, with tears on her heart and in her eyes, closed the school door for the last time. In a short period she passed away to that land of loving words, where the teachers have no unkind thoughts, or harsh expressions that wound the soul. All of the scholars will rejoice to meet you, Rosalind, in that happy school “over there!”

In 1838, in the spring, Seth Knowles, the son of Seth

Knowles, Sr., who lived on the Hulberton road, entered into a contract with Eldredge Farwell and Remnick Knowles to lay the stone walls of the present grist-mill. He employed as masons Jerry Ward, Levi Woodbury, Lawrence Bovee, of Clarkson, William Knowles and Levi Davis. The material was quarried out in an abandoned quarry, which may now be seen just back of Miller & Pettingill's evaporator, and was of a deep gray, having somewhat the appearance of the stone in the Buffalo City Buildings. The hydraulic cement was taken from the hills, burnt, and then ground in the old Farwell grist-mill. The contract for furnishing this mill was given to Ezra R. Benton, of Cleveland, Ohio; and he employed, as his chief millwright, Aruna St. John, father of D. F. St. John, who also assisted his father in the work, and placed the present large wheels in position. Martin Dewey, Horace Dewey and Abel Davis, were the assistant millwrights; and Cook was the carpenter from Rochester. All the castings, and two of the millstones, of French burr, came from Ohio City, now embraced in the limits of Cleveland. The timber was mostly elm, with oak girders from Clarendon. The shingles were of hemlock, shaved, and these were undisturbed from 1838 until 1868, when D. F. St. John re-covered the old roof. The cost of this mill was about \$4,000; a very good outlay for Clarendon. Kirby, Knickerbocker, Hickman, Kellogg, Vallance, Dunning, Riggs, D. N. Pettingill, and Tamblyn, were some of the former millers.

In 1873, the grist-mill and saw-mill passed into the hands of Ogden S. Miller and Walter T. Pettingill, who are at present the owners of the saw-mill, the grist-mill having been sold to Charles Riggs in 1886, who introduced rollers, the first in town, in 1887; and this now furnishes the finest of flour, not only for the home market, but also for towns surrounding.

In 1857, Copeland, Pettingill and Martin contracted

with Mack, of Lockport, to place a forty-horse-power engine and boiler in the basement of the present grist-mill, for the purpose of running both mills when there was not a sufficient supply of water, which was yearly diminishing. Until 1878 this engine remained where Mack placed it, performing its labors in beautiful perfection, when Miller & Pettingill erected an engine-house to the eastward, and in that year replaced the old Woodbury boiler with a new one, the original engine doing its work as handsomely as ever, with the labor of the grist-mill, saw-mill, evaporator and planing-mill combined. Above the saw-mill stands a large building, which Miller & Pettingill built for the purpose of drying and evaporating apples by the sulphur and steam process. This new industry some years turns out nearly two hundred tons of fruit, and gives employment to a large force of men and women. Below the mills may be seen the vinegar house, which has all the modern appliances for converting cider into vinegar.

The cider-vinegar evaporating business of Miller & Pettin-gill, which employs over eighty men and women, is only surpassed by a few in the state, and the purchase of apples for evaporation amounts, on certain days, to one thousand dollars, the teams coming from all the different roads to empty their apples into the hands of these buyers. This firm has extended their business to Holley, where immense cider and vinegar houses may be seen, illustrating what Clarendon boys can do when they have a chance to show their hands.

No other two residents have, at any time in her history, done so much to bring money into the town and give employment to labor during the most of the year. At one time this firm bought two hundred acres of Tona-wanda at very low figures, while others considered it unprofitable, and the result has been good lumber yards on the Byron road and ready sales for the supply.

The first regular store at the "Mills" was kept by Denman Brainerd, in the building which is now occupied as a dwelling by N. H. Darrow, on the corner of Byron and Brockport streets. In 1821 came in Hiram Frisbie & Pierpoint in the same place, and in 1829 David Sturges took this stand, in what was known as the old red store, which he occupied until he built the stone establishment in 1836, at the junction of Main, Holley and Albion streets.

Benjamin Copeland, who died in Clarendon, at the age of 87, was once a member of the Legislature of Michigan, and also a merchant at Webster's Mills, in Kendall, and at one time a partner with David Sturges in this store. He was the most perfect conversationalist that Clarendon has known; a graduate, in 1814, of Brown University, Providence, R. I. and a private tutor at Natchez, Mississippi, where the great ornithologist, Audubon, formed his acquaintance, and retouched his own portrait, which is at present in his widow's possession at Washington. Uncle Benjamin, as we loved to call him, was a very good storyteller, and we were always ready to listen when he began his tales. Once upon a time, when returning from the sunny South, in company with gentlemen, riding through the wilderness to Washington and other points north, he was made the steward as to eatables and drinkables. It was his habit to push ahead on his steed and inform the log landlords that meals must be prepared for his friends in the rear. Riding up to a log inn, about eleven A. M., he informed mine host that he must prepare to feed at dinner a number of guests who were very hungry, having passed many a weary mile since breakfast. "But I am all eat out," said the landlord. "You must provide something," replied Copeland. "I have nothing in the house but a dead panther," came from the host's lips. "Well, then, cook this up, and I will take a crust of bread, as

my stomach is too delicate to digest panther!" By the time the party had arrived the panther was on the spit over the fire-place in the kitchen, and Uncle Benjamin escorted the anxious travelers into a rude sitting-room. They could snuff the fine flavor of the broiling meat, and from the very depths of their stomachs wished to know what delicious flesh he was preparing for their dinner. "O, wait and see!" was the happy reply; and in due time these voracious guests sat down to dine, and filled their hunger-casks with heavy supplies of what they considered to be roast pork of the finest quality. The steward excused himself from eating, pleading a headache, which was very natural. After promising to tell his friends of what they had so royally partaken, he waited until the panther had lost itself in the system, and then, with a sly twinkle from his black eyes, murmured "*Panther!*" About one dozen mouths vainly attempted to heave from below all that they had eaten, but Dame Nature had been too speedy in her labors, and they went their way, realizing one fact, that the mind very often considers ignorance as bliss.

David Sturges, the proprietor of the old red store from 1829 until 1836, and then in the stone store which he built, until his death, in September, 1843, was, in his day, the prince merchant of Clarendon. He owned land in different portions of the town, had his fine chaise, that, in 1840, cost \$250.00 in New York, and drove a spanking team, the best around; a self-made man, who, had he lived, would have been one of the millionaires of the country. His first frame-house, where Marvin Braman now resides, was built about 1816, and must have been a genuine surprise to the old log dwellings at the "Mills." In 1830, he had a brick house near the site of the present brick home of Martha and Sarepta Evarts, on Brockport street, which he built, where he passed away, at the age of 52, from the effects of a cancer, preceded by amputation. Dr.

Coates, of Batavia, performed this operation, when only whisky could be given as an anesthetic, but he stood it like a Nelson, although one person fainted away at the sight. The fine maple trees, that waved so proudly before his last home, he placed in the soil, and the large orchards are the result of his labors. The stone store at the head of Main street, which David Sturges lifted into the air in 1836, was one of the best to be found in any country town of that day. It was modeled somewhat after the Hulberton of 1834, but is superior in finish and beauty, and still opens wide its doors to business, while the other stands lonely and deserted, with holes in the windows, a mournful relic of the enterprise of Epineta and Hercules Reed, who long ago passed to their reward. And thus it is, that one generation falls asleep, even by the monuments of other days!

For a short time Elizur Platt sold goods where now David Wetherbee's shoe-shop meets the eye; but David Sturges purchased the stock, and this closed Platt's mercantile life in Clarendon. In the old red store Perley Ainsworth attended to the wants of customers in the tin line, and all that was left of the stock was transferred by David Sturges in 1836. Zina Sturges controlled a small grocery, where one could purchase articles in his line of trade.

About 1835 Eldredge Farwell, Jr., opened a new store in the building now occupied as a dwelling by D. R. Bartlett, on Holley street, which was too near Sturges' store for comfort or convenience. This was soon swallowed up by Sturges, and his son-in-law, George M. Copeland, stepped inside and took the management, in 1842, until the following year, on the sickness of Sturges, this store was closed, the goods changed, and from that day until the present, with a short interregnum, George M. Copeland, the father of the author, has been in business. He first began his clerkship under David Sturges, in 1830, at the age of fifteen,

and has, in all probability, traveled more miles around counters than any man of his age in the whole country. A careful computation of the hours which he has spent, from 1830 up to 1888, would make about twenty-nine years of solid application to business, in days of twenty-four hours each. As the sailor says, he is always on deck, about fourteen hours each day. While other merchants have gone down in the great maelstrom of bankruptcy and failure, he still swings his flag to the breezes of trade, at the hearty age of seventy-three, and bids fair to outweather the gales of adversity, until death anchors him peacefully in the harbor where no longer customers and bills will demand his time and daily care.

Julius H. Royce, of Albion, who lost his life while attempting to cross the railroad track, at Main street, in Albion, the present year, was at one time a harness-maker in Clarendon, but rose from a stitcher to be a block-owner, before passing away.

Before the erection of Sturges' store a finger-board pointed the way to Albion, Holley and Byron, giving the distances, and it would be well if the same rule had operation now.

Daniel G. Lewis had a shoe-shop, at first, above Sturges' store, and when Col. Shubel Lewis first looked up and saw the sign he exclaimed, "D. G. Lewis—D—d good, Lewis!" which was quite appropriate, and reminds us of that old, familiar piece, "G. F. M.—Good, fat mutton." Afterward Lewis built him a small red shop, just on the side of the hill, below the home of Warren Millard, on Preston street, where he lasted for some time, and pegged the hours away. This old shop was still standing in our day, and we have listened to many a yarn from the bench of Crispin Brown.

The first tailor, of which we have any mention, was one Evarts, but where he handled the goose, or cut his cloth to measure, we are unable to state. Joseph A. Bryan, for

years, was above Sturges' store, cutting and fitting, and his clothes were always made to order. He has since moved into Holley, and, at a ripe old age, can enjoy the fruits of his life, and, with a happy smile, sail down the stream of life. We can, in our mind's eye, see Mansfield moving along, with his crutches, to and from his tailor-shop. In the early days he was a stiff Universalist, and believed that the good and bad would occupy the same station in the world to come. His son, Ernest, would run into the shop, and then run out again, well loaded with Ballou ideas, which the father had pressed into his soul's woof. Over the fence we would have the argument, hot and heavy, until both were ready to fight or die, over the doctrine of eternal punishment. Albion cured Mansfield of such folly, and he has now swung, like a pendulum, over to the Hard-shell Baptists, who hope to commune, in another world, as they have in this, by themselves.

The dapper, dandy tailor was Moses Hoffman. His shop was above the Copeland store, where he loved, at times, to have the boys come, and then get them by the ears over his yarns. We well remember one of those tales, in which more than one was interested, and how Moses laughed at our soberness. He had two sons, Moses and Elias, in no-wise related to the original, only through Adam, as we are informed, and believe to be true. His wife, Almira, worked at our old home for nine years, and was one that we all loved from babyhood. How many hours she spent over the old cradle in our house, the good Lord only knows; but this we do feel, that in heaven there will be some to meet her, and give her the perfect kiss of affection.

Judge Eldredge Farwell and Robert Owen called the people of the "Mills" together, to establish a public library, and the judge was the first librarian. This was the nucleus around which gathered volume after volume until, in 1855, Clarendon had 1,600 books for free circulation in district

schools, many of them purchased by George M. Copeland, in 1846, and every page worthy the attention of all lovers of good literature. Where are these volumes in 1888? One look into any school will demonstrate that they have passed away, never again to be seen or read by the scholars of the present day. The age has turned upon its heel, and the "light, fantastic toe" has trodden the pages under its heedless foot.

The old residents will remember the distillery, which was set in operation by Joseph Sturges, in 1815, and who left this world in 1829, aged thirty-nine. Sturges sent his teams below the last home of George S. Salisbury, on the Holley road, and drew his butternut timber down by the mills, near the creek, and there the corn-juice flowed until 1830. This was a noted still, the country round, and the extract of corn was sold at two shillings per gallon, warranted not to kill, or give the "jim-jams," unless the drinker made a hog of himself. If the old wooden bottles could come back once more, or the little brown jugs of the home and the harvest-field, what a tale they would relate of their "taking-off!" There was a large storehouse near the still, in which the grain was housed for the manufacture of this beverage. Uncle Joe, in overlooking the state of his grain, made a false step, and, like a bear, rolled down the first landing, from the upper story, and then, quite gently, bumped his head and body, until he reached the ground floor. Picking himself from the boards, he took one glance upward, and said, "I guess I get along some, by G—d!" He was an eccentric character, but his heart and purse were ever open to his friends; and, according to Horace Peck, he offered his brother Luther, the noted lawyer, of Nunda, \$500 at one time, when he was studying law at Pike, in Allegany county, of this state, after Sturges had traveled from Clarendon for this purpose.

Eldredge Farwell had a pearl and potash factory on

the land now owned by G. Henry Copeland, partner of George M. Copeland, on Holley street, and, nearly opposite, Erastus Cone had one of the same character, near the spring which formerly supplied the water for the trough on the Church property. Below the creek to the south, on Byron street, stood the old Sturges ashery, which was afterwards used by tenants and mechanics. Here D. F. St. John had a shop where he made coffins, all the way from \$3.00 up to \$10.00. When David Sturges was buried, his coffin cost \$25.00, which was considered very expensive for 1843. It was of mahogany, and lined with silk velvet, the most beautiful coffin that the Clarendon living had seen. In a later period T. G. McAllister kept a supply of these cheap burial-cases on hand, until Holley came to the front, and then the uncalled-for were, we were told, stowed away in the big barn on Woodruff avenue. We have no doubt but that the Clarendon bodies rested as peacefully in the pine coffins, as they do now in rosewood, walnut, and broadcloth.

David Harris had a smithy in a shanty, just in front of the plastered house occupied by George B. Lawrence, which he built in 1832. This shop was the principal one, until the Miller stone shop, now owned by Marvin Braman. Below this shop, where now William H. Cooper has his barns, was a noted furnace, sanded by Martin Coy, and for years in the possession of Alexander Miller, by whom the red furnace was shingled, and the molds put into use. Miller carried on an extensive business in the red shop, in the making of castings and the manufacture of carriages; but time has closed all this, and the shop is seldom used. The town has had some noted blacksmiths in the past, among whom we might mention Sol. Woodward, who now lives in Illinois, William H. Cooper, who has retired from business, Lower, Harris, and Stevens.

How often have we taken our seat near the forge, and

watched the smith as he blew the bellows, hardened the steel, pounded out his nails, held on to some vicious brute, or listened to the wonderful stories which these children of soot and dust are able to tell! At present Clarendon can only boast of two that swing the sledge, and shoe the unruly steed: Marvin Braman in the old stone shop on Main street, and Patrick McKeon on Brockport street. Long may they both live, and retire with handsome fortunes, that will enable them to take things by the smooth handle, without kicking, pounding, or sweating in the journey of life.

In the old red store, after a number of years, Ephraim McAllister, or "Mac," as he was often called, opened a shop for the making and repair of wagons. All around could be seen hubs, felloes, spokes, and many other articles too numerous to mention; while overhead was timber, which had been seasoning for many a year, waiting for customers. One Mills had a wagon and paint-shop in that portion of T. G. McAllister's house now occupied by Jay Northway as a dwelling. In 1855 Charles Elliott was in the old red shop, making bob-sleighs, wagons and wood-work generally, and may be found to-day busily using his tools in his shop near the creek, on Byron street. The wear and tear upon wagons has been so very great on Clarendon roads, that constant mending and making has been the order of the day since its history began.

In 1821 Philip Preston entered Clarendon, and his old home is now the residence of his grandson, George P. Preston. Not far from the house Philip had a turning-lathe, where cucumber-bowls and all other implements were turned out, as the demand required. He was a very good workman, and ever ready to give information to any inquisitive lad who was anxious to know the mysteries of his skill.

Hamilton, the tanner, had a shoe-shop in the old yellow

house on Brockport street, which must have been in operation in 1821, as this residence became the property of Judge Farwell in 1822. For many years Dutcher cobbled, cut and made boots and shoes in what is now known as the Elliott building on Byron street.

In 1831 the only two buildings on Judge Farwell's property, from Main street east, were the present house of Horace Coy, and the big barn, the timbers of which were scored in 1818, making this perhaps as old, if not older, than any other in town; and both the house and barn are good illustrations of the judge's character and ability to stand the storms of life.

Mrs. D. F. St. John informs us that there were no painted buildings in Clarendon in 1832, save the red store of David Sturges. Hamilton built the house which holds William H. Cooper, and, where Charles Elliott slumbers, this formerly had its gable to Byron street, but was turned into its present position many years later. John Farwell raised the rafters of the old Luke Turner house, where Corydon Northway and his happy wife can look out upon Holley street, enjoying the comforts of every-day life.

In 1829 there was no frame building north of David Harris's smithy, on Main street, until Jonathan Howard's house was reached, where at the same time was residing Alvin Hood, who was studying medicine with the doctor. In this home Amasa Patterson has gone in and out for many years, and the author regrets that he had not interviewed Mrs. Patterson before she left this beautiful world for one more beautiful. At this time Oliver Phelps had a fulling and carding-mill near the bridge, beyond the old dam. The quaint dwelling in which Warren Millard figures up how many rods of wall he lays yearly, was shingled by Bradley Williams in 1825, and under the same roof, many years ago, Elder Fish offered up prayer. The wood-

work on the Sturges store was done by Wood and Ira B. Keeler, and the stone-work by William Knowles and others.

In 1831 Judge Farwell inclosed his stately mansion, where now Horace Coy and family open wide the doors to receive their friends. This was considered the grandest dwelling in all the town at this time, and for years Job Potter, the father of Job L. and Albert Potter, reposed his well-fed body in its airy rooms. The architecture of that day was heavy and massive, and the timbers of cyclonic strength. The only way to tear down one of these old mansions, is to place a little nitro-glycerine under the four corners, and await the result; as all time taken by any slower process, save burning, is only a waste of labor, money and opportunity.

Elisha, the son of Judge Farwell, who has the best garden in Clarendon, on Albion street, has a table in his possession which his mother used in the old log-house of 1811. She was a noble woman, and died in 1821, the same year that the town was organized, and along with J. M. Hamilton's daughter, were the first burials. The old ashery, owned by David Sturges, was a very handy place for the good people to sell their wood-ashes; and the storehouse for grain was ever ready to take in all the products which the farmers raised. These were great advantages, as cash was very scarce, and some families only had *ash* money from one year's end to the other.

The barn of Hamilton was drawn up to where Gordon St. John smiles upon his family, and in whose front room the noted Dr. Southworth passed away. Formerly Simeon Howard listened very early to hear the chancicleer, when the barn was changed into a dwelling. In 1832, the upright portion of John Church's house, on Holley street, was raised, and here died Darwin, the first son, at seven years of age. The beautiful elm that stands just by the

large gate of this homestead was a sapling at this day, and was only allowed to grow at the request of Mrs. Church. The large willows to the north were taken by Albert M. Church, in 1848, from the old Luke Turner place, when John S. Gunnell, with his fine family, had residence here. The assessment roll of 1821 locates Enos Dodge on the Church estate, and his eyes knew it when every acre had heavy timber.

Amanda Annis, widow of George S. Salisbury, remembers of attending her first funeral in David Sturges' frame house, in 1820. Where the barn of Edward Nay now stands on Phillips street, Rodgers had the frame of a house some time in the thirty's. The only house in the village on Albion street, in '35, was Benjamin Pettingill's, where the noted Spencer Coleman figured up mortgages, and attempted to beat Clarendon out of taxes, but has finally left and moved away to Brockport, where the assessors have a keen eye upon his transactions. The old stone store, which was burnt up in 1885, when kept by N. H. Darrow as hardware and tin, had regular merchants in the persons of Sherwood, T. E. G. and D. N. Pettingill, William Lewis and others, from 1845 to 1856, where David Wetherbee and John Westcott had a shoe store until 1863, when Henry Warren converted it into a tin-shop, followed by William H. Westcott as hardware merchant up to N. H. Darrow's occupancy.

The first regular dressmaker in Clarendon village was Martha Stuckey in 1864, Mary Weed in 1875, and Jennie Hughes in 1877, who may still be found at all business hours, willing to wait on her customers who have built up for her a good trade, above Copeland's store at the head of Main street.

In the days of the past the good women of Clarendon had their dresses fitted by some neighbor, as simplicity was the rule, and fashion had not then stepped to the

front and laid down its iron finger. Now Clarendon imitates the great cities, and her fashion plates are fresh importations. The boys get their fancy suits away from home, while the girls buy the material in Buffalo, Rochester or some other center of trade, and graciously allow the home merchant to furnish the minor trimmings and keep up the calico and gingham trade. Mrs. William Westcott, now of Holley, at one time had the trimmings for bonnets in Clarendon, and in 1866 Thirza Stuckey (Mrs. Joseph Turner) opened up a full line of millinery goods, and her trade is so great that the ladies hardly allow her to have Sunday, so anxious are they to appear at church in spring, summer, fall and winter hats. We can well remember hitching up old Jack and taking our mother, who was the daughter of David Sturges and the wife of George M. Copeland, the head merchant of town, to Brockport, when she would take out of the buggy, some twenty years old, a band-box, in which was a plain straw bonnet, which Miss Gibbs would fix over by the addition of a few ribbons. Ah! mother, you passed away before the day of show and style reached the town in which you was born, and you were fortunate!

When Frank Wilson entered Clarendon he began to butcher, not only for the village, but the farmers, and women looked out in astonishment upon a cart that brought meat to their very doors. Pork, cod-fish, salt-fish and a quarter of beef, perhaps, in the winter, made up the meat bill of the old families generally; but the Preston Brothers run out carts from their stand on Main street every day, except Sunday, and support their households in the best of order and convenience.

If Judge Farwell had been told that a barber-shop would have been supported in his Clarendon he would have stropped his razor and put on a very wondering look. Alvah Sturges has been here in that capacity, and to-day

Gordon St. John occupies a building where once doctors made people howl, and he shaves them as comfortably as in Buffalo or Rochester. Note the change! An old bench and broken looking-glass, or the clock's face, with a wooden or iron bowl for water, and a razor, one of Wades & Butcher's, with the children, a dozen or more, very close by, and the shaver wondering whether he will cut his throat before he finishes the job! Now, a barber's chair, where you can drop back, and for ten cents take life easy, while Gordon moves over the face, and then pomades and perfumes the sitter in the latest mode.

Who would have told Judge Farwell or Dor Kellogg of roller flour? Hungary has brought her lessons to Clarendon, and Minneapolis echoes the music of her mills in the stone grist-mill on Farwell street, that Eldridge Farwell and Remnick Knowles were so proud in building, where only the burr stones made melody in time with the plashing of the wheels below. Good-by to the ruins of the old tavern! Tamblyn has brought life and activity once more on the corner, and Main street can have the farmer, with products, where the stranger and the citizen met to discuss the issues that were as black as accursed slavery.

Rising above the hill, to the north of Albion street, is a puff of smoke that moves as the wind may take it. Out of the Murphy lime-kiln it comes, the fire-bricks at first placed there by Ira Phillips before the rebellion. Who can tell the tons of lime-rock this open-mouthed furnace has taken in since that day? Who figure up the cords of wood it has yearly consumed? And still the burning goes on, increasing as building and population, and shortly another kiln will be needed.

James Winn, one of Clarendon's carpenters, built for his home the house on the corner of Albion and Hulberton streets, where William Wetherbee and his sister Sarah have

a fine view of the crowds that attend the camp when the season opens. On the opposite corner, S. Herbert Copeland has greatly improved the premises, and he resides in the identical dwelling that Abner Hopkins built, and which was the first frame house on Barre road and one of the oldest in town. This house was moved to its present location by Merritt Blighton. For many years Henry C. Martin, now of Oakfield, went back and forth from the residence now held by George Turner, on the corner of Phillips and Albion streets, to converse with his customers, in the old Sturges store, where, for twenty years, he was partner with George M. Copeland. The solid stone house just beyond was the homestead of Ira Phillips (and now the residence of Mrs. Culver), from which the street derives its name. A blacksmith's shop once stood where now John Boots prepares his wagons for the United States mail service, and one Patterson was the son of Vulcan. Old Captain Stephen Martin had his earthly home at the last where T. E. G. Pettingill set out the beautiful maples over thirty years ago, and where now the ladies can find Thirza at the front door ready to make their countenances smile and their heads to bloom with adornment.

The beautiful view which Lyman Preston has from his home on Preston street, was once enjoyed by Alexander Miller, who also built the fine residence of Cyrus Foster, at the union of Farwell and Preston streets. Eldredge Farwell, with his beautiful wife and happy family, in our boyhood days, lived where David N. Pettingill and his estimable lady passed into the spirit-land. Many are the pleasant hours we have spent in this house, when life was one "ring around the rosy," and the hours were as sweet as the flowers of May. The old Mill house is once more in the hands of Charles Riggs, but where is George, who loved to load the cannon with us, until one fine day it burst and came very near tearing our bodies asunder?

Stephen Church still holds his own, the first boy born outside of the village, but his hair has silvered for many a year, and his home on Byron street, at the foot of Farwell street, has the same familiar look that it has worn in the years gone by.

Aurin Glidden has greatly improved his place by the setting out of small fruit, such as quinces and berries of different varieties, and if the old residents of Clarendon were once more to return they would not know the spot. Across the way Isaac H. Kelly touches the hill-side, and is well sheltered from the blasts that sweep into the valley below. A little to the northward is Dell Mower, who now receives the comforts of life where Lyman Preston, one of the old house-painters, bade the world good-by and laid down life's brush forever. David P. Wilcox sojourns in the dwelling once occupied by Drs. Keith and Watson; but the place has changed since that day. The Orson Millard property now calls Osee Crittenden in to eat and slumber, and as his neighbor, G. Henry Copeland, the merchant, now rules where Morris Dewey had his last sickness. He has greatly benefited this place by his coming, and made it not only to increase in beauty of appearance, but also in actual worth. Levant Jenkins has left his former quarters over the way on Holley street, to try the air of Nebraska, and will again return when the hay fever has left his system.

In the old cobble-stone and plaster house of Joseph A. Bryan, on Albion street, just at the entrance to the lime-kiln, Dr. Dutton for many years looked at the sick or prepared to visit his patients. Now Michael Murphy can use this for his lime-burners, and Wright hook up his mules in the barn at the rear. Down on Woodruff avenue David Mower is continually improving his property, and just beyond Nicholas Lee has his quiet home, where the bolts and staves, with the busy cooper-shop, demonstrate that

he is bound to hammer his way through life. There, on the opposite side, is the jolly Mansfield, as full of fun as an egg is of meat, and never allowing rivers of tears to flood his passage over the highway of life. John Gillis, with his hammer and trowel, may be seen daily moving to his labors on Woodruff avenue, while Edgar Gillis is just as willing, on Hulberton street, to sell his different compounds as to handle the mortar, or run the restaurant during the camp in the best of shape. Year after year David Wetherbee has lived on Preston street, and day after day has he pegged away upon his bench, and still swings out the sign at the corner of Main and Preston streets. He is one of the old stand-bys in the trade, and the town will miss him when he lays down the thread of life.

Kirk Blanchard has a delightful home on Brockport street, and his grounds are elegant. The fast horses daily swing around the Wright dwelling, or pause for the moment to take breath, in front of Joe Hess's, the prohibition orator, before they come in on the home-stretch. On Albion street may be seen the modest residence of Col. May, where Eli runs out his engine and separator, and near, where we once drove the cow a-field, Charles May reposes, after he has left the vinegar business of Miller & Pettengill behind for the night. Hard-by the magnificent Sturges elm is the pleasant abode of Clark Emery, who is as good-natured in the morning as in the evening, and who serves papers for the courts with a gracious air. Beyond is George Sturges, who belongs to Clarendon soil, and is of a good, old stock, as the records show, while D. F. St. John and Daniel Griggs have fine residences beyond.

The changes have been so many in what is known as the Lower Store that we can hardly enumerate them. Selah North, Warren Clark, George Warren, Mortimer D. Smith, Aaron Albert, Joseph Turner, Amasa Patterson, George Mathes, and, at present, H. Cole. The first store-wagon on

the road was started by George Mathes, and the town is now overrun with these peddlers, who would do the country better service by staying behind the counter and allowing their customers to come to town to trade.

The canning factory now in operation, by Kirk Blanchard, on Brockport street, promises to be a great success, with a pay-roll of thirty, and we argue for it a prosperous business, increasing yearly. The two finest houses in town are on Brockport street, and were erected by Ogden S. Miller and Walter T. Pettengill, and the former is now occupied by George Mathes.

In the old books in merry England we find the name of "Inn," and, in later times, "Tavern;" and at this day, and, in fact, since 1836, Clarendon has had one stopping-place for travelers, called, as now, "Hotel." Judge Farwell's log-house was a large structure, and so arranged that strangers could find a place to rest, which is really one of the chief wants of this life. Shenstone, the poet, must have felt this when he wrote :

" Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he often found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

Hamilton's house accommodated some of his friends, but Judge Farwell was the foundation upon which Frisbie & Pierepoint opened the first regular tavern, which was a small, one-story frame building, and just back of Tamblyn's flour store. After, a proprietor by the name of Banning, who, as near as we ascertain, was here, followed by Farley, Bowditch and Hazard, and then Valentine and Orson Tously, up to about 1837, when Elizur Platt opened up a new hotel in what is the Clarendon Hotel to-day. The sign-post for the old tavern was over Main street, to the east, and the watering-trough stood near-by. In due time the old tavern extended from the corner of Main street, and

the narrow way around the stone shop, north about thirty-two feet, with a verandah above and below, having two stories, with a bar-room on the north, and a sitting-room to the south. Afterward a large addition was made; the old ball-room was cut into sleeping apartments, and the tripping of the "light, fantastic toe" was in the new part. The barns of the old tavern ran to the north, as far as the present south line of George B. Lawrence, with a shed reaching toward the kitchen, which was on the west end of the tavern. Targee & Palmer occupied this house only a few months after these changes, when, one pleasant morning in May, 1849, the flames very soon enveloped this old hostelry, and left its nails and other incombustible material to remain in the cellar, for inquisitive lads to look over in their search for pennies, or some fancied hidden treasure. When this burnt down the author was only five years of age, and he well remembers the awful impression this first fire had upon his mind, and the running to and fro of the nervous citizens, who could only carry pails of water to put out flames that had, we understand, a good insurance to remain after the smoke had passed away. And these old, scorched walls and charred timbers laid as they had stood and fallen, until they were removed, and the plow made furrows for long years over its deserted site, until the new flouring-mill arose to fill up the abandoned spot.

The present building, known as the "Clarendon Hotel," was partially built by Ezekiel Hoag, in 1832, and for many years was occupied as a dwelling-house, harness-shop and grocery, when Elizur Platt put his son, Lawrence, inside, and installed him as the proprietor. The large ball-room was added by Dr. Wm. H. Watson, now of New York City, in 1859, and the opening dance had tickets that asked of each couple three dollars, with a supper at midnight. From 1837 the old tavern had, as landlords, Elizur Platt, to 1840; Philip Angevine, to 1843; George W. Peck, to 1849; and

Targee & Palmer, from January up to May, when it was no more.

In 1839 Marvin Powers opened up what he called the Cottage Inn, in the house which is now occupied by Timothy G. McAllister, on Albion street. He had a dance at this place on the fourth of July, and the tickets were three dollars each couple, which must have been a heavy charge in that day, when money was so very scarce, and so soon after the crash of 1837. Clark Glidden had in his pocket the said three dollars, but he concluded that he had better spend this amount for "Josephus," where he could learn of the Jews, rather than dance it out on the ball-room floor, and consume at the supper-table with some one of Clarendon's lassies, which he accordingly did, to his own satisfaction and instruction.

This must have been a strange-looking inn, if we are allowed to be judges, and, to our best recollection, it presented anything but an agreeable appearance the first time our eyes looked upon this old shell. A story is told of this man Powers, that he beat Mr. David Sturges out of a large sum of money, by the bankrupt law of 1837, and when Sturges was informed of his action, and, at the same time, of his cow being struck by lightning, he exclaimed, "God Almighty and man are both against me!"

In the Clarendon Hotel, George W. Farwell, to 1852; Orwell Bennett, to 1855; J. S. Nelson and J. P. Nelson, 1855; J. S. Nelson and I. S. Bennet, 1856; Merrick Stevens, 1857; Isaac S. Bennett, 1858; Fayette King, 1859; James P. Nelson, 1860 and 1861; Isaac S. Bennett, 1862; Horace Sawyer, 1863 and 1864; O. and A. B. Jenks, 1865; Edwin Foster, 1866 and 1867; Horace Sawyer, 1868 and 1869; Alfred Cobb, 1870 and 1871; Henry Foster, 1872; George Cook and Henry Foster, 1873; and Henry and Chauncey Foster, who were succeeded by Martin V. Foster, who is the landlord of 1888. The ball-room, with its saw-

dust floor, was the place where elections and town meetings were held, until the Town Hall, on Woodruff avenue, became the stamping floor, in 1879.

This hotel was a noted place for dancers to come from Churchville, Pine Hill, Batavia, Brockport, Holley, and the country, for thirty miles or more, on Independence Day, Christmas Eve, New Years' and Washington's Birthday, when the barn would be jammed, with horses in the stables, and between poles on the opposite side, while the cutters and carriages stood in long rows on the outside. The dance would generally open about 8 P. M., and the music of the violin and base-viol hold reign until daylight opened the eastern windows of the sky. During the war, cards were played, night after night, and it took the bartender a large share of the time to keep the thirsty shufflers from being dry. Under the old *régime*, whisky cost only three cents a glass, and the platform in front, on a pleasant day, had its usual quota of sitters, who had just taken a drink, or were waiting, very patiently, for some one to step up and say, "Come in, boys, and have something!" of which history can record no refusal. The amount of the "ardent" which has been drunk in Clarendon would, in all probability, float a man-of-war; and yet, only one person was known to die with snakes, and this came from too much Rochester whisky, of *nux vomica* nature.

Before the railroad at Holley, in 1851, Clarendon was a great stopping-point for teamsters on their way to the Erie Canal; and even up to 1867, when Newton & Garfield put up their block in Holley, the village hotel was surrounded by teams, and the bar at all respectable hours, and often late into the night, largely patronized. Formerly on election and town-meeting days, liquor flowed as water, and the tavern barn was a great resort for wrestlers, while just to the south of the verandah, could be seen the jumpers, with large stones or weights in their hands, and doing

their level best to rival one another. Now and then a dog-fight made its howl, and at the end coats would fly, and bloody noses tell the force of Clarendon fighters. Just in front would be old George in his two-storied buggy, as full as a tick, and singing out, "Wait for the wagon!" or lying prostrate on the ground, with the claret streaming from his nostrils. Every day the bell would call for breakfast, dinner and supper, and the ice-house in the rear would keep the meat and provision in the best of order.

But that day of cheap whisky, card-playing, fighting and bell-ringing, has gone forever, and the Clarendon hotel of to-day is quiet as if in Rochester or Buffalo. Billiard and pool-playing are now the chief amusements, and the amount of strong liquors taken is very small compared to the use of lager and ale, with the consumption of cigars and smoke. The old sitters have folded their forms in the robes of death, where they can rest from their labors, while their works do follow them. And if they were once more to return to their old haunts, they would in all probability shed one deep tear, utter one long sigh, and exclaim: "This is no place for us; we will again seek our quiet resting places in the town burying-grounds!"

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOLS.

WE shall make our starting-point a description of the schools of Farwell's Mills, or Clarendon, and then give the other districts in the same order which we shall observe as to the roads. The first teacher that George W., the son of Judge Eldredge Farwell, had, was Mrs. David Glidden, who taught in the log school-house which stood where Aurin Glidden's house is situated, on Byron street. We cannot give the date of its hewing and scoring, but it only remained until 1819, when a frame building was erected just east of the stone school-house of this day. The log must have been quite small, and the lumber for the benches in this, as in the frame one, cut in Farwell's mill. We may imagine this shanty school of 1813. A circular bench around the room for the big boys and girls, leaving a back for the next row; and then only slabs or boards for those below, with no desks in which to keep any book they may have possessed. The little ones had no primers; the walls chinked in; no black-boards; and if one had a slate on which to figure, this was done at the seat; the windows just large enough to invite a few pencils of golden light to linger; no desks for the little heads to rest on when sleepy; only a crossing of the legs to hold up the body; the walls without one picture to break the dreariness of the view; Webster's spelling-book, with its story of the boy in the apple-tree; the old English Reader, informing the older ones of Micipsa and the bloody Jugurtha, or filling their minds with Selkirk's experience as a Robinson

Crusoe ; and Dwight's Geography, that made even Western New York a wilderness, save at Batavia, Newport, or Albion, Lewiston, Black Rock and Buffalo.

Where then was Brockport, Holley, Hulberton, Knowlesville, or even Clarendon? How about Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Omaha and the great West? With the exception of a few of the chief stopping-points on the routes of emigration, the country to the west of Farwell's Mills was as unknown as certain portions of Australia in 1888. Here and there some daring settler had made his clearing, and the other openings were the work of Nature, where she had dug out her streams, ponds and lakes. How, then, could Dwight's Geography contain the outlines, or even drawings, of a land where the mink, beaver, musk-rat, deer, wolf and bear held undisputed possession?

Out on the basswood floor is a block of wood where some urchin sits, who is so thick-headed that the teacher calls him a dunce, and there he is, hour after hour, until some one, out of pity or fun, kicks his seat from under him, and on the floor he sprawling lies, the whole school ready to burst the buttons if they only dared to, and were not afraid of the blue-beech gad on the hooks. Hear the tow-heads spell! C-a-t, kat. C-o-w, keow. D-i-d—y-o-u—s-e-e—m-y—n-e-w—c-a-p? "Girls may have a recess!" Out they go—a motley group—all the way down from Eliza Jane and Betsey Ann, twenty years of age, to Polly Ann and Susan Jane, three or four years old; the poor mother having one or two smaller ones at home in the shanty, and sending these darlings, with eight or ten others, to the teacher to care for, "jist to get them out of the way." Do you see any bustles in the bustle of getting out of the hemlock door? Any French-twisted heads? Any button-gaiters? Are they afraid of soiling their fine dresses by touching some poor girl's gown? Does every scholar have

her equal associate with her, not deigning to notice those in the lower rounds of the ladder of wealth? O, no! The girls of that day were too democratic and republican in their natures; they had the brains and good common-sense that made mothers, whose hands toiled without sewing machines, or knitting-machines, from the break of day until night, and worked like slaves to make this beautiful Western New York what it is to day, the finest country that the blessed Lord ever looked upon. They were the girls who could run a foot-race with the biggest boys, and beat many of them, too. Who could keep step with the best walkers to and from school, for one, two or three miles. Their cheeks needed no lily-white; the lily came from Dame Nature, and the French-red from the scarlet and crimson blood that painted their cheeks and lips, as no artist could ever hope to do.

Did they have any catarrh then? They wore calf-skin shoes, heavy soles, home-made. Did they have dyspepsia? They knew nothing of frosted cake and the rich delicacies of to-day, which very soon make the stomach a reservoir for pepsin, or Green's August Flower. Where were their seal-skin sacks? Their sable boas? Good home-woven flannel was fur enough for them; and one of those Clarendon girls would in one cold day freeze one of 1888 to death, if she dared to dress as she did. They were not rocking-chair girls; but every one of them knew how to set a table, and could get up as good a meal as their mothers. No wonder young men married these girls. They had the blood in them; the genuine stuff, that has made the America of to-day.

"Recess for the boys!" Hold on there, you great, big six-footers, don't run over the little boys! Bang! How the door slammed as the last one made one bound into that pile of snow. Talk about your modern games! See those two lads clench each other! They have had it in their eyes

in the school-room, and now they will have it out. The chip lies on the ground, and the blood flies. Do you want a square-hold, side-hold, or back-hold? You can have it at a moment's notice, and you need not worry but you will find your match. Jumping, thumping, pitching, wrestling, running, snow-balling, or the taking of forts, as Napoleon did at Brienne; all these sports made up the school-days of 1819, at Farwell's Mills, when every one was on the same level, and we had not learned to imitate the snobbery of old Europe, which our grandfathers and grandmothers despised from the bottom of their souls.

The old log school-house only lasted about seven years, and was in 1819 superseded by a frame building just east of the site of the present school-house, which was erected, as the tablet says, in 1846. The frame one of 1819 was then moved on to the farm which William H. Cooper now owns, on Hulberton road. Aside from the statement given us by David Matson, we have been unable to find any other person who could tell us aught about the frame school-house or its teachers, outside of the records which have been kept in the old Town-book. The elections were held in the frame school-house from 1821 up to 1837, when they were transferred to the house of Elizur Platt, who that year opened his hotel in Clarendon. In the frame school-house at Clarendon the entrance was to the north-west, showing the love of cold weather; the teacher's desk opposite the door, so as to see the scholars when they came in. In 1822 there were two large fire-places in this school-house, with plenty of wood to burn, and they were kept roaring during the winter-time.

As time advanced the stove came in that would burn four-foot wood, and this must have been somewhere about 1840. By this box-stove lay a large iron poker, which some village blacksmith had pounded out, big enough to stir up the fire, or knock any of the larger boys down, if

necessary. In the old red store building, after 1836, select-schools were taught by one Parker and H. W. Merrill, afterwards a lawyer in Saratoga Springs, with whom the author studied law when he was in partnership with Esek Cowen, now of the Troy bar, and one of the best lawyers in the state. Merrill was a graduate of Union College, at Schenectady, a very good teacher, with a will like a sea-captain. These select-schools were also carried on in the ball-room of the new tavern, by Merrill, and Isthomer Bard Sawtell, who left behind him a certificate showing Mrs. D. F. St. John what he thought of her qualifications in relation to teaching.

A certain Judson also swung the rod about this time, and taught the young ideas how the sprouts grew out of blue-beech trees. Elviraette Lewis had incensed Merrill by some of her girlish pranks, and he sent out George Hoag to get six whips, in order that he might appease his wrath, which was nearly at 212 deg. Fahrenheit. Out George marched on his errand of mercy, and on the school-ground he found a half-dozen of teazle plants, trimmed them, came in, and laid them before the black-eyed teacher. He snatched one of these, swung it above his head, and before it reached the naughty girl it broke and flew across the room. Merrill exclaimed: "George, go out and get me six blue-beech whips!" George opened the door once more, went down town, and forgot to bring back the rods, and did not put in an appearance until the next day, when Merrill had, through one good night's rest, cooled down, and George and Elviraette looked love out of eyes that said, "All right!"

Leonard Sawyer also taught in the frame school-house, and we regret very much that the old supervisors' reports, since 1856, are minus, or we could give a list of the teachers from 1821 to 1888. The first teacher that Elisha Farwell had in the old frame school-house, was Horace Steele;

and if he had any of the bubbling nature of Steele of the old *Spectator*, he must have made some amends for the crossness and long-jawedness of other teachers of that iron day. The teacher's desk, according to Elisha, had two steps leading up to it, and there the pedagogue sat, something after the manner of that old picture, looking out from under his eyes like some spider, watching for a good opportunity to show how mighty he could be with the brief authority in which he was daily clothed.

In the old yellow house built by Hamilton, Clarissa Lee had a select school at an early day. In the stone school-house of 1846, now standing, the first term in the large room was taught by John B. King, and in the small room Malvina A. Vandyke. Hannah Dutcher, Lucy Knowles, Maria Maine, Clara Newman, Sarah Jane Jenkins, Miss Bingham and Clara Spencer, were some of the teachers here before 1856. John B. King was one of the brain teachers of Clarendon, and made one of the best citizens that the town has known. He had a valuable library of his own purchase, and the marginal notes demonstrate that he did his own thinking, side by side with the author of each volume. He was clerk in the senate chamber at Albany, in the charge of the Erie Canal under Joel Hinds, at Hindsburgh, and for some time in the Sturges store, all of which places he filled with honor, not only to himself, but to the people at large. When he died Clarendon dropped her heart-tears upon his coffin, and his name is held sacred even at the present day.

Malvina A. Vandyke, his associate, was one of the best lady instructors that could be found for the young. She always had that pleasant, open, and frank way of acting, that in a moment engaged the attention, and when she died in the spring of 1888, many were the flowers of love that blossomed over her memory. She was the last one of the

golden links that bound the present with the past, in the home-life of Clarendon village.

The author remembers, when but a youngster, of one teacher hanging around his neck a silver sixpence, as a mark of merit; and how gladly he skipped down over the hill to the old house, when he showed his mother with delight his first medal; and no after conferment ever made him feel so rich as this simple token of esteem. Strange how little it takes to make a child's heart, like some high rock spring, bubble over from the depths within!

The old mill-dam was a great place for the boys to go in swimming, and very often we forgot all about the swift-footed hours, and, having no belfry bell to warn us, we would appear before the teacher after school had been called. Then, what a scene! "Stand out on the floor, you boys, and prepare to take a whipping, for not being in on time!" There we stood, a dozen or more, while the teacher at once proceeded to give us each a good switching around the bare legs, or over the cotton shirts, that were very thin, and left every blow to make us dance almost a sailor's horn-pipe. What boo-hooing! What bawling! What sniveling! What "Ohs!" What "O teacher, I never will be late again!" While some would bite their lips, hold their breath, or, like the Spartan lad, never squeal, and, as they went to their seats, say, inwardly, "Licking don't last long, and kill me you daren't!" There was one lad who seemed to take delight in tattling, and, once upon a time, he bawled, "Teacher, Dave Copeland is whispering!" When that teacher had finished her task of correction, that youth soon found his head about forty degrees to the horizon, backward, and, his mouth wide open, sent up the most terrific shrieks. He failed to tattle any more, and, perhaps, remembered what the first penny of our United States said, "Mind your business!"

In those days the scholars were taught to sing the multi-

plication table, up to the tens, and every one had the opportunity of coming in on the chorus of five times five are twenty-five, all through the fives. Teachers were not ashamed to read the Bible, or offer up a prayer, and woe unto the one that broke the stillness of the occasion. Prizes were given, each term, in spelling, and the last day of school never came without each one having a card to remember the tutor. Now, all is changed, and the teacher generally dismisses the school, and puts every cent of his wages in his pocket, and goes away, like the door upon its hinges. This feature of covetousness is worth thinking upon.

There was one beautiful girl, the laughing, charming Minerva Curtis, who, with her brother Levi, would walk to school side by side with Charley Martin and Josie, up the old Byron road. Jumping the rope at noon-times was a favorite pastime with many of the scholars, one at either end, while the contestants would take their places on the floor, and skip to the whirl. One day Charley and Minerva stepped forth and jumped the rope, side by side, 120 times. That night Minerva complained of a headache, went home, and never again brought the sunlight of her sweet face into the school-room. Four days of brain fever, lying unconscious, like some lily of mortality, breathing out her loving life, she passed away. And when we heard the sad news it seemed as if some funeral bell had tolled through all our hearts. How sadly we marched, side by side, around that coffin, and took our farewell look at that face, so beautiful in death. But she had gone, like "some sunbeam, to revisit the place of its nativity," and the following day, and the remainder of that term, was as if some shadow had entered the door, and hovered over all the seats.

Flowers are ever beautiful, and give forth silent lessons that touch the finest chords of our being. As one scholar

walked up, one sweet, May morning, and presented the teacher, Frank Carpenter, with some wood-violets, that the angels had left in the woods beyond, she kissed the happy face, and said, "There is always something good in one that loves flowers!" Do we think of this as we pass along the ways of life? Where, now, is that teacher who, when he called a certain girl out on the floor, to punish her, looked out of his savage eyes, and growled, "Alvina, you have eyes like a woodchuck's!" And where that other master of the rod who, when he took up the poker to strike Robert, Joseph, at the top of his voice, frightened, by exclaiming, "If you don't let him alone I'll knock you into a gin-shop!" Ask the old pensioners, and they could give his name, if they had been there to see.

Turn back the day pages, and enter with me the large room. Do you see that light-haired, sharp-eyed pedagogue, as he takes his place at the desk, to call the roll? He is as quick in his spring as a cat, and as nervous as if he was a bundle of magnetic wires. See how he handles that Fifth Reader, and gives vent to his reading of "O Lorenzo!" Now he is calling out those other words, "O thou Eternal One!" Or, perhaps, he pauses, and imagines himself a second Daniel, as he exclaims, "Liberty and Union!" Hark! he is now saying, "Come to the bridal chamber, Death!" The scene changes; out over the desks I see the legs of one boy playing wonderful circus movements in the air, and then the room is so still that one can hear the poor culprit breathe. But Pratt is gone, and Hornellsville can see him upon her streets, and it has been many years since Clarendon knew his face. He left a record behind him that Union College might well be proud of, could his professors know his school-work.

In those days it was customary to have, every two weeks, compositions and speaking, from all the scholars, from nine years of age up to the oldest. What a day that Friday

would be! What orators took the floor, and died for their country! What comedians brought down the house with laughter! And what rosy-lipped girls gave forth the chronicles of the passing term! On the exhibition-nights the stage had Widow Bedott to please the ear and eye. There strode Brutus into the senate-house, ready to stab Cæsar! While Mark Antony stood near, to show where the wounds were, or hold to view the bloody winding-sheet. Where, now, the crowds that came to these exhibitions! Where are the actors upon this stage of school history?

As the steps of those we once knew and loved have walked across the dial of memory, and then closed the door and departed, so have these gone their way; some to that other school, beyond the boundaries of this life, and others, out into the rushing, pushing, Missouri stream of business, some to be wrecked, and others to float down the current, like a grand Cunarder in the storm. The old school has put on a new appearance inside, with patent desks, and anthracite coal; and the bell-rope hangs down, ready for the teacher to pull, when the term opens. But the old boys and girls hear it no longer; the old stones look not upon their faces, and we never pass it by without having that melancholy feeling come over us, of which the poet Moore sings, "Oft in the stilly night."

Leaving the village behind, let us take the Holley road, and spend a moment or two in the school-room with Luther Peck, the noted lawyer of Nunda, when he taught hard-by where Martin Hennessy has his pleasant home. We have never known him, but he must have been strong and powerful, as all the Pecks have ever been. It was away back in the twenties that he walked the floor of this log school-house; and the woods stood, grand and shadowy, all about him, where now the Chace mansion has its beautiful view. Did he work hard during that winter term? Yes! He threw his thoughts into the brains of the scholars.

And what did he receive in payment for all this labor? Only a few bushels of wheat, which were sold in Rochester, out of which he had the compensation of one shilling per bushel. Where is the teacher that would work for such wages now, even if multiplied tenfold?

At the junction of the Hood and Sawyer roads stands at this day a very dilapidated stone school-house, which was condemned by Commissioner Edwin Posson about 1885; and the window-sashes are broken, the lights of glass with holes through them, where perhaps some urchin has paid his last respects to its memory. In 1831, there was a frame school-house at this point, and Mrs. Josiah Lawton, the daughter of Charles Burns, who settled on the William Gibson place, just to the east of the Holley road, can well remember when William Hopkins carried her to school in a crockery crate on a bob-sled the year above mentioned. This frame school-house had the seats in tiers, and in the winter time the fire-place would warm as high as 65 scholars. In this school taught John G. Smith, Emily Joslyn, Lucinda Burnham, Hannah Smith, Joseph Glidden (the barbed wire patentee), George Harper, Lyman Matson, Dr. Hiram Lewis, Homer Cook, James Wilson, Hannah Dutcher, Lucinda Johnson, Harry Darrow and many others up to 1849, when the building was burnt, and the stone one erected in 1852. Alexander Milliken gave the land for one dollar for the stone school-house, the land to revert to his heirs when abandoned by the district, which happened in 1885, as we have stated.

The best teacher, Robert Milliken informs us, in the frame school-house, was Lyman Matson; and his school at spelling schools would spell any other school down in the towns. Among the girls, Betsey Hood was the best speller; and of the boys, Henry French, who challenged any scholar to give him a single word in Webster's Dictionary that he could not master. After the spelling-book was finished,

words would be taken from the atlas to puzzle the spellers. One of the punishments in the Hood school was in requiring the scholar to bend over and place his finger on a particular nail, which was practiced upon Fred Hood, now of Iowa, until his eyeballs were ready to leave the sockets, which reformation was successfully done by John G. Smith. Luther Peck also taught here when he was a young man. The scholars would walk from Curtiss, and Lucas Mills, to this school, seldom having a ride, only in the worst of weather. One of the early teachers had one of the boys bring in a fence-stake for kindling on a very cold day, and this so enraged the Hood brothers that they called a school meeting and turned the tearful teacher out to seek her living elsewhere. This only shows how much more these landholders valued a piece of ash or cedar than they did the comfort of the scholars or the feelings of the lady tutor.

On the Brockport road, at Hill's or Bennett's Corners, stood an old frame school-house, which Nathan O. Warren moved back into his orchard to the east. The present school building was erected by Gilbert K. Bennett in 1848, at a cost of \$500.00. One teacher by the name of Rose held forth here, and before he went to his dinner on a certain day, ordered the boys to have the room warm on his return. When he had departed the lads piled about a cord of wood, more or less, into the old fire-place, and then quietly awaited his coming. When he took one look at the situation he threw wide open the door and windows, and it required the whole afternoon to reduce that fire or lower the temperature of the room so as to be in any wise comfortable. David Matson, Nathan O. Warren, John Church, James W. Randall, Amasa Patterson, Ira T. Merrill, Lucius B. Coy, Francis and Jane Howard, and Eben G. Langdon, of Barre, were a few of the teachers here before 1856. The school-house at present is one of the

best in town, and the scholars take much pride in keeping the buildings neat, and for a district school there is no other its superior. It would be well if the patrons of this school would set out some shade-trees around, giving each scholar or two an opportunity to name their own trees, and thereby in after years have the leaves, boughs and trunks to bless their memory. A bell should be placed above the roof, and this would add not only to the appearance but also to the convenience of the teacher and scholars.

In 1836, Elviraette Lewis, wife of D. F. St. John, taught a select school in the house of Alvah Grennell, on what is now known as the E. L. Williams property, to the east of the "Corners." She had such good success that she nearly closed the "Corners" school, which at this time had only three scholars. The rule was then that each family should be taxed according to the children sent, and it can be readily seen that the rate bill of this family that had only three, and yet paid the teacher, must have been large. The good people were astonished one night to see at a neighborhood party, Elviraette Lewis and this teacher swing into line in the dance, as composedly as two lawyers would take a glass together after they had fought each other for all they were worth in some hotly-contested suit.

On the Byron road, where now the Fords reside, was a small frame school-house, which was drawn by an ox team of Warren Glidden's to where it stood, until the present building was erected in 1885. This soon was known as the "Robinson," in honor of Chauncey Robinson, who at one time lived opposite, and afterward just to the south. Aurin Glidden remembers, when a youngster, of being drawn on a sled to this school from the home of his father, Simeon Glidden, on the Matson road. The mother of the author, Laura A. Sturges, taught in the "Robinson" in 1835, and John J. Stevens remembers her as his first teacher. At this time Chauncey Robinson had one of the best gardens

in town, and was famous for his dinners, which the school-mams knew how to appreciate. Tracy Robinson, who for many years was United States Consul at Aspinwall, on the Isthmus of Panama, and Charles, his brother, who died at San Francisco, were scholars at this time. A roll of the school of that day would be very acceptable; but the rag-bag or fire-place alone could tell its departure; and this negligence may be charged over to our wise legislators, who had too much on their brains to attend to school records. Luther Peck, Lucius B. Coy, Frank Randall, Davis Glidden, Clark Glidden, Ingersoll, Jackson, Dr. Bateman, Lucy Coleman and Marion Roberts were some of the former teachers at the "Robinson." The present school-house was erected in 1885 by N. Eugene Warren, and not only reflects credit upon the architect but is a source of pride to the district. Arbor Day would plant trees here.

The first Cook school-house was raised of logs in 1817, just below the mansion of W. H. H. Goff, the present Supervisor of Clarendon. A sulphur spring near by drove away the itch or scabies, which was very prevalent in other schools. Luther Peck, Judge Taggart of Byron, Miss Sears, Miss Wilson, Lydia and Jane Langdon, Reynolds, Lucius B. Coy, Dr. Hiram W. Lewis, and Jane Glidden called the roll here, and these are only a few names that we have been able to gather. In 1828, the site was changed to where Emma and Irene Glidden now own the Simeon Howard property, and the scholars had a boarding of plank to shelter them from the storms. During the Morgan excitement the good people met here, and were nearly ready to organize a fishing expedition to drag for his body somewhere in Lake Erie or Ontario, and their long resolutions and loud speeches ended as usual in froth upon the stream of life. In 1842, the site was again changed, and Honest Hill saw a stone building arise costing \$319.00. This the boys after forty years and more smoked out, until

the people, disgusted with its appearance, engaged George Thomas to build a more showy and convenient structure, at a cost of \$1,000.00.

The Cook school derived its name from Lemuel Cook, who lived over the way, and it retains the name to the present day. There is no one in the neighborhood now who can give any more names of teachers than those above, and we must pass the others by up to 1856, out of ignorance. This school has been quite famous in the past, and has had its share of fun and frolic. It was formerly a center for the good women to arrange picnics, and in the orchard over the fence, now owned by Nathan R. Merrill, the tables would be spread and loaded down with the best cake and other eatables, such as no other district in town could rival. Speeches would be made by rising orators upon the great topics of the hour, and each speaker had his friends standing ready to give him the cheer. But that day of enthusiasm and cake eating has departed, and the laughing, sparkling eyes of happy girls are no longer to be seen among the apple-trees, ready to give a joke or take one in return. How many flowers would be growing here, if their steps could only have left behind such sweets to make beautiful their golden existence!

The first school at the "Corners," formerly known as the Lawton, or, at one time, Mudville, from the presence of so much mud at this point, was of log, and must have been raised about 1820. This was at first a rude dwelling, which Ephraim Brackett had raised to live in, and in 1820, Amanda Annis, then twelve years of age, was one of Street's scholars in this so-called school-house, and Robert Owen, Manning Packard says, was the first teacher.

The building was very small, with one window to each point of the compass; a fire-place to the right of the door, which opened to the east, as all of the doors on this road beside. The seats had pegs about the size of a chair leg,

with only one row on the back, having a desk-board in front, on which to place whatever books poverty allowed. Generally, at night, the school-books would be taken home, or left in charge of the teacher, in his or her desk, to be called for when wanted. In recitations, the scholars would stand up by their benches, and never out on the floor, as at the present time. There was not room for such classes, as the seats took up nearly the whole space, save a small vacancy for the teacher's desk, and a single file walk before the little shavers in front, who kept their toes at a respectful distance when some cornplanter went by. The girls had the north side of the school-house, and the boys the south; why we cannot tell, unless it arose from the fact that the lads could stand the sun better and deserved a hotter place than the lassies.

There were no outhouses connected with this school-house, and Harmon Salsbury, coming in after the girls' recess, was asked by Guy Salisbury, the teacher, where he had been, he replied, "Down in the woods to have a tooth pulled;" which witty remark made the old school-house shake its sides with laughter. The girls braided their own straw hats out of oat, wheat and rye straw, and even made them for the men who were digging the Erie Canal at Holley, walking all the way, and getting about one shilling for each hat. Amanda Annis remembers carrying Miranda Lowell, on horseback, over the Brockport road, to Sweden; when she rode on the saddle, and Amanda just behind, one arm about her waist; and then coming home in the saddle "just kiting." The teachers had at first so much for each scholar, and the boarding around would be accordingly; with each family from nine days as high as fourteen, each meal. The teachers always pounded on the windows to call the scholars; bells had not been thought of then; and the fine metal bells of the school-room are comparatively very recent.

Street was one of the best teachers; and Betsey Clough was universally loved. Benjamin G. Pettengill, who became noted as the "Squire," taught here when a young man.

When pride came, the good people of this district sent their teams down the Holley road to a brick kiln, on what is known as the Alexander C. Salisbury's property, and purchased material to put up the only brick school-house that Clarendon has ever looked upon. In 1826, Lucinda Banning taught here in the summer, and Harley Hood in the winter term. Here the girls that spun, wove, knit, cooked, and cut up generally, could read and cipher, while the lads in school hours passed away the time, and spent their evenings at spelling or debating schools, or in the farm-house dance of the neighborhood.

David N. Pettengill could call to mind the day when Hibbard taught in the brick, that he and another of the scholars went down to Alexander Annis' to dinner, and the jolly time they had with the pretty daughters. The girls were in the habit of jumping over the fence in the winter time, and taking a slide on the ice, which extended all the way to the "Corners." John Brackett told the youngsters to take fence-stakes and make holes in the ice while the teacher was at Annis' at dinner. On came the teacher and his chums and in they went up to their waists. The teacher, not having a change of clothes, had the pleasure of drying them before the fire-place during the afternoon, while the whole school enjoyed the situation hugely. Lyman Green, one of the scholars, fell through the ice in an air-hole, and was dragged out nearly dead. Afterward, in company with his father, he crossed the plains, and, in his anger, he killed a squaw. The Indians captured him, and, in the presence of his parent, flayed him alive. He was not born to be drowned, but skinned.

After the brick school-house had been torn down, a frame

one was lifted to the wind and weather. In this school Orlina Sturges, daughter of David Sturges, taught the first term after its erection; and she was the earliest maiden to introduce the India-rubber overshoes. She became the wife of the future Governor of Wisconsin, James T. Lewis. This frame house was painted red, which seemed to be a very stylish color; why we do not know, unless it was to indicate the nature of the people who, once in a while, painted the neighborhood the same shade. David N. Pettengill taught in this school two winters, and was called by all that attended as the very best of teachers. He had, on an average, fifty scholars each term. Lyman Matson, John Bates, Amos Draper, William Buckland, Asa Bunnell, Irene Lee, Maria Langdon and Caroline Langdon may be mentioned as some of the honored teachers, who have left behind them a page in school-day memories. If we could only have a few of these tutors by our side while writing, we would make this chapter to talk as if the actors were upon the rostrum before the reader; but, alas! they have gone down the silent valley, and we can only chronicle their names.

The "Corners," or Manning, as it is now called, has a white school-house, in good repair, with patent seats, and a bell that calls the lad, "creeping like a snail, unwillingly, to school."

Turn, now, to the Salisbury road, and as you stop at the southwest corner, where the Webster road crosses to the west, imagine a very rude log school-house, in which the "shining morning faces" came and went like sunbeams stealing through syringa bushes. Oh, the hard basswood benches! Oh, the many weary hours, when the love that went away to bubbling streams rippling through the dark forests, or, in winter, to icy ponds, glistening like a mirror in the golden sunshine! Were these benches ever carved by the jackknives of these youngers, or were they unable

to own any of the Sheffield importations? But this modest home of the heart and brain, fell away, and on the north-west corner arose a frame one, more pretentious, and yet very humble to the passer-by, who looked upon its flaming exterior and paused to hear the voices of the teacher and children within. This was known as the Hubbard District throughout the town, and at first Irene Lee, Mrs. Thomas Glidden, Sophia Conkling, Mrs. Josiah Graves and Cordelia Wheeler took the scholars by the string of memory, and gradually unwound for them the spool of novelty and instruction. In the frame, Mrs. D. F. St. John, Samuel Salisbury, William Hatch, Benjamin Johnson and William Stillwell called the roll. Stillwell was a savage teacher, for one who professed the doctrine of love, and kept on hand a long ruler, which was notched, to pound his pupils. He would make some of the scholars stand on the floor for hours to fill up the vacuum of his feelings; and Fred Salisbury says that if he could only meet him now, he would "feed fat the ancient grudge he bare him." When the district was changed, the boys and girls said good-bye to old Hubbard and tripped lightly over to enjoy the serenity of Mudville.

On the Millard road, at its Union with the Milliken road, stands what is now known as the Brown school-house, named in honor of Andrew Brown at this place. The first log school-house stood just below Ancel Knowles, who took up the land and lived where William S. Housel can behold the pleasant country any hour of the day. This building stood on the west side of the Millard Road in the woods, to the north of Brown's Corners. An old spring once marked the site, about one-half an acre cleared for a play-ground, and in the center of this plaza stood a large hemlock, grand and stately, which many years ago became "dead at the top." This school-house also had slab benches, an open fire-place, and each scholar was obliged to contrib-

ute a certain quantity of fuel during each term, which must have been an easy task, with the exception of the hauling and splitting. George and Guy Salisbury, Jerry Palmer and Horace Street were early teachers. The log-house was followed by a frame one in 1828, on the "Corners," built by Philip Angevine. About 1850, this building was moved over to where Myron Snyder now resides, and is used as a barn for horses to eat hay, instead of children eating books. The school-house, as it now appears, was the work of DeWitt Cook in 1851, who has gone over the river to meet some of the old patrons and scholars. Mary Jane Pettengill, wife of Abram Salisbury, taught the first school in the present house in the summer of 1851. Maria Maine was here as an instructor in 1850. When Jerry Palmer was teacher, Zardeus Smith, one of his scholars, had a habit of "snickering" so that he could be heard over the school-room when anything tickled his diaphragm. Jerry took this disturber of the school's tranquility and tied him with a cord to the door handle on the outside. Orson Tousley, who was quietly riding by on his steed, observed poor Zard's plight and, having pity on his unhappy state, inquired the cause. After Zard had told him the reason of such punishment, he very coolly dismounted, untied the prisoner, and told him to take the strings to the teacher, get his hat and go with him, which Zard did in about one York minute, without making any apology, as he knew that Tousley was boss in that district. Amasa Patterson also taught at the Brown, and we omitted to mention that he held forth in the brick at Mudville. His school at the Brown was large, including seventy-five scholars, among whom we might name Mrs. Hiram Ward, Mrs. Mason Lewis, Mrs. Budd Emery, Mrs. Levi Mowers and Myron Snyder, all at present residents of Clarendon.

On the Wyman road, at the corner of the New Guinea road, was, very early, a shanty log school-house, in all

probability the roughest-looking of any in the whole town. A stick chimney, plastered with manure and lime, allowed the smoke from the fire-place to escape, and the interior, as well as the exterior, breathed only of Tonawanda. George, Jones, and Horace Peck, all taught in this mosquito den, where it would have been a good place at night to bleed patients in the summer, instead of patronizing the doctor, with his bloody lancet. When Horace Peck was the teacher, he received thirteen dollars a month and had about thirty scholars. Samuel Miller sent his children barefoot through the snow to school, and we would be pleased to see some youth of the present day playing hop, skip and jump over the ice and snowbanks as these children did; or sliding on the creek as Martin V. Foster, barefooted, when he attended the Robinson. This log school-house of New Guinea was burnt down when Robert Miller was teacher, and the scholars rolled over the road to the stone one at Honest Hill.

The original school-house in the Root district, on the Root road, was of log, with stick chimney and the usual fire-place. This school had no blackboard, and the writing-books were made by the teachers, as we were informed by Enoch Andrus. Enoch bore in his mind, and on his back, the memory of a terrible flogging, which Luther Peck once gave him for chewing tamarack gum, which he had obtained in Tonawanda Swamp. One of the other lads interfered when this castigation was taking place, and this brought in a call from the school inspectors. This *gum* must have been very heavy on the teacher's mind to produce all this fuss; or he must have turned out of bed that morning with blood in his eye. Truman Smith was Enoch's first teacher, and Uncle Joe Sturges called him "God Almighty's Boshag." There were about eighty scholars here in 1824, and in 1887 only eighteen. It was customary to have spelling schools, when no whispering was allowed, and the

house was lighted by candles, moulded at home, stuck in holes in the wall. This log raising burnt down, and a frame one took its place. The Root school-house of this day was shingled in 1849, and is destitute of shade, the same rule applying to this as to the others in the town. Almon Snyder, Mary Hathaway, Silas Snyder, Leonard Snyder, John Maine, Freeman Blair, Frink, John Harris, Joshua Coleman and William Dodge handled the rod here.

The Cowles school-house, on the Cowles road, across the way from Charles T. Cowles' last home, was at first of logs and stood about forty rods north of the present home of Warren Glidden. The neighborhood turned out and built this structure, which was burnt, and another took its place. The first teacher in the Cowles was one Gibbs, who was a noted handler of the rod, and the boys were employed at sundry times to bring in these ticklers of the human flesh. The lads would stick an axe in a log, and haul it to the fire-place to keep the fire burning, when they were puzzling their brains over the Federal Calculator, or trying to locate Rochester or Buffalo.

This school visited the old log school-house when it stood opposite David Church's, and five schools joined in a spelling match, in which Warren Glidden spelt down the last one, Jonathan Church. At the close the scholars all "rejourned," as Mrs. Kidney used to say, over to a log house near the Cowles school, and there they passed the hours away until the break of day, and went home with the girls in the morning.

The Cowles school-house is now a modest building of white, and the scholars number about eighteen in the winter term. The yard could be made beautiful if the teachers or patrons would only hie away to the woods and bring some maples to grow when their bodies lie mouldering in the grave.

What is now called the Glidden school-house formerly

stood on the corner, at the junction of the Glidden road with the Cowles road. This house was moved to the present site on the Glidden road and painted red, about 1839, by Ebenezer Reed. Almon Snyder and Silas Snyder taught under this roof many years ago, also Daniel Vining, Seba Bodwell and Burroughs Holmes. Asa Glidden furnishes the names of Charles Darrow, N. E. Darrow, Harry Darrow, Farnsworth, Maria Maine, Mary Lane, Mary Graham, Harriet Keeler, Ann Cowles, Rhoda Barker, Alcy Ann Glidden, Sarah Snyder, Marion DeLand and Melissa Hitchcock, who walked the boards before the scholars and made them toe the mark when necessary. At present the Glidden schoolhouse is unworthy of notice, so far as the building is concerned, and should have been condemned years ago, as it is a standing disgrace to Clarendon, and hardly fit for a cow-stable; much less to freeze children in during our severe winters.

We are happy to state, that charts have been introduced into the schools, and if the patrons would only take pains to visit the schools, as our mothers did when we were young, there would at once be a great and decided change for the better in the present system. If the parents care nothing for the teachers or scholars, we cannot see why *they* should care for the parents, so far as the studies are concerned. There has been a great step taken backwards in the teaching of politeness on the part of teachers, and many of our schools insult strangers when they call in to note the progress of the scholars, or offer them words of encouragement.

In 1822, Clarendon had 425 scholars; in 1823, 523; in 1824, 605; in 1825, 621; in 1826, 702; in 1827, 725; in 1831, 776; in 1832, 850; in 1833, 905, and in 1888, 256. In 1822, the books used were Webster's Spelling Book, Dwight's Geography, English Reader and Federal Calculator. In 1824, English Reader, Daboll's Arithmetic, Mar-

shall's and Webster's Spelling Books, and Morse's Geography. In 1827, Webster's and Sears' Spelling Books, Murray's Grammar, Murray's Reader, and Greenleaf's Grammar. In 1833, Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, Daboll's Arithmetic, Murray's and Greenleaf's Grammars, Historical and English Readers, and Woodbridge's Geography. This closes the report in the town-book—and since that day we have Sanders' and Swinton's Readers, Ostrander's, Adams', Thomson's, and Robinson's Arithmetics, Sanders' and Swinton's Spellers; Clark's, Kirkham's, Kerl's and Brown's Grammars; Morse's, Mitchell's and McNally's Geographies; Robinson's Algebra, Davies' Bourdon, Geometry, Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, Wilson's and Ridpath's Histories, Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, with Penmanship and Bookkeeping; until the schools in Clarendon, and notably at the village, would compare with any academy, outside of the classics.

The wages of the teachers were very small at first, and Malvina A. Vandyke was only allowed ten shillings a week, in 1846, in the small room, and when she complained of its littleness was informed by a wealthy trustee, that it was as much as a girl was paid in the household, and of course this settled the argument. Elviraette Lewis received, in 1836 to 1838, from eight to fourteen shillings a week for her services; and the pay of the male teachers was double, which only shows how men can deal justly among their own, and have no pity on women, who we have no doubt did as much good work, and really more than their opposites, and yet were cut down one-half. This rule should at once be overthrown, and the women, if capable, placed on the same level; and if superior, above the men, as to salary.

The Normal school at Brockport, with the Union schools, seminaries and colleges, have opened wide their doors to receive the larger class of scholars, which has left only the younger ones now to attend the district schools. This has

of necessity lowered the standard of scholarship; while the weekly dances in the winter at the Town hall, and the craze over base ball has nearly overthrown that excellent system of education of which Clarendon once could justly boast. Her fine libraries, where are they now? where the librarians? where the readers? where the spelling and debating schools? where the compositions and speaking? where the generous rivalry which lifted one district above the other? Ask the violin and base ball, and they will tell you! These are mournful facts, but no sneer can set them aside; no statement deny. The hope of Clarendon, as of every other town, rests in her schools; and he only is blind, who forgets the momentous lessons which the iron tongue of time is daily telling.

We have been kindly furnished with school rolls by different teachers in Clarendon, which we present below in order of time, and only regret that we have not some of an earlier day:

CLARENDON DISTRICT, No. 10. 1836-7-8.

Elviriette Lewis, Teacher (Mrs. D. F. St. John).

Names of Scholars.

DeWitt C. Hallock,	Wm. Root,	George McCrillis,
True E. G. Pettengill,	Emory Rathburn,	Albion Harris,
David Worden,	James Worden,	Clarissa Locke,
Lewis Pierce,	Aaron Albert,	Annis Salsbury,
Gamalia Cady,	Daniel Albert,	Ann Salsbury,
Henry Cady,	Wm. Rathburn,	Philura Austin,
Fortunatus Hubbard,	Orrin Salsbury,	Matilda Yates,
Silas Littlefield,	Hiram Cady,	Caroline Graves,
Madison Littlefield,	Charles Turner,	Dolly Bennett,
Josiah Graves,	John Clum,	Jerusha Cady,
Luther Pierce,	Luther Ward,	Amanda Clum,
Elizabeth Phillips,	Lafayette Littlefield,	Henrietta Garrison,
Eleanor Yates,	Stephen Salsbury,	Amanda Yates,
Eunice Littlefield,	Austin Salsbury,	Betsey Austin,
Amanda Locke,	Porter Webster,	Lena Philips,
Ann Rathburn,	John Patno,	Amanda Albert,
Louisa Graves,	James Albert,	Eunice Pettengill,
Wealthy Austin,	Gilbert Clum,	Sarah Locke,
Mary Yates,	Betsey Pierce,	Clarissa Slocum,

Addison Philips,
Joseph Patno,
Henry Rathburn,
Martin Slocum,
Joseph Salsbury,
James McCrillis,
Henry W. Harris,

Betsey Philips,
Eliza Salsbury,
Abraham Salsbury,
Guy M. Salsbury,
John Littlefield,
George Turner,
George Worden,
Ann Yates.

Priscilla Salsbury,
Mary P. Patno,
Alzina Eaton,
Susan Bennett,
Jeanette Austin,
Melissa Austin,
Betsey Yates,

NOTE.—All of these scholars attended school at the old frame house in the Hubbard district.

CLARENDON, No. 1. 1838.

Elviraette Lewis, Teacher.

Names of Scholars.

Amanda Yates,
Lydia Hunt,
Clarissa Locke,
Abigail Brackett,
Mary Ann Inman,
Orrilla Inman,
Polly Wetherbee,
Cornelia Hunt,
Eunice Holcomb,
Eunice Pettengill,
Sarah Locke,
Ann Yates,

Mary J. Pettengill,
Arvilla Pettengill,
Emeline Inman,
Betsey Yates,
Amanda Locke,
Sophronia Millard,
Rebecca Millard,
Almira Holcomb,
T. E. G. Pettengill,
Silas Beebe,
Consider Holcomb,
Levi Brackett,

Daniel Brackett,
Samuel Holcomb,
David Wetherbee,
Benjamin Wetherbee,
Henry Harris,
Joseph Brackett,
Nathaniel Brackett,
Wm. Root,
Levi Holcomb,
Orson Millard,
Samuel Wetherbee,
Judson Pettengill.

NOTE.—This school was held in the old frame school-house at the Christian church the first year—and after the brick.

CLARENDON, No. 5. 1838.

Elviraette Lewis, Teacher.

Names of Scholars.

William Warren,
Francis Bennett,
Lathrop Coy,
Sally Ann Coy,
Caroline Warren,
Frances Grinnell,
Eliza Jane Grinnell,
Emily A. Bennett,
Luana Bennett,
Eliza Roberts,

Mary Warren,
Dicima Fuller,
Dianna Humphrey,
John Temple,
Caroline Temple,
Lucina Bennett,
Nancy Bennett,
Charlotte Grinnell,
Albert Bennett,
Abby Ann Humphrey,

Leroy Coy,
Ira French,
William Bennett,
Edgar Warren,
Hiram Coy,
Ann Eliza Bennett,
Sarah Grinnell,
Cornelia Grinnell,
Charity Bennett.

NOTE.—This school was kept, as we have mentioned, east of Bennett's Corners, and was select.

MURRAY. 1839.

Elviraette Lewis, Teacher.

Names of Scholars.

Melissa Ruggles,	Lucy Dutcher,	Robert Allen,
Mary J. Graham,	Laura E. Angur,	Joseph Macomber,
Hannah Dutcher,	Courson Sawyer,	James Vincent,
Julia James,	Zimri Perrigo,	Amina Sprague,
Eliza Dutcher,	Mina Jenning,	Clarissa Burlingame,
	James M. Berry.	

NOTE.—This school-house was located near Farnsworth's Corners, and was known as the Little Old Brick.

CLARENDON, No. 3. 1840.

Elviraette Lewis, Teacher.

Names of Scholars.

John Milliken,	Henry Tanner,	Emily A. Merriman,
Alonzo B. Lewis,	Drusilla Jenks,	Emma Sturges,
George Milliken,	Josephine Davis,	Julia Hardy,
Stephen Glidden,	Emeline Howard,	Usebia Davis,
Chester Baker,	Mary J. Willard,	Amanda Locke,
Charles Baker,	Adeline Bates,	Clarissa Locke,
Charles H. Bristol,	Ellen Bates,	Rosina McKnight,
Addison Philips,	Tryphena Baker,	Lena Philips,
Emillus Merriman,	Orcelia M. Lewis,	Betsey Philips,
Orson Howard,	Mary J. Howard,	George Sibley,
Horace Howard,	Almira Church,	Nelson Sibley.
Oscar Howard,	Mingrelia Lewis,	

NOTE.—This was a select school in the village of Clarendon.

CLARENDON, DISTRICT No. 3. 1846.

Malvina A. Vandyke, Teacher.

Names of Scholars.

Alcy Ann Glidden,	Nancy Tousley,	Alden Copeland,
Cynthia A. Copeland,	Elmira Baldwin,	Simeon Glidden,
Harriet Darrow,	Martha Gibson,	Gustavus St. John,
Sophonria Glidden,	Mary A. Page,	Ernest Mansfield,
Arvilla Woodard,	Mary Shorey,	Leonard Boles,
Jane Woodard,	Adelaide Targee,	Martin Lewis,
Caroline F. Kirby,	Emily Grinnell,	Edward Cook,
Maria Tousley,	Content Cornwell,	Dallas Cook,
Jeannette Preston,	Sarah Fletcher,	John Kirby,
Jane Preston,	Nathaniel Grummons,	Charles Martin,
Amelia Newton,	Abram Knowles,	Alden J. Keith,
Adelia Newton,	Edwin Martin,	Eldredge Farwell,
Mary Boles,	Benjamin Crossett,	Abram Coy,

Mary Brown,	Bryan Tousley,	Francis Coy,
Mary Grummons,	Edward Nay,	Wm. Simes,
Adelaide Church,	Edwin Nay,	Clinton Hood,
Lucy A. Foster,	Nicholas Darrow,	Henry Fish,
Louisa Lapp,	Lewis Darrow,	Henry Spencer,
	Henry Martin.	

NOTE.—This was the first winter term in the little room in the present stone school-house—John B. King in the large room.

CLARENDON. 1849.

Malvina A. Vandyke, Teacher.

Names of Scholars.

Orvilla Pettengill,	Alonzo B. Pullis,	Harmon Salsbury,
Eunice Pettengill,	Alonzo Salsbury,	Mary Barber,
Mary Pettengill,	William Salsbury,	Mary Potter,
Seward Pettengill,	Alexander Salsbury,	Henry Bennett,
Darwin Inman,	Mariam Salsbury,	Aaron Clum,
William Inman,	Levi Curtis,	Zebulon Packard,
Irving Hallock,	Charles P. Bannister,	Urseba Salsbury,
Amos Wetherbee,	Merriman Wyman,	William H. Burns,
John Wetherbee,	James Lawton,	Chauncey Burns,
William Wetherbee,	Mary W. Root,	Edwin Walsworth,
Sarah Wetherbee,	Emily Keeler,	Matilda M. Annis,
Delilah Clum,	Julius Rowley,	Stephen Salsbury,
Juliette Clum,	Mary Brown,	Cyrena Clum,
Pamelia Clum,	Charles Brown,	Nancy J. Annis,
Wheeler Mower,	Alonzo Baldwin,	Antoinette Bryan,
Daniel W. Pullis,	Abram Baldwin,	Phoebe Raymond.

NOTE.—These scholars attended at the frame school-house at the Christian church.

HOLLEY. 1850.

Malvina A. Vandyke, Teacher.

Names of Scholars.

Marietta Keyes,	Mary Chamberlain,	Lavina Ogden,
Harlan Keyes,	William Vallance,	Caroline Orr,
Berton Keyes,	Jane Vallance,	Helen Miller,
Clara Keyes,	Margaret Graves,	Jane Morris,
Herbert Steadman,	Franklin Porter,	William B. Clark,
Isabella Rockafellow,	Emma Porter,	James Osborn,
Harrison Rockafellow,	Peter Cornwell,	Almyra Patterson,
Isadore Rockafellow,	Ann Kelley,	Mary Robb,
Daniel Standish,	Eliza Wilcox,	Reuben Berry,
Beach Standish,	Mary Cramer,	Harriet Matson,
Charles H. Rorabeck,	Mary Buel,	Mary Stone,
Azur H. Rorabeck,	Julia Orr,	Charles Stone,
Rohanna Carey,	James Orr,	John Fitzgibbons,

Jerome Carey,	Helen Orr,	Richard Fitzgibbons,
Lucretia Carey,	Marion Orr,	Alfred S. Handy,
James Smith,	Caroline Childs,	Marion Hinds,
Susan Cook,	Sylvester L. Matson,	Jacob Hinds,
Orcelia Ogden,	Milo Flanders,	John Gibson,
John W. Ogden,	Edwin Flanders,	Mary Gibson,
Frances Harper,	Robert Osborne,	James Fitzgibbons,
Amelia Amsden,	Thomas Osborne,	Isabella Orr.

NOTE.—These scholars were taught in the school-house across from Dr. Cady's at Holley.

CLARENDON, No. 3. 1846.

John B. King, Teacher.

Names of Scholars.

W. W. Winchester,	Charles J. Martin,	Emily A. Merriman,
William Cornwell,	E. Royce,	Louisa A. Mosher,
Albert Church,	Clark Royce,	Rosamond Mosher,
Horace Church,	Joseph Thompson,	Orilla Preston,
George Church,	Abram A. Coy,	Jane Preston,
Seth Knowles,	Abner Hopkins,	Janette Preston,
Albert R. Knowles,	James Burch,	Lorraine Merrill,
Walter Cole,	E. Burch,	Emma Sturges,
George Parmer,	Philemon Burch,	Mingrelia Lewis,
Charles Turner,	William Tousley,	Leonora Lewis,
James McCrillis,	Martin L. Winchell,	Orcilia Lewis,
Philip Preston,	George H. Williams,	Cynthia A. Copeland,
Charles Sturges,	Eldredge Farwell,	Lucy Dutcher,
Levi Preston,	William H. Burns,	Sylvia Cone,
Luther M. Peck,	Harrison Burch,	Lucy Knowles,
H Kirk Peck,	Edwin Rorebec,	Rosaline Turner,
Francis Peck,	William Beebe,	Mary Glidden,
Nicholas Darrow,	Lewis Beebe,	Alyc A. Glidden,
Bryan Tousley,	Gustavus St. John,	Nancy Tousley,
John H. Kirby,	William Simons,	Catharine Nay,
Stephen Grummons,	Susannah Cornwell,	Abigail Thompson,
Nathaniel Grummons,	Caroline Cornwell,	Mary M. Grummons,
Aurin Glidden,	Lucretia Cornwell,	Helen Sawyer,
Harvey Knowles,	Content Cornwell,	Arvilla Woodard,
Abram Knowles,	Mary I. Cornwell,	Jane Woodard,
Philip Knowles,	Mary E. Darrow,	Mary Shorey,
W. H. Rosenbrook,	Sarah Maria Darrow,	Caroline F. Kirby,
Franklin Willard,	Laura A. Darrow,	Mary Bowles,
Edward Nay,	Harriet Darrow,	Polly Knowles,
Edwin Nay,	Almira Church,	Angeline Barker,
Henry P. Merriman,	Adelaide Church,	Susan Rorebec,
George Dodge,	Jane Willard,	Sarah J. Fletcher,
Robert Bowles,	Jane Winn,	Laura E. Farwell,
	Clarissa D. Mitchell.	

NOTE.—This is sworn to by John B. King, March 27, 1847, when the term ended in stone school-house.

Rolls are also in the hands of District No. 3, given by John G. Smith, 1843; David N. Pettengill, 1844; Ira F. Philips, 1846; Almon Snyder, 1847; S. W. Stevens, 1848; David N. Pettengill, 1849; Malvina Vandyke, 1849; Orilla Inman, 1849; Adelbert McCrillis, 1849; David N. Pettengill, 1850; Sarah W. Stevens, 1850; Henry A. Pratt, 1851; Clara B. Newman, 1852, whose list is the last in the book and is as follows:

Emma Cook,	Gertrude Farwell,	Cynthia A. Copeland,
Charles Cook,	Ellen Farwell,	Mary May,
Mary Bowles,	Henry W. Whipple,	Charles May,
Leonard Bowles,	George Preston,	Amelia Cornwell,
Nancy Ogden,	Lyman Preston,	Homer Cornwell,
George Ogden,	Gustavus St. John,	George Sherwood,
Leonard Ogden,	Augustus St. John,	Elias Hoffman,
Caroline Ogden,	William Lower,	Roslin Hoffman,
Georgette Mansfield,	Lucius Winn,	Caroline Gardner,
Ernest Mansfield,	Eldredge Farwell,	Mary Shorey,
Mary Dutton,	John Church,	Viola Ruler,
Alvina Johnson,	Adelaide Church,	Nancy Tousley,
Jane Johnson,	Alva Grinnell,	Bryan Tousley,
James Johnson,	Emily Grinnell,	Mary Potter,
Sarah Glidden,	Esther Grinnell,	Charles Sturges,
Sophrona Glidden,	Frances Coy,	Jane Preston,
Simeon Glidden,	Abram Coy,	Janette Preston,
Lydia Langworthy,	Martin Lewis,	Harriet Darrow,
Erwin Langworthy,	Herman Southworth,	Caroline Jenkins,
Ogden Miller,	Harrison Southworth,	Margaret Dalton,
Charles Martin,	Calvin Patterson,	Ellen Dalton,
Henry Martin,	Oliver Jenks,	Edwin Nay,
Edwin Martin,	Henry Copeland,	Charles Angus,
Franklin Bennett,	Alden Copeland,	Charles Martin.
Fowler Farwell,	David S. Copeland,	

We have also in our possession two rolls which were furnished us by Professor William L. French of Buffalo, but the names are included in the lists which we have given, with a few omissions, among which may be noticed:

Theresa Farwell,	Harvey Brown,	Charles Wilkes,
Ella Farwell,	A. M. Caton,	Lewis Peck,
Hiram Joslyn,	George Cook,	Luther Weirs,
Selwyn Farwell,	B. F. Hood,	Truman Webster,
Lydia Patterson,	Clinton Hood,	Willis Whipple,
	Gilbert Woodhull.	

NOTE.—All attending 1851 and 1852 in District No. 3 at the stone school-house.

These schools were visited by the inspectors while this office lasted, and also by trustees who took pains to come in and see the teacher and observe the progress of the scholars. Parents were in the habit of paying close attention to their children, and it was seldom that a week elapsed without some person like N. E. Darrow, Mrs. Wm. H. Cooper, or Mrs. G. M. Copeland tapped at the door and were gladly welcomed; the ladies bringing their work with them to make each hour as useful as possible. Now, that the schools are so seldom visited, it would be wisdom to have in each district certain ones appointed for this purpose, who should make an annual report of their visits and the condition of the schools, both as to teachers and scholars, which should be published.

TEACHERS IN SUPERVISORS' RECORD.

1856—P. A. Albert, E. H. Glidden, Julia Putman, Ann J. Cowles, Wm. O. Lord.

1857—James S. Feezler, M. H. Cooley, Elizabeth V. Keeler, D. O. Bailey, Frances F. Hull, Ellen E. Holmes, P. A. Albert, Julia Glidden, Pamela Glidden, Ann J. Cowles, Lydia A. Glidden, Eli D. Thompson.

1858—E. H. Glidden, P. A. Albert, R. E. Howard, B. F. Hood, Sanford F. Emery, H. A. Pratt, E. D. Thompson, Eva Mathes, G. D. B. Miller, W. J. Yates, Mary J. Bartlett, Elmira Baldwin, H. A. Pratt, Mary J. Root, George Hood, H. P. Bartlett, Walter B. Hard.

1859—Phebe Shepherd, George D. Church, A. W. Wright, A. A. Eggleston, Miss A. Johnson, Miss Chipman, Miss E. Spencer, Miss S. Glidden, Elmira Baldwin, Ettie M. Richardson, Frances Carpenter.

1860—A. M. Copp, Geo. D. Church, J. R. Seeley, W. H. Taylor, A. H. Merrill, D. P. Cheney, Emily R. Chipman, Mary J. Root, M. H. Taylor, Sabrina Glidden, Elizabeth M. Stevens, Mary A. Post, Harriet Darrow, Mary J. Gibson, A. P. Wetherbee, P. A. Albert, H. B. Joslyn.

1861—Geo. D. Church, M. J. Bosworth, A. M. St. John, Mahlon Balcom, A. P. Wetherbee, C. J. Martin, J. R. Warren, Julius Rowley, G. B. Hood, S. G. Bartlett, Herbert Taylor, Addie Peggs, Amanda Reed, Julina M. Wyman, Amelia E. Fargo, Alyra P. Sprague, Sabrina Glidden, Electa L. Glidden, Maria M. Nelson, Geo. Mathes, Marcia Smith, Cynthia A. Copeland, G. B. Hood.

1862—John W. Kennard, D. N. Pullis, Z. B. Packard, F. S. Furman, Milton J. Coy, E. H. Glidden, Julina M. Wyman, William Westcott, Marion Patterson, E. T. Matson, H. B. Joslyn, John H. Taylor, Wm. Emmons, Sabrina Glidden, Electa Glidden, Imogene Brackett, Rosetta E. Maxon, Thirza Stucky, Louise C. Stevens, Cynthia A. Copeland, M. L. Spencer, Jelina M. Wyman.

1863—Sarah Mathes. Sabrina Glidden, Electa Glidden, A. C. Frederick, B. F. Standish, Milton J. Coy, Louise C. Stevens, S. E. Howard, G. B. Hood, Charles J. Martin, A. Miller, Antoinette Fargo, Myra Sprague.

1864—Julia E. Comstock, Mary A. Mallony, L. E. Bosworth.

1865—D. M. Inman, Mary J. Gibson, C. B. Cowles, Martha Hovey, Louise J. Howard, Sarah Glidden, Maggie Wheeler, Palmyra Sheperd, J. D. McCrillis, F. H. Glidden, John H. Taylor, Julia M. Orr, Angelina Glidden, Julia A. Culver, Mary E. Cramer, Mary E. Wilcox, Hattie A. Taylor, Ella Housel, Alice J. Blanchard, Mary Schedd, Alice S. Crannell, Mary French, Louise J. Howard, Darwin M. Inman, Ana Bain.

1866—M. F. Roberts, Lina Comstock, D. G. Glidden, D. M. Inman, Julia E. Comstock, Alfrida Albert, John B. Copeland, Sarah Glidden, C. B. Cowles, F. H. Glidden, W. H. Westcott, Miss Benham, Miss Linkletter, W. I. Hallock, Miss Comstock, Ellen Hill, Ella Coleman, Miss A. Glidden, Frank Bosworth, E. J. Comstock, Mary E. Wilcox, R. E. Stuckey, Sarah Milliken, Jennie Wells, Ella Housel, A. C. Snyder.

1867—Edward Whitney, Edward Pusey, Frances Foster, John N. Beckley, F. H. Glidden, C. B. Cowles, Ella Housel, David S. Copeland, C. L. Hodgeman, Pratt Nelson, Mary Linkletter, Mary E. Garrison, Miss Wetherbee, Clara C. Glidden, Frank McCrillis, Miss Culver, Miss Wilcox, Miss A. Carey, Susie Ashby, Miss J. Miller, R. Watson Copeland, Hattie Weed, Alice Peck, Miss Lower, Mary F. French, Sarah Milliken.

1868—D. M. Inman, Acinth Snyder, Smith Glidden, Agnes S. Wood, Geo. W. Sime, Mary E. Culver, Wm. Crittenden, F. W. Cook, Alfrida Albert, Mary E. French, Calvin Patterson, Hattie Weed, Emma Benham, Alice Peck, Mary E. Wilcox, Sarah Richey, Louise Howard, Sarah Milliken, F. Glidden, Estelle Benham, Charles Reed, Merna Humphrey, Charles Hodgeman, Frank C. Bosworth, Merna S. Green.

1869—Mary Gibson, Charles Edmund, Alice Peck, Julia M. Stevens, Alice Blanchard, Iola R. Caswell, Amelia Stuckey, Sarah Richey, Emma Glidden, Minerva Hemingway, Estelle Benham, H. E. Hill, Dan S. Salisbury, S. E. Bowen.

1870—A. G. Bush, Wm. Crittenden, D. M. Inman, David N. Salisbury, Dempster J. Pratt, John Dutton, John H. Gray, Martha Hardbrook, Alfrida J. Albert, Dan Salisbury, Martha Wetherbee, Emma Durr, Agnes Wood, Minerva Green.

1871—Perry H. Carver, Helen M. Sheldon, John H. Dutton, Eva Benham, Sarah A. Milliken, J. L. Johnson.

1872—George P. Preston, Amelia A. Stuckey, G. Newton Orcutt, Frances O. Rieley, Pratt Nelson, P. H. Carver, S. S. Albert, Dempster Pratt, Louis J. Hill, Libbie Lower, Marcia A. Day, Sarah V. Richey, Helen M. Sheldon, Mary Garrison, Ettie M. Turner.

1873—Mary E. Garrison, L. F. Nelson, Geo. P. Preston, Mary Willard, W. H. H. Goff, Julia M. Stevens, Mary E. French, Sarah V. Richey, Lutie Cook, J. H. Brooks, D. J. Pratt, Emma Hill, Nellie C. Case, Franklin Holt, Rowena Crane.

1874—Lyman Nelson, D. Pratt, Geo. C. Taylor, Rosa Fowler, Cora Andrus, Mary Garrison, Dan Salsbury, F. P. Wilcox.

1875—George P. Preston, David N. Salsbury, Julia A. Foster, F. P. Wilcox, Sarah Milliken, E. H. Glidden, Mary E. Willard, L. J. Hill, H. C. Perry, Newton Orcutt, P. H. Carver, Florence M. Spier, Louise J. Sherwood, Julia Sackett, Anna McLane, Frank McAllister, Ella Wilbur, Helen M. Sheldon.

1876—E. H. Glidden, Charles Glidden, Fred. H. Stevens, F. P. Wilcox, Anna McLane, Hattie Wadsworth, Josie Phillips, F. W. Glidden, Mary French, G. P. Preston, Dan Salsbury, D. M. Falconer, George C. Taylor, Eva Elliott, Ella L. Wyman.

1877—W. M. Haynor, G. P. Preston, F. P. Wilcox, E. H. Glidden, F. M. McAllister, D. M. Falconer, Newell Gibson, Kate Knickerbocker, Mary French, George B. Taylor, N. L. Cole, Lutie Cook, C. H. Glidden, Minerva S. Green, L. J. Hill, Sarah Cook, Eva Elliott, Ella Wetherbee, Ida Hatch, F. P. Wilcox.

1878—W. F. Glidden, Ella Wetherbee, E. L. Warren, J. Fitzgerald, Eva Cook, T. Fitzgerald, E. H. Glidden, H. C. Perry, A. H. Sackett, Garrett Salsbury, Mary French, F. P. Wilcox, Clara Taggart, Annie Emery, Mary Kipp, Hattie Cook, Nora Wilcox, Marion Orr.

1879—F. W. Glidden, Mary E. Wilder, G. P. Preston, D. C. St. John, J. F. Bryan, L. J. Hill, Sarah Cook, E. H. Glidden, Annie Emery, Frank T. Coy, Carrie Edmonds, Lizzie Strojan, Ella Wetherbee.

1880—James W. Lawton, Day Wilcox, J. Fitzgerald, Julia Sackett, E. H. Glidden, R. J. McGowan, Cora Cook, Julia Hughes, Aaron Budd, Charles Perry, F. W. Glidden, Will Glidden, J. Fitzgerald, Sarah Fitzgerald, Anna McLane, Lina L. Warren, Genevieve L. Cook, Annie Emery, Macy E. Hill, Julia Sackett, Jennie Cowles, Lizzie Strojan, Ella M. Sanderson, Mamie Morgan, Dempster Pratt.

1881—E. H. Glidden, Alex. Falconer, Charles Stevens, Edward Nelligan, R. J. McGowan, Aaron Budd, L. E. Akeley, N. L. Cole, Annie McLane, James W. Lawton, D. J. Pratt, Lizzie Strojan, Lutie Cook, Louisa Brooks, Elsa Root, Nellie Brackett, Louisa Allen, Anna Potter.

1882—E. H. Glidden, G. P. Preston, Mrs. W. C. Tanson, W. C. Tanson, Charles Falconer, J. F. Bryan, C. J. Kelley, May E. Proctor, A. M. Potter, Alex. Falconer, W. L. Cole, Louise Brooks, E. P. True, R. M. McGowan, Rosetta Maxon, Lizzie Strojan, Anna Emery, Jennie Chadsey, Elizabeth C. Lower, Julia Hughes, Lilian Beck.

1883—Aaron Budd, Charles H. Stevens, Alex. Falconer, Alva A. Sturges, G. C. Taylor, D. C. St. John, N. L. Cole, Hattie Ellis, W. H. Leroy, G. P. Preston, Anna L. Potter, Ella Calkins, Mamie Morgan, W. F. Glidden, Jennie Chadsey, Mary McKeon, S. E. Coleman, Sarah Rodwell.

1884—D. J. Pratt, Lilian Mower, Aaron Budd, John Ryan, D. C. St. John, Charles H. Stevens, Lucy Boots, L. J. Hill, Julia Hughes, James Falconer, Jennie Cowles, Mary A. Lyman, Alice M. Southworth, Effa R. Leonard, Lutie Cook, Jennie A. Wright.

1885—Addie Fowler, John Ryan, Hubert R. Glidden, R. Mills, Julia Hughes, Hattie D. Kay, Jennie Cowles, Ada Collins, Hattie Jones, Eva Miller, Carola Plum, Aaron Budd, Lucy Barber.

1886—Herbert S. Glidden, Julia Hughes, D. C. St. John, Charles Wilson, C. H. Stevens, Jennie Cowles, Alfred M. Potter, Rachel Berhing, L. J. Hill, Julia Crossett, Jennie Jones, Hattie Barber, May E. King, George N. Brown, W. J. Thompson, J. L. Ryan, Charles Boots, Dan Albert, W. W. Brown, Aaron Budd, Anna Thomas.

1887—Dan Albert, Viola Williams, Hattie Milliken, Aaron Budd, John Ryan, D. C. St. John, Frank L. Foster, Alva Salisbury, E. H. Chase, Lola Church, E. Warren.

In filling out this list correctly the author is met with obstacles very difficult to overcome, such as ignorance and want of information, as the supervisors' record does not mark the teachers as such, leaving the writer to guess at the truth. David Wetherbee has furnished the author with a list of teachers at the Christian school-house as follows:

Harriet Baldwin,	Electa Cole,	J. J. Harper,
David Matson,	J. G. Smith,	Sarah Cornwall,
Mary Sturges,	Julia Palmer,	John Brown,
Bennett Hopkins,	D. N. Pettengill,	Uriah Sackett.
Munger Hopkins,	Alonzo Sawens,	Lucinda Carpenter,
Eunice Hopkins,	Sarah Stevens,	Polly M. Wetherbee,
A. Burnham,	R. Barker,	Heman M. Loomis,
Elvi Lewis,	John Baldwin,	Leroy R. Sanford,
Lyman Matson,	James Savage,	Antoinette Pratt,
E. Hallock,	Malvina Vandyke,	George M. Street,
Loyal Palmer,	E. K. Tuttle,	Martin Angevine,
Roxana Bates,	Amasa Howard,	Henry Street,
J. G. Smith,	Adelaide Clark,	Laura Ann Darrow,
Orlina Sturges,	Abigail Fairbanks,	Parmer S. Rilner,
	John H. Baldwin.	

NOTE—All of whom taught at Mudville, between 1835 and 1856.

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGION.

THE religious belief of any community is the outgrowth of early impression and teaching. The ideas of the parents, and more especially of the mother, may be said to be the underlying strata upon which the child's moral opinions rest. As we look back to the old mothers of Clarendon, who taught their children the way they should go, we discover that their shades of religious belief were diametrically opposite. One could find in certain households the doctrine of universal salvation; in another, the call to repentance and the holding out to the sinner free grace through the atonement of the Saviour; and in other hearts the belief that the soul sleeps until the last great day, when the wicked will be consumed, root and branch, and the righteous only inherit eternal life. From the center of Clarendon to the farthest limits this diversity of opinion prevailed, and, like a plant that has been carefully watched and watered, it has at last attained its present growth, the progress of which we shall give as impartially as possible, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, but asking only the guidance of truth in the statements we purpose to make.

We shall open up this history with the Universalist church, as this was the first regular society in town which we can give in order, and was formed by the original settlers. The first meeting of this society was held at Holley, November 3, 1832, for the purpose of drafting a constitution and articles of faith upon which the church

could, in the future, operate. At this call Eldredge Farwell was moderator and Levi Hard was clerk. It was called the Universalist Society of Clarendon and South Murray. Six trustees were elected, viz.: Eldredge Farwell, David Matson, James Orr, Eli Bickford, Harrison Hatch and Ezekiel Lee. The first members were as follows: Eldredge Farwell, George A. Porter, James Orr, Eli Bickford, Henry Wetherbee, David Matson, Benjamin Mallery, Ezekiel Lee, Edward Squires, Harlow Wells, Horace Moffatt, David Matson, Jr., Levi Hard; in all, thirteen. These were the foundation stones upon which the church was laid, and they have mostly been covered for years by the dust of time, but their work and labor has had its reward, as 1888 and all of the faded years, down to 1832, can fully show. Every individual which we have named was of sterling stuff; men who, as Charles Sumner once said, were of the "vertebrate" order, and carried in their every-day life that certain amount of "sand" which is necessary to push even religious bodies through this opposing world.

In 1834, we find this society with 50 members, with such additional names as Calvin, C. Patterson, Linus Peck, L. B. Keeler, Horace Peck, Ezra F. Cogswell, Zardeus Tousley, Jonathan Church, Harry Farwell, Joshua Vincent, Ezekiel Hoag, James Leake, William Wright, John Farwell, Ziniri Perrigo, Simeon Glidden, Betsy Glidden, Betsy Matson, Cynthia Bunnell, Levi Davis, Sally Farwell, Submit Farwell, whom we have taken out of the list in order that some idea may be formed of the character of these first followers of Ballou. The first regular meeting at Clarendon of this society was held in the frame school-house, the 30th day of September, 1836.

In 1835, the Universalist church was erected, the first building of any denomination in the town. Seth Knowles and Levi Davis were the stone-masons, and the contractor Philip Preston. This structure was built of stone, and

these must have been taken from the quarries in the village, as they have the same appearance as those in the grist-mill. There was a lofty spire to this edifice, which had a lightning-rod attached, which the school-boys loved to climb in order to show their sailorship. When this spire was raised, Fort Porter, the contractor, called for some one to crawl to the highest point. George W. Farwell said he would go as high as any other person, and, after he had climbed a certain distance, he backed out, came down, and said he be d——d if he would go any higher;" when David Matson mounted the gin-pole, and the spire was steadied at a height of nearly seventy feet. This spire becoming dangerous, after about forty years, it was cut down and left as it now stands. The old bell was bought in Troy, and since the day of its hanging has tolled most mournfully the death of many who heard it ring when going to church, and who little thought that its iron tongue would at last tell the years they had spent in this strange world. How often have we, when school-boys, heard it strike dolefully above us, and the teachers and scholars all looked up with that sad and astonished appearance which only a knell can produce upon the soul. And how often have we watched the swallows, as they gathered on the steeple, or some other part of the church, as we said, to hold a funeral over some one of the members of their busy society; or just before they chirped "Good-by" to Clarendon, have a parting consultation, each one having a word of cheer and encouragement, their little bodies full of motion, and their wings and tails keeping time to the chattering music. The next morning the old church was as solemn as a tomb-stone and as silent as some deserted tower, for the happy swallows, in the beautiful moonlight, had spread their wings toward the sunny south, not to return until they were certain of a sweet May or June welcome.

The interior of this church had large and long galleries, which extended nearly around the building, where the "gods" could look down upon those in the pews below, and the audience crane their necks to hear the sweet music of the choir above them. Well do we call back the day when Horace Farwell's body was borne into this church, followed by the Albion band playing the "Dead March in Saul," or, when moving slowly on foot to the Christian burying-ground, they sweetly sounded forth the rich notes of Pleyel's hymn, "Hark! a Voice divides the Sky." How many have been carried to their last home out of the middle doors! How many steps have sadly moved out of the side doors, when their friends have been taken away, that have years since followed in the same procession to the silent city! If this old church had only a voice, out of its stone walls, out of its solemn bell, out of its galleries, out of its doorways, what would it say for the historian to chronicle? Truly, its silence is golden, beyond the power of all earthly language!

In this church have been held conventions, when the auditors could daily hear the silver-tongued voice of Montgomery, or listen with rapture to the words of Saxe, as he warmed up over his subject. Here too, could be seen Andrew Jackson Davis, the great disciple of spiritualism, walking lovingly from its portal down-town, and upon his face bearing that aspect which his belief naturally inspired. In the long winter evenings the singing-masters would here call their scholars together from all parts of the town, while they ran up the scale from do-re-mi-la-sol, until Foote or Marsh would make their pupils nearly wild over this jargon, which some of the lads and girls took advantage of by having lots of fun all among themselves, and when the school was over they could not tell one note if they were to be gibbeted for the failure. Where is that old blackboard now? Where that pointer?

Where those happy faces, those eyes that danced from light beams of blue, black, gray or brown? Some are taking lessons of the angels, and others are waiting to join the school when the roll is called by the Great Master. Originally the pews in this church were sold at auction, and became the property of the purchaser absolutely. A few seats were reserved for the stranger within the walls, when he, too, could sit under the shadow of the sanctuary and listen to the words of the minister from the lofty pulpit just at the entrance to the door.

In 1869, John Church, L. A. Lambert and David Wetherbee were appointed a committee "to remodel the church according to their best ability." This they did by cutting away the side galleries, changing the pulpit from the north to the south, opposite the entrance, frescoing the walls, placing the choir near the pulpit, changing the seats and making the interior much more attractive and elegant. Christmas Eves come now with Christmas ships for the children, or trees loaded down with rich presents from those that love to remember each other. Rose Sundays walk forth through its aisles, and upon its altar place beautiful flowers, and lovely children, all in white, bespeak the happiness that bubbles within.

The movement for a parsonage was started early in 1886, and in 1887 a fine house was erected just to the west of the church, at a nominal cost of \$1,200. This adds very much to the appearance of the property, and the beautiful rockeries which the present pastor, Rev. F. B. Peck, has placed on the grounds is a source of admiration to all passers-by. If the society would plant some of the forest shade-trees around the circle, this would, in time, be a charming spot. When the sun rises above the eastern horizon, it throws its golden pencils through the richly-painted windows of this church, and, before it disappears through the western doorways of sapphire and gold, its last rays flood with beauty the quiet repose within.

The present church was dedicated in 1837, and we give the following list of trustees, as taken from the church record, in the possession of the clerk, David Wetherbee :

- 1833—David Matson, Eldredge Farwell, Zardeus Tousley, Henry Smith, James Orr, Eli Bickford.
 1834—David Matson, Eldredge Farwell.
 1835—Zardeus Tousley, Levi Hard.
 1836—James Orr, John Batchelder.
 1837—Simeon Glidden, Eldredge Farwell.
 1838—Samuel Wetherbee, Zardeus Tousley.
 1839—James Orr, David Matson.
 1840—Eldredge Farwell, Calvin C. Patterson.
 1841—Benj. G. Pettengill, Horace Peck.
 1842—James Orr, Thomas Glidden.
 1843—Calvin C. Patterson, Zardeus Tousley.
 1844—Samuel Wetherbee, Geo. W. Farwell.
 1845—Henry Kirby, Geo. W. Peck.
 1846—C. C. Patterson, James Halleck.
 1847—Geo. W. Farwell, Ira B. Keeler.
 1848—Ezekiel Hoag, Ira Philips.
 1849—B. G. Pettengill, C. C. Patterson.
 1850—G. W. Farwell, Samuel Wetherbee.
 1851—Ira Philips, Eldredge Farwell.
 1852—Horace Peck, James C. Hallock.
 1853—Samuel Wetherbee, David Matson.
 1854—Henry Kirby, C. C. Patterson.
 1856—Hollis D. Matson, Hosea Shumway.
 1858—Hollis D. Matson, G. W. Farwell.
 1860—T. E. G. Pettengill, James Orr.
 1861—Elisha Farwell, Eldredge Farwell.
 1863—T. E. G. Pettengill, David Wetherbee.
 1864—C. C. Patterson, Elisha Farwell.
 1865—B. G. Pettengill.
 1866—David Wetherbee, B. G. Pettengill.
 1868—John M. Wetherbee, Ebenezer Culver.
 1871—Ebenezer Culver, Amos Pettengill.
 1872—Perry Culver, David Wetherbee.
 1873—D. W. Akeley, Amasa Patterson.
 1874—David Matson, Ebenezer Culver.
 1875—David Wetherbee.
 1876—Geo. D. Cramer, Stephen Church.
 1877—David Matson, E. Culver.
 1878—O. P. Culver, David Wetherbee.
 1879—Irving W. Hollister, G. D. Cramer, John L. McCrillis.
 1881—Charles H. Matson, Byron Tascar.
 1883—George P. Preston, L. A. Lambert.
 1884—Perry Culver, Amos Pettengill.
 1885—John L. M. McCrillis, Britt Andros.
 1886—Walter T. Pettengill, L. A. Lambert.
 1887—Perry Culver, George Thomas.
 1888—Britt Andros, George D. Cramer.

From 1837, the ministers which have been on this charge are given by David Wetherbee in the following order: Hammond, Nathan Sawyer, L. L. Spalding, Seth Remington, F. L. Clark, W. B. Cook, A. Kelsey, D. C. Tomlinson, H. L. Hayward, A. Kelsey, J. J. Austin, W. Snell, Wm. Knott, W. B. Randolph, J. W. Broeffle, W. C. Tanson, E. R. Ottoway, Wm. Knott, F. B. Peck, who is the present pastor, full of energy and ready at any moment to take his place at the wheel of labor. According to the statement of the pastor, the regular membership is now 30, and the attendance, as a rule, is very good.

The Sunday-school was organized in 1843—Ira B. Keeler first superintendent—and has Mrs. Geo. D. Cramer as superintendent, with an attendance of nearly forty scholars. T. E. G. Pettengill has given an additional list of preachers, as Simpson, Morton, Whitnall, Townsend, Peck, Sadler, Doolittle, Abul, Sawyer, Remington, Clark, Smith, Jones and Chase.

If we step outside of Clarendon village we shall find that the Christian Society was organized in Murray, September, 1815, by the addition of a few names by Daniel Brackett, and on November 1, 1815, other persons by Elder Morris, and in the month of March, 1817, the church was regularly organized by Elder Robinson Smith and Elder Badger. Some of the early members of this society we have taken from the church record, in the hands of Josiah Lawton, viz. : Jesse Evarts, Wm. B. Worden, Levi Preston, William Burnham, Thaddeus Austin, Frederick Cogswell, Alpha O. Rose, Thomas Annis, Landon Hood, Sally Tousley, Jeremiah Austin, Polly Austin, Betsy Pierce, Phebe Burnham, Anna Preston, Dorcas Evarts, Sarah Brackett, Esther Miller, Susanah Russ, Mary Salisbury, and all these were members in 1815.

In October, 1829, the Murray and East church at Bennett's Corners were united, and the church-book was given

into the charge of John Millard, who was one of the chief corner-stones of this society. In the Bennett's Corners school-house, during revivals, we find such old preachers as Elder Call, Elder Badger, Elder Gates, Smith, Bigelow, Blake, Harrison, Hannibal, Parker, Rollins and Brackett, who used only a chair for their pulpit. The Bible and hymn-book were the only written sermons they possessed, and no doubt the common people heard them as gladly as nowadays, when it takes the minister a large share of his time to prepare an intellectual feast for his auditors; and they must be courted and satisfied, or his head is as certain to fall as was one of the Girondists during the Reign of Terror. These old school-benches were of hemlock, and they had no cushions on which to stretch their weary limbs when the prayer became tiresome, or the sermon too prosy.

To these meetings in East Clarendon the people came in crowds in wagons or sleighs, and whether church-going was more fashionable than at the present we cannot say, but this part of the town at this day is only now and then visited by the minister, as he much prefers to occupy his own pulpit, and take life easy, than to ride over here, where bare walls and hard seats only welcome his coming. In the school-house at the Christian church, Elder David Millard, Elder Danford, Call, Blake, Adams and Brackett could be heard in the brick walls. One of the girls attending one of these meetings in a wine-colored pressed flannel dress, a certain sister remarked that "she was getting to be awful proud." What would this dear sister say if she was on earth now?

A certain elder, one night, left his buggy where the boys could examine it thoroughly, which they did, and finally took off the wheels and buried them under the roots of a tree on the Alexander Annis place. The brethren were terribly worked up over this trick and raked the Jefferson lake to find them. When R. P. True was the occupant of

the Annis possessions, while he was plowing his share caught in something, and when he came to examine he found two old buggy wheels, which belonged formerly to the elder, who long before had gone to his reward, and many of the naughty boys either before or after.

The Christian church at the "Corners," on the Barre road, was erected in 1838, by the Preston brothers of that day, who were first-class workmen. Manning Packard and Ebenezer Reed were also handlers of the plane and saw on this edifice, and Stafford, from Stafford in Genesee County, raised the spire and did the furnishing. The foundation walls were laid by Samuel Salisbury, and the first regular minister was Elder Blake, who prophesied that the world would come to an end in 1844. Perhaps he had in his spirit's eye the earthquake which did take place in 1844. We can give the name of A. Cornish, who was the pastor in 1841, preaching every other Sabbath, and receiving the sum of one hundred dollars for his support; the deacons to supply his place. In 1852, W. T. Caton occupied the desk; 1858, Elder Richard B. Davis; 1859, Elder O. E. Bryant; 1861, Elder J. R. Hoag and T. D. Childs; 1862, Aaron C. Parker.

In 1830, at a church meeting of this society, it was resolved that a fund be raised for preaching brethren in penurious circumstances, and one dollar and thirty-one cents was collected for a cloak for Elder Gates; and other subscriptions were handed in for needy ministers in sums of one shilling and up to two shillings, which were received by John Millard, Thomas Annis and Elizur Warren, as deacons.

The records in this church are so uncertain that we cannot rely upon them as evidence sufficient to base truth on, and therefore we leave them and give the name of James W. Lawton, who filled the pulpit with marked ability in our day, and who was succeeded by William Vreeland and

Clark, who have now retired, and the church is supplied by different ministers. The support and maintenance of a minister has now become a matter of business, and lip service, in the nature of tongue wishes, rarely fill the pastor's purse with money, or supply his family with the comforts and necessities of life. Over at the "Brown school-house," where Andrew Brown was chorister, the Protestant Methodists had a strong society, and Elder Payne, Elder Miller and Elder Parker were the spiritual teachers, who pointed by faith the eyes and minds of their hearers to a better country. Where are they now?

This society fell into a church lawsuit, which is one of the devil's easiest methods to break up union and demonstrate, as the blessed Saviour says, "that a house divided against itself cannot stand;" and this rule is absolute in all religious bodies. The noted "White Mountain" suit between one brother and sister, when Benjamin G. Petten-gill was called in for three days to swear the witnesses, in order that they might be believed, broke this society in pieces, and no longer we hear of meetings held by Protestant Methodists in Clarendon.

At the Robinson school-house there were also meetings held at a very early day, and the hearers would generally take their dinners with them, hearing two sermons, in the forenoon and afternoon, sitting on planks that had logs of wood under them, and coming to the conclusion that Sunday was one of the hardest days in the week, so far as sitting was concerned. When Giles Orcutt was one of the chief props of the United Brethren at this point, a church building was erected in which services were held, and night after night, one minister, by the name of Hill, thundered in the ears of his hearers, and the interest for a time seemed to be lasting. But some evil power crept in here also and now this house, where once prayer was wont to be made, stands silent, deserted, unpainted, fast going to

decay, a sad picture of what has been since brother Orcutt went over the river.

At the Cook school-house, Shubael Stevens, in the years gone by, held forth to large congregations, and quite often Elder Rollins, of Byron, would appear with his pleasant face and be listened to with delight by his many friends. Sunday-schools have been held at these points, but at present the children have no one to call them together and they must remain at home during the Lord's day, or, if they have a desire, ride either to Clarendon, Byron or Pumpkin Hill to service.

The old red school-house in the Glidden district over forty years ago was filled by those who came to hear from the Word of God. And the same might be said of the Cowles; but now all is changed, and it has been long years since the neighbors met to hear of heaven and hell. This portion of the town can, if they desire, drive their fine teams and carriages to Holley, Brockport or West Sweden, or idle away the Sabbath at home. Whether the people in the town generally were more religious than at present we know not, but of this we are certain, that the school-houses no longer echo to the tread of the minister and his hearers, or the voice of praise rises out of the windows to reach the courts above. Straws tell which way the wind blows, and we leave the reader to form his own opinion as to the religious current in the school districts of Clarendon in 1888.

The Methodist society in Clarendon is an offshoot from the Hulberton charge, of which it forms a part. The old church in Hulberton was built in 1832, and with its graveyard in the rear fast sinking in, and filled with weeds, bushes and briars, convinces the visitor that the memory of the bodies here entombed is not very precious, either in the sight or mind of those left behind. After the Sturges store had been erected, and when one room could be used with old-fashioned benches, we can remember of

attending here to hear Sabbath-school lessons explained, and look into pasteboard books that we had no love for; as they abounded in long homilies on doctrines of faith, which we at that age did not understand, and in which we took no interest.

After the old Cottage Inn of 1839 was abandoned by the guest and traveler, and the hall no longer echoed to the step of the dancer, this room was taken possession of, and meetings were held here. The Clarendon society was very feeble, and Methodists were looked upon very much as the Puritans were by the Cavaliers of the days of Charles II., and considered to be too particular in their dress, or in their ideas of religion. But time rolled, one by one, these prejudices out of the way of Methodism, and in 1852 George M. Copeland gave land upon which a church was erected, James Winn being the builder. The church was dedicated by Sumner Smith, and the small membership felt that they had a heavy burden upon their shoulders to sustain. But there were in this church members who were ready to do all in their power to advance its interests, and the names of Gibson and Vandyke, who have since gone to their reward; while among the women, Mrs. T. G. McAllister, Mrs. William H. Cooper, Mrs. Laura A. Copeland and Mrs. Benjamin Copeland, may be mentioned as a few whose every-day life made that spiritual impression upon the minds of the world, that in morals had a powerful effect, and brought many accessions to the church that otherwise would have remained outside the pale. The church at this time required funds to keep its spiritual life in being, and fortunate was it in having George M. Copeland, in the old stone store, to look, not only to its building, but also to its financial management.

In process of time sheds were put up, standing to the east of the church, and forming the west line of George M. Copeland's homestead boundary. These have since

been removed, and now the attendants can hitch their horses across from L. A. Lambert's, on Byron street. Formerly the church looked to the south, fronting the old red shop, and had large steps that ascended from Brockport street, with a wide platform before the entrance. On either side one could go aloft into the gallery, which ran across the south end, where the choir sat, and Henry C. Martin blew his flute, while the singers' voices could be heard above its sweet notes. The audience looked to the north, facing the pulpit, which was heavy and massive, with lamps covered with globes, on either side, and a chandelier of the same character suspended from the ceiling. The church was turned to the west, the interior greatly changed, stained windows introduced, and at present it has, with its vestry-room, a much more pleasing appearance than formerly. No longer the grand old poplar stands near its side, looking down upon the passer-by, or breathing a welcome to all that came within its shade. The sweet tones of the flute have died away, and the organ has taken its place, and the voices we once loved to hear in our boyhood days have, like some echo, been lost forever. Where are the faces we delighted to look upon in the church service, or in the evening meeting, or the Sunday-school? Where now the heart-smiles that came from eyes glad to see us, and extend a hearty welcome? Where now those low, plaintive hymns that floated away upon the air? They are as silent as the lips of the singers, and sometimes we think that they were too spiritual for this money-day, and so have followed their lovers to that blessed country. We hear no more the deep, earnest prayer of Brother Vandyke! No more the soul-felt words of Brother Gibson! Or, like some whisper, which we bend to hear, the soft words of that mother, and those other beautiful thoughts from noble women, who have since taken their journey to that land where sorrow has no abiding-place. We may now watch

the sparrows, as they talk to each other from the steeple ; we may in the summer month of June stoop to pick roses as sweet as heaven can make them ; we may pause to hear echoes that we once knew ; but in vain do we call back the Past, "it is now only the memory-writing of the soul that we may know," only the phonograph music that we can hear in the chambers of the heart. If, as Carlyle says, words are never lost, but go down through eternity, what, then, will the treasure of this church bring forth when the books are opened, and its pages once more speak as in the voices of long ago ?

In 1821 the Sweden Circuit of the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Church was formed, and John Cosart and James Hemingway were appointed elders. This must have embraced Clarendon, but no mention is made of this fact in Conable's History of the Genesee Conference, and no report is made of the church edifice which George M. Copeland, through James Winn as carpenter, built in 1851, on land which he gave for this purpose. School-houses, with the hall in the abandoned Cottage Inn, and the room above G. M. Copeland's store, were the places of meeting, and on February 13, 1848, a meeting was called for February 28, 1848, for the purpose of organizing the Methodist Society of Clarendon, and on this date they made Rev. Reuben C. Foot and George M. Copeland chairmen, and elected as trustees for that year, William Gibson for three years, Daniel Carpenter, Norton Webster, George M. Copeland and Benjamin Pettengill.

1849—Benjamin Pettengill, for three years.

1850—Norton L. Webster and George M. Copeland, three years. Subscription for church.

1851—Daniel Carpenter and William Gibson elected for three years.

1852—Benjamin Pettengill, three years.

1851—Thirty-nine seats sold, by contract, for \$1,455, to different parties.

1853—N. L. Webster and George M. Copeland, three years. Deeds given for seats.

1863—N. L. Webster, two years, Benjamin Pettengill two years, George M. Copeland, two years, Daniel Carpenter, three years, Harley Hood, three years. Re-incorporated this year under the same name.

1864—Norton L. Webster made trustee for three years.

1865—George M. Copeland and Benjamin Pettengill, three years.

1868—Norton L. Webster, for two years, and Harley Hood for one year. Election changed from February to January, the third Monday.

1868—Enlargement of the church to the amount of \$2,500. D. D. Cook, pastor. House re-dedicated January 14, 1859. Rev. D. W. C. Huntington gave sermon. Rev. S. Hunt superintended collection (\$1,100 raised), assisted by Elder Thomas Chambers. Rev. S. Seager, Presiding Elder.

1869—Benjamin Pettengill and George M. Copeland, trustees three years.

1870—John Richey and Simeon D. Coleman, three years. Sexton appointed at a regular salary. Organ purchased of H. C. Martin.

1871—N. E. Darrow made trustee for three years; George Sturges, sexton; David P. Wilcox, treasurer of penny collection fund.

1872—George M. Copeland and Benjamin Pettengill, for three years.

1873—John Richey and Hiram Joslyn, three years.

1874—N. E. Darrow for three years. Isaac Kelley was made sexton at \$50 a year.

1875—George M. Copeland and Benjamin Pettengill, three years.

1876—Thomas Turner and Hiram Joslyn, for three years.

1877—N. E. Darrow, three years.

1878—Benjamin Pettengill, three years, and George M. Copeland. George M. Copeland offered a lot for parsonage. Subscription for a parsonage.

1879—Simeon D. Coleman, Hiram Joslyn and Thomas Turner, for three years.

1880—N. E. Darrow for three years.

1881—Benjamin Pettengill and George M. Copeland, for three years. Parsonage barn-contract given to George Mathes.

1882—Church out of debt, as to buildings and other matters.

1882—Simeon D. Coleman and Thomas Turner, for three years. Exchange of shed lots.

1883—N. E. Darrow, for three years.

1884—Benjamin Pettengill and George M. Copeland, three years. Session-room addition. Loss by fire adjusted.

1885—Simeon D. Coleman and Thomas Turner, three years. Voted to have seven trustees. David P. Wilcox, one year, James Gibson, three years.

1886—Nicholas E. Darrow and David P. Wilcox, three years. Election of trustees as to notice.

1887—James Gibson and George M. Copeland, three years.

1888—S. D. Coleman, George H. Turner, for three years, and James Carman in place of David P. Wilcox, resigned.

Among the different ministers since 1852, we may name: Conable, Lankton, Richards, Cook, Barrett, McEwin, Sparrow, Woods, Swift, Staples, Tuttle, Swartz, Maryott and Crow.

There have been in Clarendon members of other denominations, such as the Baptist and Presbyterian, who have attended church either at Holley, Byron Center or Pumpkin Hill, and at an early day at West Sweden; but when Horatio Reed, of Bergen, passed away this year, he was the last representative of a church that stands now deserted, save for shows and political meetings. The Catholic church has nearly two hundred communicants in town, and they attend at Holley, under the charge of Rev. James Leddy, who is considered by the whole church to be a priest of fine mind, and very spiritual in his nature and life. Patrick McKeon, of Clarendon, has been trustee of the Holley church for seven years, and is well constituted to discharge the duties of this office, and has lived to see the whole indebtedness paid, and the church established upon the rock of safety and progression.

CHAPTER V.

HOLLEY ROAD.

WE have thought it best to take the principal roads of Clarendon with all others intersecting them, as they radiate to the different points of the compass, giving to each of them the name that they have generally borne, and, in other instances, naming them after some early settler or other person, by which they might plainly be distinguished both at home and abroad. The surveys have been taken from the town book, which bears date 1824, but which contains surveys from the original town book, when this town was known as Sweden, prior to 1821. We have not been able to find an original survey of the Holley road as it leads from Clarendon to Holley, and shall, therefore, pass this over and confine ourselves to the road as it was first known to the oldest inhabitant.

In the year 1815, what is now known as the Holley road was a heavy growth of timber, beech and maple, save here and there ash in the low or swampy portions. The traveler had the privilege of following a narrow path, and even this was but little used, as Holley had, at this time, only a shanty existence, and the foundation of this place was the work of Aarao Hamlin, who was the chief merchant, and did all in his power to build up its interests. It is said that he contributed fifteen hundred dollars out of his own means to make a direct communication through Clarendon to Byron, and thus encourage trade toward Holley, which might have been diverted to Scio, as Hulberton was formerly called. In 1815, Broadstreet Spafford, the step-father of

Colonel Nicholas E. Darrow, raised a log-house near the spot now occupied by the late residence of George S. Salisbury and his wife, Amanda Annis, who now owns the land. The woods all around heard from morning until night the ring of Nicholas E. and Lewis Darrow's axes, and orchards now yield fruit where at that day giant trees cast their shadows. When Nicholas was a lad he brought from Churchville to this home three small cherry sprouts, and these were placed in the soil near the log-house. Two of these sprigs lived, and persons in passing, took shoots from the first cherry trees of which we have any knowledge in Clarendon.

In 1820, a stranger, having grafted apple trees, stopped at Spafford's over night, and for his lodging gave two trees, the one a russet and the other a greening, which were named Father and Mother, and were the first grafted trees in this section of the town. The Father still stands just in front of the house, overhanging the highway, and during the war, when apples were five dollars a barrel, the sum of one hundred dollars was realized from this noble tree.

When this road was cut through to Holley, it ran farther to the east, in a line south of the present orchard of A. J. Potter, passing to the east of Alexander C. Salisbury's house, over the hill toward Holley, due north. There was a log-house at this time on the east side, near Hiram Joslyns, in which lived one Davis. He made spinning-wheels where now the Hood road angles to the north-west into the Hood district. Many of the early residents of Clarendon used his wheels when spinning was the order of the day. When this road was a marked path, Hiram Spafford lived just to the north of John Nelson's present line fence. He was a noted deer hunter, and in the old-fashioned game of base-ball had few equals. In those days, Cyrus Hood, Alvin Hood and Willard Dodge were all noted players, and often beat the Sweden lads at the bat and base.

Hiram threw in the middle, and but rarely allowed one to miss his judgment. Once upon a time he was arrested by Constable Savis, and held in durance vile at Col. Lewis', on the Byron road, but he broke his bonds, fled into the woods, and that was the last time that Clarendon or the constable knew of his presence.

Orlin Spafford built his fires where now A. J. Potter has his home, and at McCarty's, Daniel Foster could be seen to go in and out of his shanty. The old stone house on top of the hill, where John Nelson resides, was built from the money of Amos Cady, by Lyman Young, who did the wood-work in 1832. This Young was also a worker on the Farwell Mills, and moved into Ohio. This place is one of the most sitely between Clarendon and Holley, and has not only the benefit of July and August breezes, but also the full influence of December and March winds. In 1815, there was only one house north of Broadstreet Spafford's, and this was Reuben Lucas's, on the old Hutch possessions before entering Holley. The first frame-house on this road is the weather-beaten one, with heavy porch, across from Amanda Salsbury's, and was built by Lewis Darrow in 1829. The Luke Turner house, now occupied by Corydon Northway, is nearly of the same age. In 1821, Benjamin Harper lived across from the peach orchard, where a few years since Hiram B. Joslyn had the finest of fruit, until the "yellows" came in and forced him to dig the trees up by the roots.

Farther to the east, toward the Indian lot, one William Hiscock saw the smoke rise heavenward, but whether he was one of the stock from which our State Senator sprang, we are unable to state. The frame-house, when Harley Hood took his departure to the unknown country, was originally framed by John Milliken, who has now laid down his bundle and rests quietly by the wayside of life. Benjamin Ogden formerly owned the Hood territory.

long before Harley left the Hood district, where he once labored, eat and slept. East of Harley Hood's was Jotham Bellows, and if he possessed any of the peculiarities of his noted son he must have been worthy of observation and reflection. Every traveler over this road can but call to mind the large poplar to the south of Harley Hood's, which has braved the storms of Clarendon for at least seventy years. Blown down in January, 1889. When this tree was about the size of a man's arm, Captain Aseph Perry and Alvin Ogden had their home near its shadow. The large willows just below the bridge, south of Amanda Salsbury's, were placed there by the Darrow brothers, when they occupied the land, but they have been cut down, and no one was present to say, "Woodman, spare that tree," and the place that knew them for over fifty years now knows them no more. The Darrow brothers cleared up the whole of the Spafford homestead and fifty acres toward Alexander C. Salsbury's, and to the west on the Sawyer road. Charles Burns, the father of Mrs. Josiah Lawton, came on to the William Gibson place in 1828, from the town of Oppingham, in Montgomery county of this state, and went to Ohio in 1836. He was overseer of this road district in 1835, a very large man, full of native push and energy. He built the first grain and horse-barns on the Gibson place, and set out the old orchards.

At this time there was no neighbor north until Lucas was reached, and on the Hood road the deep woods abounded. It was rumored at this time that one person was thrown into the Lucas well, which stood on the west side of the present highway, as the individual very mysteriously disappeared and the well was filled with stones. Thomas Burns built a canal-boat in 1835 back of Charles Burns' barns, and it was drawn by teams of Burns and Cady to Holley, and sailed the raging Erie at that early

day on a fishing excursion. In 1831 Mrs. Josiah Lawton was often, with other children, in the winter-time, hauled to the Hood frame school-house by William Hopkins in a crockery crate, which must have been a fine cutter. One Phillips who lived on this road was in the habit of pounding his wife when he was loaded with fresh still whisky at two shillings a gallon. She ran for protection to Amos Cady's, where William Gibson on the said evening happened to be. Over came the irate husband to drag his wife home, followed at the heels by a gang of Holley roughs. Gibson was naturally very quiet and peaceable, but when he snatched the tongs from the fire-place and cleaned out this mob, they came to the conclusion, as usual, that Clarendon had too much brawn and blood for Holley to tackle.

The home of Alburn Joslyn was formerly the homestead of Jabez Joslyn, also the father of Hiram. The old orchards all bear the Joslyn stamp, and one would know by their lofty trunks that they belonged to a day when men wished to elevate themselves as high as possible above sub-lunary things. In the Hood settlement, around the Hood school-house, Cyrus, Chauncey, George and Harley all held brotherly communion. Alvin Hood studied medicine under Dr. Carter, but whether he left any graves behind him we cannot say.

Jacob Sawyer, after whom we have named the road which leads by the school-house toward Holley, was the owner of the lands over the way from where the pedagogue, in his "noisy mansion, skilled to rule," taught the district school. In an early day, Oliver Harper was on the Sawyer premises, and, latterly, Col. Charles James, once collector of San Francisco, held sway, until he left the place, forsaken, only by tansy and other weeds, to gamble in Wall-street stocks. A large oak tree whispered its leafy words years ago near A. J. Potter's, and the shade-trees on either side were put out by modern occupants, as the ancients took special de-

light in cutting down the grand and lofty maples, leaving, by chance, one near Hiram Joslyn's and another farther to the south and west. When Lewis and Nicholas E. Darrow were nine years of age they had axes to chop with, and their muscles must have been as the bark of the ironwood compared with that of the youth of 1888.

When Broadstreet Spafford raised his log-house, a short distance to the east could be seen the poles where formerly the Indians had fifty lodges. In 1815 Spafford killed the last gray wolf seen in this section and was paid a state and county bounty of ten dollars each.

Lewis Darrow died at the age of thirty, having received a hemorrhage from jumping against Guy Salisbury, whom he beat, after the latter person had proclaimed himself the champion jumper of Clarendon. When Nicholas E. Darrow was a district school-teacher he was much puzzled over that rhyming example in Ostrander's Arithmetic, and for days and nights he could not arrive at the solution, until one night, when going to a country dance through the woods, some spirit came to his rescue, and he no longer saw through a glass darkly, but figure to figure.

John Reed of Sweden at one time owned one hundred acres of beautiful wood, now commanded by the Chace mansion in its view. At this time there was only a small clearing to the north on the Sawyer road and Reed intended this fine property as his future home. He sold out to James Miller in 1840, and Martin Coy was offered the whole lot for forty dollars an acre and was afraid to buy. Abram Salisbury sold out to C. H. Chace for some twelve thousand dollars, and the ex-Mayor of Kansas City would not sell an acre which he owns less than two hundred dollars. Across the road from the Chace mansion, when the country was new, were a number of large cucumber trees, and many of the fine butter-bowls which the good mothers used were from their sides. The beautiful

avenue of maples which reaches from the south line of the Chace property was set out in 1859 by James Miller, and the trees were dug up to the west of the house by one Murphy, and are to-day beautiful to look upon ; the grandest monument that Miller could have possibly erected to his memory. If the old settlers, or those living at this time, had followed his example, the road from Clarendon to Holley would have been one of the finest avenues in the whole country, and would have blessed men who are now nearly forgotten.

The stone barns on the Chace property, as well as the walls, were all built of red sandstone taken from the fields near by. If we pass down by Curtis's mills, we shall find the fields covered with sandstones of this quality, so that one can pass from one to the other in the lots. St. Paul's church in Buffalo was built out of stone which came from Samuel Copeland's quarry in Hulberton, and this is only a continuation of the same strata which may be found adjacent to this road. The very large orchard of one hundred acres on the Sawyer road, which was planted under the orders of Frost, of Rochester, will produce in 1888 about six thousand dollars worth of apples. Charles James had at one time, on the same road, twelve acres of pears, and at present the yield of currants is very great.

The number of orchards on this road reach fifteen, and year after year, except in rare seasons, the supply of apples for the Holley market is very large. These apples stand an ocean voyage well and are to be found on the tables of the old world. Formerly the trees were allowed to grow high, requiring ladders of thirty feet or more to reach them, but latterly the tops have been cut out and they are much more accessible to the picker.

To the south of John Nelson's is the old gravel-pit from which many thousands of loads of gravel have been taken for the repair of the road. At one time Miller and Pet-

tengill did much labor in the improvement of this road, but the heavy loads of cider and vinegar which they have daily drawn over it, have, in bad seasons, made it almost impassable, and the time will surely come when stone-crushers will be brought into use to make this highway what it should be, firm and lasting. One of the chief objections to foot-travel may be found in the presence of large quantities of weeds, that are allowed to grow from year to year, despite the laws to the contrary. If the poll system was at once abolished, and a road commissioner made wholly responsible for the appearance and condition of the highway, then we should see native grasses growing luxuriantly, which could be mowed by the owners or occupants as they would their fields. The soil on this road is mostly a sandy loam, there being but little yellow clay, and that in the lowlands. Abram Salsbury has sold, on this road, land enough to make a small park for the village of Holley, and trees have already been planted.

As we go down the Curtis road, which leads to the old mills of Curtis and Lucas, we find ourselves at once in the presence of an old stone-mill, which has been used as a cider-mill for many years. At this point Reuben Lucas had a grist-mill, and all the old surveys by Chauncey Robinson make this a noted spot. A frame saw-mill converted many logs into lumber here. Curtis at one time made tables, stands and lounges, and Horace Peck, in 1887, had in his possession an old table of his workmanship. Thomas Ennis built the old stone-house of Lucas', also the stone school-house and stone blacksmith-shop in Holley, and the foundation of David Sturges' house in Clarendon. Meetings were at one time held at Curtis' stone-house, where the neighbors came to join in prayer and praise. There was one log-house to the south of Curtis' in 1836, and Daniel Avery lived across the creek. The shingles for the old blacksmith-shop at Lawton's

Corners, or Mudville, were sawed at the saw-mill of Lucas and Curtis over fifty years ago.

Daniel Avery, in one of his nightly excursions on the Wyman road, gave the great rock in front of Martin Higgins' a stunning blow, thinking it some giant in his pathway. William R. Avery was one of Clarendon's best fiddlers in the old log-cabin days. Time has made many marked improvements in this section, and the fine home of Martin Hennessey, on the Curtis road, stands where once the scholars could hear the stentorian voice of Luther Peck, when he handled the rod. James Nelson rests quietly in his happy home where formerly a different race had their abode, as the Albany Museum can show at this day. The water roars through the ravine into the gulf as it did when the channel was first opened, but its notes are not so loud; its voice has died away into a ripple, and the red-man would mourn over the change if he sat again by its murmurs. Only one of the old inhabitants is left, in the person of Hiram Joslyn, and his early friends have all taken their silent journey. The fences, walls, orchards and many of the houses have a sad language that whispers of faces that time has rubbed from the cameo of life.

CHAPTER VI.

BROOKPORT ROAD.

THE first mention which we have of this road, well known to the old settlers, is to be found in a survey made in 1816, by Zenas Case, Elisha Brace and David Glidden, of that year, and recorded in the old town-book, giving metes and bounds. This has from that day been known as the fourth section road, but we have given it the above name from the fact that it leads east and north from Clarendon to Brockport. This is the same route over which Eldredge Farwell traveled with his family from the creek, where now William Stuckey lives, in 1811, in the month of March. This road at present joins the Lake road to the east, which runs from Le-Roy to Lake Ontario, from which it received its name. The surveys have been changed at different times, even up to 1819, when it seems to have been settled in the minds of the pioneers. In 1815, this road was but a path, and ran across the lands of Benjamin Thomas, lately Josiah Clark's place, in almost a straight line to Farwell's Mills or Clarendon.

Horace Peck, in 1816, traveled this road or path through the deep woods, with only a clearing now and then, the whole distance from the Lake road to Farwell's Mills. At this time Alanson Dudley had purchased of Eldredge Farwell a triangular piece of land which joined William D. Dudley on the Byron road, and which is now in the possession of Martha and Sarepta Evarts. There was no house on this road, in 1816, all the way from John French's,

below Hill's or Bennett's Corners to the "Mills." Shortly after, a log-house rose in the woods, where now the fine residence of William Stuckey greets the eye, where a son of Crispin, in 1821, by the name of Elnathan Johnson, made shoes, and they *lasted* well, as Nicholas E. Darrow remembers, for he knew their quality and power of endurance by actual wearing. After the departure of Johnson, Dr. Benjamin Bussey moved into the shanty, and he was, as we have stated, the first regular physician located in Clarendon. The doctor's wife was a noted fiddler, and this was known to all the country round as the place for the lads and lassies to hoe it down on the basswood floor. Allen, from Sandy Creek, a well-known violinist, often rosined the bow here, but he has long since passed away and met his Paganani and Ole Bull in that country where music had its origin. The dancers generally gathered here as early as seven in the evening, and the rosy streaks of the morning beheld the trip of the light fantastic toe, or the whirl of boots that belonged to a race of sturdy lads. There was no calling-off in those days, the fiddler having his or her soul centered in the strings of the violin. When the boys became thirsty, whisky-sling was passed around, while the girls took a little wine for the stomach's sake. Two lads generally carried to the dancers maple-sugar shortcake, which was eaten standing, while doughnuts helped to fill up the demands of hunger, without plates, knives or tables. What fun these simple couples must have had in their log-cabin jokes, long before style came in to teach Clarendon the hypocrisy of affectation! The violinist was paid one and two shillings for each couple, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Some walked home with their lassies, others had ox-sleds on which to draw their loves, and occasionally a nag bore home the precious burden of home-made flannel or fifty-cent calico. Horace Peck well remembers the night when an

ox-sled overturned the boys and girls in the forest, and left them for the moment, as he said, "heads and points," in rare confusion. Old Dame Nature laughed so heartily that night that some of the trees split themselves just in fun. But these girls had no catarrh to snuff, or rheumatism to grunt, and what was the use of living without some change or variation in the monotony.

In the old orchard, south of the creek, not far from A. D. Cook's home, Isaac Hunton snored loud enough to awaken Rip Van Winkle, if he had been on earth at this time. To the east was the dwelling of Jeremiah Glidden, on the George Mathes estate, and he first planted the old fruit-trees and did the original clearing. The present frame-house was boarded by Simeon Howard, who laid his body, years ago, in a house of a different character, under Clarendon's soil. As the records show, Jeremiah Glidden was our supervisor in 1823 and 1824, and in 1821 his road-tax was four days. Nathaniel Huntoon, in the same year, lived in this district, and his abiding-place was where the pump of Col. N. E. Darrow sends forth its limestone draughts. Afterward, Nat, as the boys called him, moved to the eastward, and the settlement was known as Natville. Hard by Huntoon's first shanty was Daniel Avery, and these two residents were old chums. Huntoon was generally chosen as the lucky one to carry the whisky at all the logging-bees on this road, and Warren Glidden sometimes followed him with a jug of water, to cool the extract of corn or wheat. Warren required good legs to keep step with Uncle Nat, who thought the best way to fill the boys' stomachs would be to double the corners, which they successfully accomplished on what is now known as the John Downs farm, west of Bennett's Corners.

In 1826, Nicholas E. Darrow moved into Huntoon's first shanty, after marrying Noah Sweet's daughter, then the belle of Clarendon, and who has ever been one of its

most beautiful women, both in countenance and character. The present house of Colonel Darrow was built in 1842, by Ira B. Keeler, and when he first took up the land only a small portion had been cleared. One has only to walk over the colonel's possessions this day to be thoroughly convinced that he has been a very active worker among the stumps and stones of Clarendon; and certainly no farmer in town keeps his buildings in better repair, and everything in more perfect order and taste. When a young man the colonel saw the wigwams of two Indian families, on what is now known as the Indian lot. The squaws would borrow a frying-pan, or spider, to cook in, and in return would bring venison to the colonel's home. But the tread of the white man was too heavy for them, and they folded their tents, like the Arabs, and stole sadly away to the shades of Tonawanda. The colonel has in his possession a cherry secretary which once belonged to his father, when he was a sheriff in Columbia county, of this state, which was made before the Revolution, and is to-day one of the best in the whole town, and must have cost, originally, seventy-five dollars. On this territory formerly grew large upland pines, and they were used in the construction of heavy timbers for the Farwell mills. But they have all passed away, and not one of their sighing children is now to be seen.

Beyond the colonel's, on the north side of the road, Avery made potash, and Elisha Whitney occupied the land where George Farwell built the house now owned by Horace Farwell, the youngest son of Eldredge Farwell, Jr. Horace Farwell resides in Holley, and is well known as one of the best stock-buyers in Western New York. This farm is largely devoted, in the winter-time, to the storing of sheep, by Farwell, who fats them for foreign markets. George Farwell moved into Chili, Monroe county, years ago, and is still living, in the eighties, highly respected.

Eastward, at Natville, different families had their homes, and Lines Lee, the old stone-mason, can be seen, through memory's glass, with his hammer and trowel, looking over his chalk-line, or, with his old friend, Billy Knowles, enjoying a drop, in the days of "auld lang syne." But the glass is broken, the hammer and trowel vanished, and these two old cronies have laid down their heads in a bed of gravel which they could not mortar.

Wm. B. Fincher and his son, Samuel, moved about here for a time, and the Rebellion heard the mighty tread of Sam's pedals, and he may now be seen wearing war's colors upon his manly breast.

Where Daniel Smedes, on the Smedes road, smokes his pipe in peace, Anson Bennett, bearing the Christian name of the great English admiral, lived for many years, and then journeyed away to Meadville, in Pennsylvania. The Smedes' house is very old, and was built by Bennett to stand a cyclone. John Angus once lived here, but he has gone down into the Mohawk valley, preferring the scenes of his youth to the delights of Clarendon.

To the south of Smedes, back in the field, and west, is an old tenant-house, now deserted, where Luman Fincher once lived. This house was blown entirely down, when building, by a fearful gale, in December, 1865, and was rebuilt as at present. An orchard is at this point, also one to the south, above the bridge. Above this deserted house the land rises to an elevation that commands a fine view of Clarendon and Tonawanda swamp to the westward, Wyoming hills to the south, Sweden to the eastward, Lake Ontario to the north—a circle of some fifty miles. The Smedes road was cut through during the first of the Rebellion, as a short route from the Glidden and Cowles road north to the Brockport road, and thence, by the Bartlett road, to Holley, and it is to-day largely patronized, not only by the residents of Clarendon, but those farther south.

The Bartlett road, which leads due north, passes without a house until we reach the fine residence of John R. Bartlett, who has certainly done more to beautify his possessions since his first occupancy than any other man in town. At this spot, at one time, were fifty acres of wild blackberries, and one may now see fine orchards and beautiful avenues of maples in front of one of the best farm-houses in Clarendon, and everything about this farm betokening the very best of management. Jared Bigelow at one time held these lands, and made stone jugs from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings apiece. He planted the orchard, and said "that he wished to leave the world as good as he found it." Above the Bartlett mansion the land rises in the orchard, and a fine view may be had of the surrounding country. Out from the old yard where Billy Downs for many years drove stock to the market. Baldwin Hill once had his home, until he was at last covered by a small hill of Mother Earth. William Downs, the drover, was well known to all persons, not only on this road, but also throughout Clarendon, but the prices of beeves and other stock at Albany and Detroit no longer trouble his brain, unless the spirit hovers over the same memories as when in this fleshly casket. He was a good man, always ready to give one a welcome, and he will be remembered as long as these tablets hold recollection.

Across the way, where now the large brick house and fine out-buildings of John Downs meet the view, once dwelt Jared Bigelow. The brick portion was put up by Loami Clark many years ago, and Thomas Glidden, on the Matson road, assisted in clearing a portion of this land when a young man. Charles Olmsted has for some time been the tenant here, and the land is in a good state of cultivation. The owner, John Downs, is at present one of the managers of the Holley Exchange Bank. When he was a lad he attended school at the "Corners," and was one of the

scholars of Cynthia A. Copeland. He is now also the owner of the Mansion House at Holley, having a fine residence in town, and the first fire company bears his name. If the village of Holley had a city charter, Downs would be the mayor at once. From a driver of stock for his father, William Downs, he has become wealthy in the trade, and can now handle large quantities of wool or grain.

Charles A. Bennett and George Clapp had at one time their earthly tabernacles where Eugene Warren may be found, when not occupied; his saw and hammer at the call of any builder. Warren has erected some of the best barns in town, and his judgment and taste are up to all modern improvements. Formerly Henry Hill lived on the western portion of the lands lately owned by Nathan O. Warren, and from this fact these corners were called the Hill, afterwards the Bennett, from Gilbert K. Bennett, who had a store at this point, which was burned down, in 1846, when Frank King was clerk. Henry Hill was town supervisor in 1828, and was considered a very worthy citizen, and the old orchard was planted by him. Gideon Chapin lived in this orchard in 1828. Gilbert K. Bennett afterwards occupied these premises, planted the large shade-trees, and built the residence which Nathan O. Warren held at his decease; and Daniel F. St. John was the architect, in 1846.

Across the way stood an old frame school-house, which Nathan O. Warren moved back into the orchard, and the present one was erected by Gilbert K. Bennett, in 1848, and cost nearly \$500.

Orwell Bennett had a residence to the south, and at first he blew the bellows in a frame smithy, and afterwards in the stone one which he built, which is now torn down and its cinders and ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven. William B. Fincher also shod horses here, and many would

come for miles, in 1828 and 1830, to have him drive the nails. Here Burgess hammered on his anvil, when he was not hammering close-communication ideas into the brains of his auditors. These smithies sent their labors into the households all around, as the stores only furnished, in these primitive days, a small supply of hardware, and the smiths were obliged to hammer out by hand what is now done by fine machinery, backed by the power of steam. Shovels and tongs for the fireplace, hoes, rakes and hammers,—all these their brawny arms pounded out. Coal-pits of charcoal were burned in the Fincher garden, and opposite the Farwell place, for these shops.

Stephen Warren took up a lot of one hundred acres opposite the school-house, and afterwards sold one-half of this to John French, who was the father of Aaron, who now casts his Democratic ballot in Cortland county. The Josiah Clark house, which stands away from the road to the south, was once the residence of Benjamin Thomas, one of the first pioneers, and who built the stone part about 1820; a very convenient way to dispose of Clarendon rocks. John French raised the large barn-like structure for his domicile, in 1838; and, thanks to Willis Warren, it has at last received a coat or more of paint, which must have astonished the siding, to say nothing of the surprise produced in the mind of the public. Beyond John French, Elizur Warren, a noted justice of the peace, and father of Nathan O., had a whole lot of one hundred acres. He raised at first a log-house, and with his brother David, had a brick-kiln on his possessions, burnt the brick, and in 1828 put up the brick mansion in which now George Rodwell peacefully lives. The well of the old double log-house of Warren's is now under the center of the brick one, and the water originally was hoisted by a sweep, before pumps came into use. During rain-storms, the mother of Nathan O. would catch the water in a log trough, back and under the

eaves of the house, long before the women imagined a mortared cistern.

The stone walls in the neighborhood were laid without sticks, by Temple, who wore no hat in the summer, and who also dug and stoned wells before the drill days, exposing his bald head to the hottest rays of old Sol without flinching.

In 1822, Elizur Warren took his wife and Nathan in a wagon back to old Connecticut, and returned in the same manner, which was considered a very remarkable trip in those corduroy days. Elizur Warren and John French each built barns, having the timber sawn in David Storm's mill, where Strojan now lives, and Laban Green was one of the sawyers. The shingles were sawn and split, and on one barn made wholly from one hemlock tree, that had its roots where now this barn stands.

The old orchard, on the John French place, was set out by Stephen Warren. The evergreens, at Nathan O. Warren's, he planted, and are to-day a beautiful sight; and the large barns were built by his son Eugene. In 1821 Chester Brace lived to the eastward of Elizur Warren's.

Nathan O. Warren passed away in 1887, one of the sterling citizens of Clarendon, and to whom the author is chiefly indebted for his history of this road. As we pass the Elizur Warren homestead, we come to an old wood-colored building, where Alvah Grennell, brother to John S. Grennell, one of the early millers of Clarendon, resided. Just beyond Grennell's, E. L. Williams took up two lots, which extended east to the Williams road, leading to the south, to join the Glidden road from the west. Williams was a large raw-boned man, who would fight a law-suit to the bitter end. His wife, after doing her household work, would go into the fields and assist her husband in hoeing corn among the stumps, burning brush, sowing wheat, besides doing the spinning and knitting for a very

large family. Their son, Samuel, has in his possession a pewter set of dishes, which are very weighty and solid, of the old stamp, and a wedding-shawl, worn by one of the grandmothers over a hundred years ago. Temple built beyond Williams'; and Augustus Sturges, the father of David Sturges, in 1821 occupied a portion of the Williams' property.

Dan Polly, in 1806, married Abigail Bennett, and, after a sojourn for some time under the log roof, put up the frame structure known as the Polly Tavern, in 1824. Who has not heard of this noted place among the old residents? The traveler came to this inn on the Fourth Section road and ever found that warm welcome of which Shenstone sings. Here, in the winter season, was the grand old fireplace, large enough to make all comfortable with its cheering heat; sending up its light in the gloomy night with a glow that no language can describe. To the hungry the best of roast beef, in tin ovens, buckwheat cakes as fine as Elsie could make, bread which her good mother had kneaded out of flour which knew Rochester as the flour village, roast pigs, from the farm, that would tempt a Jew or Musselman, and, if one was dry, call on Dan, and he would furnish the best liquor that Sturges could afford, with the richest of cider from Clarkson. The old tavern has pulled down its sign, old faces have gone, old guests have departed, and we have the feeling of sadness come over us in passing this fast-decaying house, which is the reminder of former days. The Polly Tavern, in 1887, had an old clock, over fifty years of age, which cost twenty-five dollars.

The first house to the north of Nathan O. Warren's was James Burns', and beyond him Southcombe could be seen. In 1849, Ferrin Speer made his residence here, where James Allis, the chicken fancier, once moggged about. The land was for a long time held by a company of speculators,

hoping thereby to fleece some poor wight. Judge Holmes, of Brockport, was the fortunate individual who persuaded Allis to stick his stakes here, and the Farmer's Club, of Western New York, had once an opportunity of inspecting his purchase before he crossed the river with Charon. Allis was so very lucky that he sold twenty acres of his land to the Gorman and Slack Company for the large sum of six thousand dollars for a quarry, but he was only allowed a short lease of his days after this sale.

This road which we have named the Bennett's Corners, had at one time logways the greater portion of the distance north through town, but is now in fine condition, and has much travel to and from Holley. One is daily struck by the immense business which is carried on at the Gorman quarry, which is connected by a switch with the New York Central Railroad tracks. To the east may be seen the O'Brien quarry, which has been opened for some years, and furnishes every year a vast quantity of paving and building-stone, of the Medina sandstone quality, which is shipped all over the United States, as demand requires. These quarries employ many workmen from Yorkshire, England, and some of these spend their winters in their native clime, returning in the spring when the season begins. Perhaps there is no better sandstone than this of Clarendon, and she has reason to be proud of this rocky treasure, which really underlies a large portion of her surface if only brought to view. The time may come when from Clarendon village to Holley, all along the line of Sandy Creek, one vast line of quarries will be heard giving forth their hammer-music.

The Butterfield road leads from Bennett's Corners south to join the Glidden road. The first house on this corner was built by William B. Fincher, in 1831, and was one of the first frame buildings in this section, and is in excellent condition, where his widow and son Luman still

reside. A short distance to the south Ralzman Thomas took up the land, and early in the twentys John Millard and Alfred, his son, had a log home, before they moved on the Millard road, south of the Christian church. Silas Wadsworth, the father of Harmon Wadsworth, came on to these lands in 1826. Harmon, his son, has erected some of the finest buildings to be found in any portion of Clarendon, and his farm is one that the owner and all citizens have reason to be proud of. Beyond is a lake-stone house, where Orson Butterfield lately resided, and this road is honored with his name. The material for building was brought from the shores of Lake Ontario, in 1849, and these stones were nicely joined by Thompson & Steele, the cut-stone all hammered out by D. R. Bartlett, the stone-cutter of Clarendon. This is the only lake-stone house in town, and presents a fine appearance at this day. The wood-work of the house was fashioned by D. F. St. John, of Clarendon.

Colonel Butterfield's lot included one hundred acres, and he bought out Levi Cooley in 1830. This road was cut through to Josiah Howard's in 1820, and the colonel cleared his own lands mostly. In 1852, the colonel had the gold fever, and went to California, and was in Virginia City and Oregon, and absent from Clarendon sixteen years. The colonel was born in 1808, and was married in 1833, and in 1887 took his farewell sleep in old Clarendon. The orchard here was set out over sixty years ago, and the first barns were shingled at the same time, while the new barns built by his son Pratt, of Chicago, of which we have spoken, are the admiration of all. Colonel Butterfield was universally respected; a man who did his own thinking, full of wit and anecdote, and one who lived in this world not as a clam, but as a bird of observation and travel. The Butterfield road has no one to supply his place, and death is on the gate-posts sadly sitting as we pass by. A beauti-

ful grove of maples may be seen to the eastward, all of second growth, which had spread out their rich foliage under the eye of the colonel since 1830, and now they can grow silently upwards while his body is absent.

John Nelson, the father of John and James Nelson, came from Seneca county in the town of Ovid, in 1823; stopped at the Polly Tavern, then at Benjamin Thomas', and finally took up his abode on what is now known as the Joseph Pratt place. Before the advent of Nelson, Peter Drouns occupied the lands where now Calvin Tupper is a model farmer. Nelson bought out Drouns and put up his log-house in 1823. The first log-house on the south and east was that of Harlow, the son of Oliver Phelps, and Daniel Hand the next neighbor. Hand was a private shoemaker for the neighborhood in those early days, and his dear wife had twenty-one black cats, and each one of them had a particular name; and this good Scotch dame would keep no other colored puss. If cats are to be found on the other shore, she will have a goodly number in her train. Griffin Paddock, who lived to the east and south, went to Lansing, Michigan, and became a probate judge there. John Nelson was offered 160 acres, in 1846, at Lansing for the small sum of \$600; John and Abram Nelson cleared up the west portion of the Pratt farm, while Drouns cleared other portions. Burrough Holmes lived in a log-house where Paddock purchased, and William West was just north of Wadsworth in the beginning. Joseph Bayard was at this time across from the old Jackson place, but whether he had any of the royal Delaware blood in his veins we cannot say.

Corduroy was the road-bed then, from the old school-house to the top of the hill, on the Butterfield road. If some of the present growlers, in their fine wagons and carriages, could only be placed back to the Nelson days of *corduroy*, they would never again grumble over the present

condition of this road, which is one of the best in Clarendon.

Joseph Pratt, well known as Squire Pratt, bought some of his land as low as \$16 per acre; and now the same could not be bought for one hundred; another portion of this farm cost only \$9 per acre, in 1830; and Pratt was able to pay for this when wheat was \$2 a bushel. Before the squire handled the plow he studied surveying with Elder Case, a Baptist minister in Sweden; and from him purchased his compass and books. He was a very ambitious man, politically, and was very much pleased to be made chairman of political gatherings; and loved to play croquet with the girls, and dance all alone in some corner of the ball-room, when he was over seventy years of age. His monument may be seen in the new Holley cemetery, erected by him before his death, at an expense of over one thousand dollars; a very sure way nowadays of perpetuating one's memory before as well as after one's decease, while the old individual has the funds in his or her possession, and before the heirs become forgetful. Squire Pratt erected both of the fine houses on his property and the barns; the house to the east twenty years ago, and the one to the west forty. Joseph Walker Ingersoll, left Pratt's house when only sixteen, and went to New Bedford and took a cruise for three years on a whaler; was in the Union army and was not heard from for fifteen years. He had the pleasure of being in Salsbury and Libby prisons, and of being wounded, and at last accounts was in the government employ at Washington.

Colonel Butterfield and John Nelson saw Gray hung at Batavia, in 1831, and card-playing was going on during the execution, demonstrating that public hanging had but little reforming power over the multitude.

The first piano that Colonel Darrow saw was at Mr. Peck's house near Clarkson Corners, in the town of

Sweden. This was when Simeon B. Jewett was courting Peck's daughter, and doing all in his legal power to win her heart and hand; and about the time that the law firm became known as Jewett & Seldon, so well remembered in Western New York.

The name of Edson Howard calls up many pleasant recollections. When we were young he lived to the north of Bennett's Corners, on what we have called the Warren road, which runs from the Bennett's Corners road into the County Line road, dividing Orleans from Monroe on the east, and Clarendon from Sweden. Howard's place was the best in town to get cherries, and the lads came from all quarters to pick the ox-hearts and black ones, of the choicest kinds. But the trees now have lost their fruitfulness, and the place has changed since thirty years ago. Hart took up this land over seventy years ago, and a fine black-walnut tree is growing, the seeds of which he planted. Moody Davis, who occupied this land before Howard, was rightly named, and in one of his moody fits he cut the brittle thread of his life—and, we trust, has gone where loathed melancholy is unknown. One of Howard's boys, Sullivan, was sheriff in 1885 for Orleans; the second sheriff from Clarendon. Webster Howard is one of the chief workers in the republican ranks, and when he fails to appear at town meeting or election, the good people may ask the undertaker Keyes or Millard of his whereabouts.

The first road north of the Brockport road, and running parallel, we have named after Mortimer H. Taylor, as the Taylor road; and this leads from the County Line road on the east to the Bennett's Corners road to the west. From the County Line road, the Taylor road has as residents Taylor, Remember C. Dibble, Snell and Shay. Chauncey Gould was the first occupant of the Taylor property, and Taylor has resided here from 1849 until 1887, when death knocked at his chamber door. There is a very fine view

from the Taylor mansion, which is chiefly built of stone, and has large shade-trees standing in the front yard, which must have been placed there when Gould was the occupant. To the west of Taylor's, Remember C. Dibble now lives, where formerly Michael Spencer had his earthly abode; and just beyond, as one of his neighbors, Snell lives quietly, undisturbed by aught, save the sounds of peaceful labor. At the junction of this road with the Bennetts Corners, on the south, is the home of Mr. Shay, whose good lady, when living, was ever ready to give the author a cup of cold water, or anything else the house afforded, and wish him a happy time in his labors. This road is in good condition, but could be much improved if the residents would set out an avenue of maples on both sides, from the east to the west. The Taylor road has stone walls and wire fences, most of the way, and the farms are highly cultivated. The Warren road, which is to the north of the Taylor road, and also parallel, has its eastern terminus in the County Line road and its western in the Bennetts Corners road. On the northeastern corner of this road, Nathaniel Warren took up a whole lot of one hundred acres in 1818, and Leander, his son, has lived on this homestead some seventy years. Nathaniel Warren had one of the double log-houses of Clarendon, which were very rare, and here, before a school-house was built, Nicholas E. Darrow came to Warren, as teacher, and he wrote for his benefit these words, "Nicholas E. Darrow, follow your plow and harrow!" which this pupil has done since he was a lad. Joseph Gardner and brother took up two lots over the way, where now Horace Pierce has his fine home with a beautiful hedge around the roadside. Leander Warren put out his orchard, which is one of the oldest in this section. The New York Central paid fourteen hundred dollars for the privilege of crossing the land at this point. To the west of Leander Warren's lives the

widow of James Warren, in the house which was erected by David Warren over sixty years ago. Nathaniel and James put out the trees on the north side of the Warren road, the buttonwoods coming from the north woods. Moody Davis set out the maples on the Howard place, and Thomas Hood took up the land on which the O'Brien quarry is now located.

Shepherd Weller, who once lived and died on the Hood road, where now Jeremiah Harwick resides, was at one time on the Ely H. Cook place on the Warren road, and the house was built by Hurd, of Holley. Ely H. Cook has been on these lands since 1865, and was at one time a merchant in Holley. A continuation of the Warren road west to Curtis' Mills we have called the Waite road, after the jolly Jerry, who is the only resident.

The County Line road, of which we have spoken, has rail and wire fences to the Taylor road from the Brockport road, and may be considered one of the best roads over which to travel, all the way to the Murray line, about forty rods north of the railroad bridge, beyond Leander Warren's. Down by the stone bridge, near the north line of Clarendon, came Leander Hood in 1816, after walking the whole distance from Rensselaer county, and in the month of February crossing the Genesee river at Rochester on the ice, he took the Ridge road to Clarkson Corners, and then to the land which he occupied. Three times afterward he walked back to Rensselaer county, and returned on foot, and he often made trips to Batavia, where he went by marked trees through the wilderness, which he marked with his own hands, and the heavy timber and undergrowth made the journey very difficult. He took the money which he had received from selling black salts in the Town of Gaines, in this county, where was a pearl-ash factory, and then walk to Batavia, do his trading, and return the same day.

The Holland Land Company's office was, at this time, located at Batavia, which was the county seat of this Genesee county before Orleans was carved out in 1825. The whole country from the stone bridge to Batavia, is now occupied by wealthy farmers, few of whom ever thought of the sufferings and privations of seventy years ago. On the Warren road are seven large and beautiful elms, but they have left no offspring near them.

On the George Storms road, which leads from the Bennetts Corners road to the west toward Curtis' Mill, George Storms, in 1863 and 1866, built two houses and planted a fine orchard. Storms came into Clarendon in 1818, and moved from the John Bartlett place to this point and built one house in 1820, and the other, in which his son resides, in 1828. He was his own carpenter on his houses and barns. His son has built on the south side one of the largest barns in Clarendon, and the view from the cupola is not surpassed in Western New York. In 1821 John Miller lived between the lands of Ely H. Cook and Edson Howard, and has departed we know not where. The Williams road, from the Brockport to the Glidden road, leading south parallel with the Butterfield road, has no residents until we reach the summit of the hill. This territory was at one time mostly in the hands of the Williams', and is now occupied by Peter Lawler, John Lawler and Isaac Hall, with James Parmenter near the junction with the Glidden road. If one has a love for the beautiful in flowers, no better opportunity is afforded than is presented in the winter season by the fine display of geraniums from the windows of the Parmenter house.

The improvements which Hall has made since his entry on his possessions are very marked, and the hawthorn hedge of John Lawler carries one back to Erin, from whence its settings came. This road should be shaded from one limit to the other.

Formerly East Clarendon did its trading at the village, but that day has gone never again to return. The coming of Newton and Garfield, as merchants, into Holley, with such buyers as Harwood and Smith, called the farmers of this section to that market, and Uncle Sam sends his mail for them to the same point. Of necessity on election days these good people visit the old stamping-ground of their fathers, and the rest of the year are comparative strangers.

In some places beyond the "Corners," the road fences have been taken away, giving a clear view to the residences. On the County Line road, the farmers have extirpated the weeds, and for this they are worthy of much praise. On the Brockport road, the houses generally are good, and only six are unpainted. The road is fine a portion of the way, but needs crushed stone and gravel. The stone walls and fences are generally very old, with only a few rods of wire to be seen. The farms are well worked, the soil mostly a gravelly loam, and the orchards have many years written on their barky faces. Stone walls may be seen seven-eighths of the way from Clarendon to the "Corners," on both sides of the road, and they decrease but little to the county line. This road could be made a boulevard of shade, if the inhabitants had a love for the beautiful, which countrymen seldom possess.

CHAPTER VII.

BYRON ROAD.

THIS road leads from Clarendon south-east and south, until it reaches Byron. In the year 1815, April 21, Chauncey Robinson made a partial survey of this road south from Clarendon village. Formerly this road led from Farwell's Mills, just below Church's Hill, to the south and east, and came out a little north of Adelbert Carr's house, south of Captain Stephen Martin's. The road of to-day avoids this portion of Church's woods, running from the foot of the hill south-east, until it makes a curve to the north of Church's old barn, and then in a southerly direction beyond Orange Lawrence. The first house on this road, south of the village, is now the residence of Albert Church, on the east side, where William D. Dudley made his home when the country was new, and who left the two beautiful maples growing, which now shade the entrance.

The old pioneers of 1815 and 1816, were in the habit of carrying grain in bags on their backs over the old road through Church's woods, just under the brow of the hill, to Eldredge Farwell's mill, before they were able to own even ox-teams, and when this road was but a pathway through the heavy timber. Above this range of hills wolves would howl on winter nights, and Horace Peck was at one time followed by a shaggy brute in the darkness, having only a stick to defend himself with. William D. Dudley owned the land where the dead have laid down their bodies, and his property embraced what is now known as the Church estate.

In our day there was a large growth of cedar in the swampy portion of this road ; and we well remember one fine acorn oak, on the east, near the present lumber-yard, which was ruthlessly cut down by Crazy Mac without leave or license.

Originally, two mulberry trees stood near the graves, which were planted by Dudley ; but these have long since disappeared. On the Dudley place once lived Valentine Lewis, who had the small-pox, which was brought into Clarendon by a strolling pack-peddler, and before this boy passed away, he begged his people to place him in a small puddle of water, which was then below the school-house hill, where now the lamp gives out its light for the Cope-land store. His request was denied, and the disease soon took its victim.

Sarah Hattan, afterward wife of Oliver Jenks, and Gilbert Cook were the first two cases of small-pox in town. When John Church was living, the boys had grand sport on the meadows in the winter-time with their skates, as the quantity of water was much greater than in later years. As one ascends a little rise in the highway to the east, over the fence, once stood a lone apple-tree, the seeds of which were planted there by Andrew, the brother of Thomas Glidden, over seventy years ago ; but the trunk and leaves have alike disappeared, and given place to other crops. At this spot, about 1816, Jacob Glidden, the father of Thomas, had a small log shanty, which served to keep him out of the wet. One of the early loves of Colonel Lewis was seen at the twilight hour, just outside of the door, taking steps preparatory to a hop, which was to take place that evening upon the basswood floor. Once upon a time, at this dwelling, the Knowles boys and other neighboring lads, with their buxom lassies, were having a general breakdown, while Bishop, from the Milliken road, handled the bow. Above their heads the good dame had

a squash-shell loaded with pumpkin seeds, which she was saving for the coming season. One of the Knowles espying this, galloped high enough in the dance to bring his auburn hair in contact with this precious casket, and down it came on the basswood floor, scattering the seeds in all directions. Girls and boys were soon on their knees picking up the fallen, and Edward Stevens, who now lives in Nebraska, over seventy years of age, says that he never saw more sport than happened that night over the pumpkin-seed gathering.

Beyond the present home of Orange Lawrence, Captain Stephen Martin had a log-siding, where, for many years, his son Dan lived, who sold out to Adelbert Carr, moved west into Dakota in his old age, and left his body in that prairie country. When pennies became dollars, the captain built the frame-house now occupied by Orange Lawrence. He also built on the present site of Adelbert Carr the frame-house in which Mason Lewis now lives, in Clarendon, on Woodruff avenue, which was moved to its present site over thirty years ago by Philetus Bumpus. The captain drew a whole load of wheat to Rochester, twenty-five miles away, and only received enough money to buy the window-glass for this small house. One of his sons, Henry C. Martin, was a merchant for twenty years with George M. Copeland, at Clarendon, and may now be found at Oakfield, Genesee County, in the same business, as happy and genial as when he walked his native heath. The five maples on the west side of the highway were planted by Dan Martin, and are now admirable to look upon.

The next occupant to the south, on the west side of the road, was originally Elisha Huntley, and afterward Jacob Glidden. James Curtis and Lucius B. Coy were also dwellers here when the author was a lad, and the property is now owned by Adelbert Carr. The shade-trees at this

place were set out by Lucius B. Coy, and when Jacob Glidden lived here the beautiful elm, which is the finest on this road, was only a few feet in height. Lucius B. Coy's name will be found among the list of Clarendon supervisors, but he took his departure for Michigan, and will probably take his final rest in the Wolverine State. When Joseph Sturges owned these premises, he engaged Jacob Glidden to cut off a piece of slashing, about three-fourths of an acre, to the north, and on this he raised twenty bushels of red chaff wheat. At this time there were only five or six acres cleared east of the creek, and the country was all woods to Captain Martins. The next house on the west side was occupied by Samuel Coy and his lady, and here they quietly closed their eyes upon Clarendon. Samuel Coy came onto this place in 1816, and built the present house, which is now owned by Oliver Allis, in 1825. The house at first was checked on the outside with mortar, but this was taken off and the sides clapboarded. He was a noted barn-builder, and built the old ones of Stephen Martin, John Church and the one on the Lilikendie or Bartlett place. He set out his old orchard in 1817, and got the trees and seeds at Lima, in Livingston County.

Martin Coy, who is now living at Holley, came here with his father seventy-two years ago. He did the clearing on the hill above the house, and lived here until old age informed him that he had better take a little rest from his plow and harrow. Oliver Allis, the present occupant of this place, is the only individual who was ever known to jump through a window in his sleep without arousing his senses to a wakeful condition. Peabody had a house on the opposite side to the north of the creek, and a tenant-dwelling sends its smoke into the air here. On the Abram Bartlett place, Daniel Green first moved about, and had a tannery near the creek, and remains of the bark may be

seen at this day. This was also the home of David Glidden long years ago, and it was his son Willard who was called the poet of Clarendon, in 1836. Daniel Green built the stone-house which Orson Tousley managed to seize upon, and we well remember when the letters O. T. stood on the south side near the roof, which some wag said meant Old Testament, instead of Orson Tousley. If this old stone mansion could only talk and give its story of Lili-kendie and Orson, it would require a Webb press and Edson as reporter to note the yarns. Now, Abram Bartlett is the possessor of those lands, and he has erected large and elegant barns, besides overhauling and improving the old mansion, as only a first-class farmer could do with disposition and means.

When Chauncey Ford passed out for the last time, one Daniel Stedman had a log-house when the country was new. He was much troubled by the wife of Allen Blanchard coming over to his home from her cabin, to the east, at the hour of midnight, and telling her tale of woe, resulting from a drunken husband abusing her deaf and dumb son. John Church, Samuel L. and Merrick Stevens, Orson Tousley and Horace Peck, after blackening their faces in a brush-fire, proceeded through the darkness to Blanchard's cabin. They rapped at the door, and Blanchard hesitated about opening, but his wife finally persuaded him, and in the lads rushed, seized him in his shirt, marched him over bull thistles up to his waist, back of Chauncey Robinson's house, and, after making him promise that he would in the future act soberly toward his family, left him to shift for himself.

An old orchard on the hillside to the west once held a log-house, where David Church, the father of Stephen and John, built his fires. David Church subsequently moved to the eastward, and built the large frame house at present in the hands of Abram Bartlett, and in this house he died

at the ripe age of 79. Henry Crannell built the Ford house in 1852, and the Church mansion must bear date in the twenties. When Stephen Church was born the highway passed by his father's door, and was changed before the frame house was erected. The old orchards here all breathe the names of Green, Glidden and Church, and, ere long, they, too, will have been cut down for firewood, becoming once more a portion of the elements, as their masters have before them. The farm just beyond, now occupied by Charles Tinsley, is owned by George M. Copeland, and was taken up by Levi Dudley. In 1821, and for years thereafter, Anson Bunnell resided here and was succeeded by his widow. The old barn on the west side, now remodeled, was built in the Bunnell days, and the one to the east, on the top of the hill, was moved over from the east orchard, which has been laid low by the axe. Long years ago, in this old orchard, one Davis and Joe Blanchard had log shelters, and why they preferred to live thus away from the highway we cannot state, unless they wished, with the poet, for some lodge in the wilderness or boundless contiguity of shade, where now only the earthy ruins of their former habitations may be seen.

In 1816, Linus Peck, the father of Horace Peck, had his dwelling where now Newton Orcutt drives the plow afield, and where, in our boyhood days, Philio slept inside of an old red frame building, whose architect must have been an odd character. Just over the hill, Luther, the brother of Horace Peck, was nearly scalped by a falling tree, and then and there swore that he would no longer cut trees down, but spend the remainder of his days with Chitty and Blackstone, learning how to cut down cases as well as men.

Near the site of the Robinson school-house, Cyrus Coy, the father of Horace, looked out upon the stranger until he ascended the hill above, where he enjoyed life, until his decease, in a higher atmosphere; and he raised the plastered

house, which is now converted into a hop-drier by Horace. Across the way from Cyrus Coy lived on the corner of the Byron and Coy roads John Dodge, who was not able to dodge old Death. He raised the low-roofed house where Owen McAllister now holds forth, and his body has long since returned to dust in the graveyard over the way. Fuller Coy, the brother of Cyrus, in company with Horace Peck, killed a large bear in the woods just east of the spot where the boys and girls read their lessons. One of the oldest residents, Chauncey Robinson, as we have before stated, had his first home, where now his monument stands, in 1813. About sixty years ago he built a very large frame-house to the south, which was moved away by W. H. H. Goff to make room for his fine mansion, one of the best in town. The Robinson house was known to all the country round, and its walls have echoed to the tread of many footsteps that keep step no longer on this side of the silent river. Farther to the south, where Giles Orcutt closed up life's book, one Hitchcock moved about, before a penny-royal doctor by the name of Seacoy boiled and compounded his herb remedies; and from him the noted Joseph Walker of Byron gained his early knowledge of human complaints.

On the old Simeon Howard place Joseph Dunbar lived for a time, and then and there his spirit took its flight, when his neck was fastened to a beam, which may serve to explain the reason why; another poor mortal by the name of Howard tried the same remedy in the present house a few years ago; which was built by Simeon's widow forty years or more in the past.

Where now Lemuel Merrill lives, anciently Nickerson dwelt, and in 1821 William Lewis, the first sheriff of Orleans County, had a double log-house here. David Gleason in an early day owned the lands lately held by Horace Peck, and where now Marvin Fuller and lady greet their many friends. Elder Cass held title where Horace Peck pur-

chased, and the present frame house is the oldest on the road, and was repainted by Marvin Fuller after a lapse of twenty-five years. The timbers for this house were framed in 1818, and the two oldest barns on this road are the Peck and Mrs. D. N. Pettengill's of very heavy timbers, which were scored by Linus Peck with an axe, he being one of the best of scorers in his day.

An old apple-tree may be seen to the north of the Peck mansion, which sprang from the seed. Where the fish-pond is located, to the northwest of the house, Indians were in the habit of coming to hang their deer saddles, as there was at this place a very good spring of ever-flowing water. In 1815 or 1816, Captain Charles Lee put up a small shanty where Nathaniel Brackett, the veterinary surgeon, now resides. In a short time Joseph and Ezekiel Lee came to this spot, and Samuel L. Stevens was present at the raising; he at one corner notching, and Horace Peck at the other. The first pen-knife that Samuel L. Stevens owned was given to him at this time by Ezekiel Lee.

These lands became in time the property of Valentine Tousley, the brother of Orson, sons of William Tousley, who lived on the Tousley road where now Henry Soles has possession. Valentine Tousley lived here in 1842, but at a game of ball caught cold, and was knocked out or caught out by the old gamester Death. Daniel Gleason, in 1815, had a log siding on the same grounds, where subsequently David Forbush sowed and reaped. The frame house here is one of the oldest-looking dwellings on this road, and was roofed by David King, the father of Fayette, who at one time was the hotel-keeper in Clarendon, and who moved into Michigan.

Daniel Gleason, Joseph Barker and John Stevens were the first to cut a road through the woods from where the Rock school-house is located to Honest Hill, in 1813. When John Stevens took up the land where now Merrick

and his grandson reside, in 1813, there was only a little clearing in what is now known as the orchard. Young Sam took his axe at twelve years of age, and was obliged to cut browsing for the cattle from the trees, there being no grass to feed upon at this time. The old orchard-trees were taken from Eldredge Farwell's nursery in the village, and the large poplars on the highway were set out by young Samuel. The stone for the Stevens, Colonel Lewis and Colonel Rice houses was taken from a quarry located in one of the pasture-lots of the Stevens homestead, to the north and east of the house.

Horace Peck informed the author that he believed if the New Testament had been destroyed, his mother could have repeated the same from memory.

The fine maple-trees in front of John Stevens' were set out by him in 1863, and attract the attention of all lovers of the beautiful in shade. The old wall-layer of this section was Murphy, and he must have been a good one, if we judge his work by the hammer of Time.

Colonel Shubael Lewis, for a short time after he was married, lived in the log home of John Stevens, and in 1818 raised his own roof where now Thomas Butcher moves gently down the hill of life. About sixty years ago the frame part was added to the log, and the stone walls were raised shortly after the Stevens mansion. For many years travelers found accommodations at this house, and Colonel Lewis, William Sheldon and Horace Peck were landlords. But the fires for guests have been extinguished, and now the neighbors can meet during the long winter evenings and play their games where once the stranger made his home. The old colonel no longer takes out his massive gold watch, and, as he holds it up to view, gives one of his peculiar grunts to attract the attention of all; and his fine horse and elegant carriage no more may be seen on this road, and we leave him to travel in another country.

Just across from the Cook school-house, where the Stevens road leads to the westward, in 1821, lived honest John Nichols, where George Thomas can behold lands upon which he has toiled from early morn until night. This territory at one time belonged to the old grandfather, Lemuel Cook, whom, it is said, deeded it to his son Lemuel to avoid the payment of taxes, and his son would not return the title. Honest Hill is perhaps one of the most celebrated spots in Clarendon, and if the air could whisper its secrets we should have material for a large volume. At the blacksmith-shop of George D. Cramers, which was built in 1865, this section of the town have much of their work done, and many years ago Sol. Woodard, the noted worker, hammered out here the very best of implements, and his wagon tires are good even to this day. The fine location of Nathan R. Merrill was formerly the stamping-ground of Ezekiel Lee, who moved to Nauvoo, and became a Mormon. Aaron Smith had his dwelling-place where Frederick Dezetter smiles upon all who love his appearing, and he has greatly improved his place. His lands extend along the Root road, which leads to the east, and for some distance on the Byron road to the south.

Over the way, Elam T. Andrus has for many years labored, until, at the age of eighty-two, he begins to think of different work in some other region. He has been one of the largest hop-growers on this road, and, with Horace Peck, has sent many bales to the market since 1867. The mother of this home has gone to the beautiful land, but her love for the needy and her kindness to all will be remembered, not only on earth, but in heaven. Her doors were ever wide open to the author, and there is one vacant chair here that cannot again be filled. No finer orchards are to be found in Clarendon than the Andrus', and their fruit commands the highest prices. The original occupant of these premises was Rodgers, and in 1821, when his name

was on the highway roll, his axe could be heard from the break of day in the deep forest.

When Colonel Hubbard Rice took up his lands (where William Bird now rules), in 1825, Rodgers and Smith had only ten acres cleared on each side of this road. Daniel Keyes lived to the north ; and south, was Van Deusen on the east, and Hughes on the west. Horace Peck gave fifteen days labor for the purpose of building a corduroy road near the colonel's, and even this day one may strike his boot or shoe against some of the pieces. In 1825, Colonel Rice had only one acre of wheat on his territory. The same year Nicholas E. and Lewis Darrow were given fifty dollars for clearing twelve acres of this land. The coffin in which William Lewis was buried was made in Colonel Lewis' house.

In 1813, the only house between John Stevens' and the "Mills" was Elisha Huntley's, on the Adelbert Carr farm. Samuel L. Stevens had in his possession a hammer and tongs which Sol. Woodard hammered out while at Honest Hill. In 1817, Horace Peck and John Church walked by marked trees through the woods to the home of William Tousley, on the Tousley road. In 1814, Samuel L. Stevens rode on a crotch, made out of timber, from the Tommy Benton place to Farwell's Mills, and must have had a fine time, before even a path was cut through. In the same year, the only horses that Stevens knew of in the country was one owned by Eldredge Farwell, at the "Mills," and one at Muttonville. In 1840, twenty spans of horses were hitched together, and the people generally went from Honest Hill to hear Doolittle, who afterward became senator from Wisconsin. In 1816, Horace Peck drove cattle, sheep and horses through Batavia to Buffalo on the old road, for which he received four dollars. He returned to Le Roy and inquired the way to Farwell's Mills, and was told to take the Lake road to the Fourth Section or

Brockport road, where the old brick tavern stood, just south of Brockport, and thence west by the Polly Tavern to the "Mills." He was then about fourteen years of age, and, fearful of night, wolves and bears, made the trip, as he states, in five hours, running a large portion of the way. He had as lunch a few crackers and a glass of cider, which he purchased at the old Lake Tavern. When he reached Judge Eldredge Farwell's inn, at the "Mills," Mrs. Farwell sent her daughter, Mary Ann, to escort him through the woods to Leonard Foster's, on the William H. Cooper place on the Hulberton road.

Jonas H. Peabody, who lived, as we have written, on the land which A. Bartlett owns, north of the creek, was a cooper by trade, and Horace Peck had in use one of his pounding-barrels, which was over forty years old, a good illustration of the material this cooper used and also of his workmanship. Valentine Tousley, when a lad, saw a bear in the corn-field having a good time eating his father's corn. He ran into the log-house, took down the gun, which was loaded with buckshot, walked boldly up to Bruin, and sent the whole charge in the breast of the animal. William Tousley, hearing the shot, went out and found his son Valentine on the ground, where the gun had kicked him, with the dead bear very near by. Of course the parent informed the young lad what would have been the consequences if he had missed this corn-stealer of the forest. At one school-meeting in the Cook district, when Ace Matson was present, and being hated by Lemuel Cook, he privately desired Orson Tousley to remove him. Orson took Ace down behind the desks, and, while he was engaged in choking him with all his might, cried out, "Now, don't you touch me! I don't want to fight you!" and at the same time poor Ace was nearly dead from strangulation.

The Byron road is wide enough to have maple trees from Clarendon village to the Byron line, without any injury to

the highway, and would, in the summer, not only afford good shade, but also in the winter serve to protect the public from the cold blasts which sweep from the west. The fences along this road are mostly of stone and rail, and Warren Millard has laid many rods along the highway and in the fields, a very convenient way to dispose of the stones and rocks; but the time will come when the old crooked rail fence will give way to wire, or some other material, that will allow the snow to pass over into the fields, instead of choking the passage. Crushed stone could also be used on this, as well as any other road in Clarendon, giving at all times a durable track, which in time would be a large saving of labor and means.

The Byron road on the east is joined by the Matson road, which leads nearly east to the south of the present home of Adelbert Carr, until it unites with the Smedes road, as it leads toward Holley, or diverges to join the Cowles road to the south, and the Glidden road to the east.

In 1814 Simeon Glidden and David Matson, Sen., came to Eldredge Farwell's house, at the "Mills," in the spring, and asked the judge if he knew of any vacant lots. He took them over to the Matson road, and after they had looked over this territory, they sat down on a log in the wilderness, and the judge said: "Well, gentlemen, what do you say as to the lots?" Glidden said: "I will leave it to you to say, Matson, which you will take,—the east, or the west." Matson replied: "No; I will leave it to you." "Then," said Glidden, "I will take the west lot." "And I," answered Matson, "will take the east."

The next year, in the fall, David Matson, Sen., and his family, five in one wagon, crossed the creek below Captain Martin's, and cut his way through the woods to where David Matson, his son, still lives. The wagon stuck in the mud of the creek, and young David and the other children turned out and spent some time in picking up beech-nuts,

while the father was hauling out of the mire. The first shanty had been put up the year before, in readiness for the family. Matson took up two lots on both sides of the road, and Simeon Glidden had the same quantity on either side to the west. Jacob Glidden had one lot some time afterwards, just east of Matson.

The first log-house of 1814 was raised where the David Matson barns are now located, and the log-barns were then to the west of the house, but soon changed to the east. The oxen drew the back-logs into the first shanty, and for a time the fire was on the ground. Matson sold his horses which he brought into the country, and bought oxen, having no use for them in the forest. Matson and his son David assisted in building the first logway to the Byron road, with stone and dirt as chinking between the logs.

David Matson and his family lived in this shanty nearly fifteen years, and the mother would hang up a quilt for a door in the winter, while a stick would be placed at the bottom at night, so that the wolves could not enter. When David and his sister Julia were quite young, they saw a large black-snake outside of the shanty, and he thought it fine sport to play with the reptile; but the mother, on beholding their fun, ran out of the house, dispatched the serpent, and gave it a toss into the fire-place. A short time afterwards, another large black-snake was killed under Simeon Glidden's rocking-chair, supposed to be its mate, as they generally have enough of love to look after their own.

David Matson was in the custom of going to Batavia by marked trees, to get his flour. One night the children went to bed supperless, the father having been lost in the woods, with a large bear howling at his presence. When the father came, the good mother awoke the children, and made them some short-cake, which was as good as a feast nowadays. Five of the original pear-trees on this place

sprang from seeds which the mother brought from their old home in Vermont; and the peach-trees were from peach-stones on the Ridge road near the county line. Matson set out his west apple-orchard, and Simeon Glidden the old orchard on his lot; the trees of which may be seen to this day.

Matson brought two splint chairs from Vermont, and his first bedsteads were like saw-horses. The floor of the log-house was of basswood, split open, and the roof was of elm bark. David remembers, when a lad, of the snow sifting through the roof upon his face and the bed-clothes; which would be an eye-opener, and mouth-opener, to the snug and delicate children of 1888.

In 1829 David was sent by his father over to Portage, on the Genesee River, to get lumber to build their house. He drew three loads, taking him three days each time, the distance being nearly forty miles; and it was said that it took ten acres of heavy timber to build the Portage bridge, in which any one piece could be removed, and another inserted. Matson and his sons, David and Asahel, did the principal clearing on this territory. David and Thomas Glidden saw Governor DeWitt Clinton when he passed through Holley, after the completion of the Erie canal, in 1825, and listened to his address.

In those days pigeons darkened the air, and the black-squirrels ate up nearly six acres of wheat for Simeon Glidden. Orwell Bennett's father shot nineteen black-squirrels from one tree. A black-squirrel is a rare sight in Clarendon now, and the pigeons have ceased to "coo" in the wildwood. Matson exchanged a cow for some sheep, the first on the premises, and all the sheets and clothes for the family, for some time, were made by David's mother, which fact alone demonstrates that she had no time to gad, or hours to spend in neighborhood gossip and scandal.

Betsey Glidden, the sister of Thomas Glidden, became a

tailoress, and would go from house to house, when requested. The first suit of clothes that David had cut away from home, was cut by Harley Hood's first wife, on the lands now owned by Jeremiah Harwick, on the Hood road.

Matson made his own lasts, and all the shoes for the family; and this would have kept him very busy if he had made the soles of paper, one of the modern inventions. As it was, Matson chopped in the woods all day, and sat up until eleven at night, as Abraham Lincoln said, "pegging away." The mother brought a tin baker from the Green-Mountain State, and the potatoes were roasted in the ashes, one of the old fashions, much preferable to the new. Beans were baked in a kettle in the fire-place—covered with hot ashes—during the night, and must have been almost equal to the Boston brick-baked.

There was a wigwam, with Indians, near the willow, over the creek, and they brought Matson's family venison and bear's-meat, instead of scalping-knives. The busy beavers at one time had a dam near the willow, and this lot has been called, since, the Beaver meadow, and the first hay was cut on this land after hauling out the oak logs which the beavers had placed in their dam. They had been hunted out by the Indians, and they, in turn, had been hunted out by the white man. Matson would make, some seasons, as high as eleven hundred pounds of maple-sugar, and a large portion would be used in the family, in the place of other sugar. Barrels of pigeons would be salted, and the stool-pigeon, with the net, was used in our boyhood days.

David was twenty years of age when he began to teach school, and held four terms, at Bennett's Corners, Wheatland, Manning and Sweden Center. At Bennett's Corners, as scholars, John and James Nelson, Harmon Wadsworth and sister, Clarissa Howard and Stephen Howard, Luman and Samuel Fincher. At the brick school-house, at Manning,

Alfred Millard and sister, Isaac Bennett, John Brackett, Betsey Brackett, David N. and T. E. G. Pettengill, and Mary Jane Annis. At Sweden Center he had eighty-five scholars—thirty-two men and women grown. Debating schools were held at the Cowles' school-house, and a congress, also. The doctrine of eternal punishment was decided against; Jason Sheldon and Charles T. Cowles as judges.

David Matson had a stationary threshing-machine in his barn, and a flash of lightning burnt this, with forty tons of hay and a load of wheat. In those days wheat would not be cut before the 15th of August.

David cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, in the frame school-house in the village, and was challenged, but, through the advice of B. G. Pettengill, the challenge was withdrawn. There was, at this time, but one polling-place in town; and David has voted, yearly, the Democratic ticket, turning neither to the right hand nor the left.

Matson at first traded with Saddler and Seymour, at Brockport, and he had the first threshing-machine in this locality. The threshing was done with one yoke of oxen, the neighbors assisting, the cylinder on poles, the wheat and chaff falling below, unseparated, and he used no separator until many years after. The old machine would thresh about 100 bushels in a day, whereas, George Cook, with his steam thresher, can roll out 1,000 bushels in the same time, with no oxen or horses, and the black diamonds giving the necessary power with a perfect motion. Wheat would often reach forty bushels to the acre, and Matson sold some of his crops as low as three shillings a bushel, which would set the farmers crazy now, and less style would be aped at.

In 1814, when Matson came through Rochester, it had a population such as Clarendon has at present, and the contrast now is worthy of thought. When the great snow-storm of May, 1834, came, Matson had wheat up nearly

eighteen inches, which was covered, and the peach-trees, with blossoms, were loaded with the beautiful snow. He thought the wheat ruined, but a warm sun and genial days soon made the month to blossom as gay as ever. The family used burnt beans for coffee in an early day, and raised in the garden the coffee-bean, and burnt bread was used as a substitute. The Matson family had Benjamin Bussey as their first physician, and this may explain why David Matson did not leave this earth before he was 98, and his good wife 87, while the living David would walk into 1900 if the rheumatism would only say "good-by" to his system. This is one of the best farms in Orleans County, and the hay crop alone has been a fortune.

Simeon Glidden, Sr., came on to the old homestead now occupied by William Hines, as we have stated, in 1814, as a looker-over, and with his family soon after, where he lived until he closed up his earth-book. His house was of the rude, log pattern, and stood where now the mansion of William Hines opens up its doors and windows with the first blush of morning, and just to the eastward from Simeon Glidden, his grandson, who is still walking as straight as ever, and in his name not only perpetuating his grandfather's, but also his own father's cognomen.

Simeon Glidden, Jr., and wife at first lived in a log-house near the southwest corner of the present yard of their son Simeon, where a few apple-trees may be seen that speak of some seventy years ago. Osmer and Clark were born in this house. The present frame-house was built by Simeon Glidden, Jr., in 1835, and Orrin Packard and Leonard Nay worked for eighteen dollars per month on this house, which will give some idea of wages in Clarendon at that day. The masons were Prindle and Oliver Harper. Glidden built a kiln to dry his lumber, which came from Portage. This house cost fourteen hundred dollars, and all the work was done by hand, and, with the

one lately occupied by William S. Glidden, on the West Glidden road, were considered the best houses in town.

Lucy, the wife of Simeon Glidden, had a codfish-hook, which her father had used on the banks of Newfoundland, to hang her turkeys and pigs on before the fire-place, when roasting, and this may be seen even now. There is still on this farm one rail-fence, which Simeon Glidden split when he was only twenty-one years of age.

In 1818, Simeon Glidden, Sr., had not one dollar in cash, and shoe-making accounts of only sixteen dollars. He was forced to go into debt for an axe and helve, and received for his accounts—barter. There was an ashery for black salts, built by Simeon and his son, to the north of the house. The mother was in the habit of burning corn-cobs in a bake-kettle, and using ashes with water to make short-cake. There was a brick oven in the frame-house of Simeon Glidden, Sr., in which Mrs. Glidden would bake once a week. Simeon Glidden, Sr., would get flour for himself and neighbors at Wheatland, and give his personal note for the same, as he knew that in those days men were honest enough to pay their debts, and not hide under wives' gowns. The deed for his property Simeon Glidden, Jr., received in 1832, as the land was originally taken up by a contract with the Holland or Poultney companies. The floors in the frame-house of 1835 were of maple, and carpets had not then come into use in Clarendon. Aurin Glidden slept, when a youngster, in a trundle-bed on wheels, made by Leonard Nay, painted red, which must have been a very fashionable color, as the author has a distinct recollection of a bed of the same character, which was run in and out under the bed of father and mother.

Simeon Glidden, Jr., would score and make ox-sleds in his kitchen, which must have made Lucy's head ache terribly, if she had any of the nervous sensibility of Clarendon women of 1888. The roof of Simeon Glidden's log-house

was of basswood troughs, and after a heavy rain the water would be baled out of the kitchen, for in those days it poured.

The old barns on the Hines place were built by Jotham Bellows and Samuel Coy, and the horse-barns by Winslow Sheldon. The frame-house had blinds, which were truly something new in Clarendon, made by hand, and the eave-troughs were all of pine, each from one piece of timber, and the architecture was the Queen Anne style, with pilasters, and the first stove to give forth its cheerful heat was the Bloodhound. Laura A. Sturges was the first Sunday-school teacher which Aurin Glidden had when he was a small lad, and Thomas Cutter was his first master at the Ford school-house, before it became known as the Robinson.

Col. N. E. Darrow and Simeon Glidden, Jr., were the chief subscribers to the fund for grading the ground where the stone school-house now stands in Clarendon village. William Knowles made the shoes for the Glidden family, at the house, while Maria Peabody made men's and boys' clothes, and Lorena Davis did the spinning, from flax raised on the place. The fruit trees were originally raised from the seed, on the Glidden place, and grafting belonged to a later date, when a nursery was on these premises, and peaches were so abundant that they were fed in large quantities to the hogs, as pork at this time was the chief food of the people. There was at one time a plum orchard on the south part of the Glidden farm, but it had the black disease, and perished many years ago.

The mother of Simeon Glidden saw the wolves chase a deer in front of the old log-house, in the winter season. The neighbors said that Samuel Knowles, who owned many bees, could talk to them; but he must have had a much more charming voice than we remember, and his actions must have been more speedy, or he would have made the bees very tired.

Jacob Glidden came into Clarendon in February, 1817, and, as we have before mentioned, located on the Byron road until 1819, when he took up one lot across from Aaron Stedman's, on what is now known as the Webb Akely place, on this road, just east of where his son, Thomas Glidden, lately resided, over eighty years of age. Glidden at first put up a shanty fifteen by twenty, with a bark roof, and only one room, with no up-stairs. This building was afterward used as a stable. Glidden made his bedstead of poles, and divided them with curtains, having some natural modesty. The fire-place was on the ground, in the corner, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. After one summer he hewed the logs for a house twenty-by forty, one of the largest in town, with a single room below, and a chamber above, which was reached by a ladder. The chimney at first was of sticks, at one end of the house, but in the second one was of brick, and came down through the center. There was a Dutch fire-place, which would take in logs six feet long.

Glidden and the boys made sap troughs for maple-sugar, and on the A. D. Cook place and Orange Lawrence land they made 1,100 pounds, which they took to Rochester with oxen, in a two-wheeled cart, and sold for flour. The journey was made to Clarkson, down the Ridge road, and it took four days to make the round trip. At this time flour was worth twelve dollars per barrel, and wheat two dollars per bushel.

Judge Cantine, who owned the farm now occupied by Dan Salisbury, first surveyed the land on the south side of this road. Steadman cleared only a portion of the Jacob Glidden property, and then sold to Edmund and Abijah Crosby, whose names first appear upon the roll of 1824, and they finished this clearing. The ninety acres were mostly cleared by Glidden and his four sons. The Gliddens would log up into piles about one to one and a half

acres in the day, during the fall, which would then be burnt. The drag which the farmers used was a wooden crotch, with iron teeth, and the wheat was clear of thistles; while the gardening was done by the women, and the price of seeds was very high. Husking-bees were very common during the long winter evenings, in the old log-barns, where tin-lanterns full of holes were hung up, the fiddler brought in, and fried cakes passed around.

Edmund Millard, who bought out Abijah Crosby, gave his note for \$500, with David Sturges as indorser, and then fled the country, and Sturges sold the land to Thomas Glidden, David Matson, Sr., helping him to buy. This brought on an action in chancery by Millard, who employed Jewett and Orlando Hastings as counsel, while Glidden engaged Judge Samson, and won the case, his fees being \$500. After this fight Thomas Glidden called upon Joseph Fellows, who had charge of the land office at Geneva, and gave a contract for the land, at seven dollars per acre, interest seven per cent., running five years, the land on the south at five dollars per acre.

The present house of Thomas Glidden, now deceased, was built by Ira B. Keeler, Warren Clark and D. F. St. John as carpenters, in 1848, and the first lumber was from Rochester, and the twenty-five acres to the north were cleared by Thomas. Ira B. Keeler died in the house just west of Thomas Glidden, which he built prior to Glidden's. The Jefferson Glidden house was built by David Matson.

The east orchard of the George M. Copeland farm was planted by Augustus Farwell, who lived there, and whose name may be found upon the roll of 1827, and Isaac H. Davis and Ira Glidden were residents of this orchard in 1829. Loami Clark owned the west part, and John Hawley the east part, of the George M. Copeland farm, and David Sturges traded with Clark, and allowed his store claim with Hawley, thus becoming the owner. Jacob

Glidden dug the cellar for the old red store of David Sturges, on the corner of Main and Brockport streets, and Ira B. Keeler worked on the stone store.

It was considered a good day's trip from Thomas Glidden's to Brockport, with an ox-team, in the early days. The woolen cloth would be taken to Fish, the fuller, at Byron Center, at first, and afterward to Bushnell, at Holley. The young women worked from home, spinning, at seventy-five cents per week, thirty-five knots of warp a day's work, and a good spinner would do two day's work in one.

Thomas Glidden made all his improvements as to orchards, and gave his daughter, the wife of Akely, that property; also another farm to his daughter, the wife of L. A. Lambert—in all, some 200 acres. The shade-trees he also set out, and some of them along the highway were taken from Copeland's grove, in the village.

Thomas Glidden was born in Cheshire County, Town of Unity, New Hampshire, December 10, 1803, and passed to his reward October, 1888, one of the truest farmers of Clarendon—a man who knew his friends in any time of the highway of life; full of hospitality, and above all hypocrisy and cunning. Warren Glidden was born July 20, 1813, and is still on deck on the Cowles road. David Matson, Jun., was born in Berkshire, Orange county, Vermont, in 1811, and, though very rheumatic, bids fair to live to the age of his father, David, who left these shores at 98. David Matson has apple and pear-trees from the seed, sixty-five years of age, and on the Thomas Glidden land, is a pear of the Bell variety from the same seed.

The first grafting that Thomas Glidden remembers, was on hearing Judge Farwell offer John Preston two shillings a graft, for all that he would set on his trees, on the present George M. Copeland property, on Brockport street, in Clarendon. The road which leads to the south-west and south, to the Glidden road, from the Robinson school-

house, we have named the Floyd Storms road, who is the chief farmer, and whose place is midway between Jefferson Glidden's, on the Matson road. The Storms house was built by John Hawley, who was the first occupant; and after him was Chester Hawley, who set out the orchard on the east side of the highway.

The beautiful maples on this road all breathe the name of Austin J. Hollister, who has fallen from view as the leaves. Helon Babcock once occupied the land of Gilbert Huyck, and the frame-house was built by Theodore Stone, for his father. The Matson road has this year (1888) been improved by building a new bridge across the creek where David Matson crossed the waters in 1815; and this spot was well known to the old boys as the Martin bridge, where many a fine sucker was hooked, snared or speared, in the days when the water was deep, and the rainfall abundant. Now, only a few shiners may be seen, and its glory has departed forever.

For a few years grass has been cut along portions of this road, and near the Hines place maples wave their beautiful leaves in the summer season. All the way from the Byron road east, to the Smedes road, trees could be planted by the present occupants, not only beautifying the highway, but adding to the value of their property.

Smith Glidden, on the Thomas Glidden land, has a fine showing of berries of the choicest kinds, which he disposes of at a good profit; proving clearly what others might do, if they would begin the cultivation. One is pleased to note that Simeon Glidden has also, on the old place, begun this work, and Lesso, who has lately moved onto this road and become one of its best farmers, could make his place much more profitable if he would follow the gardening system of the fatherland.

The Matson road has stone walls most of the way, and many of them were laid by those who labor no more among

the rocks of Clarendon. The Storms road should be crushed with stone from the north to the south, as in bad weather this is one of the worst in Clarendon; and if the farmers to the south would only awake to their best interests, this would be quickly done. On this road may be found wild strawberries in abundance, a rare occurrence in any other portion of the town. David Matson is the only survivor of the original settlers on these two roads, and the rest have gone the silent way.

The next road which opens into the Byron road, at Chauncey Fords, is the Tousley road, from the fact that it was cut through in an early day to reach the Tousley settlement, on that portion of the same road which turns in by the home of Otto Gaines, to the south, just above the M. D. Milliken estate. This road is only about one mile in length, with no houses, and rises quite abruptly over the hill, dividing lands now owned by Abram Bartlett, and formerly included in the old Church and Tousley property.

As we sweep to the eastward and southward beyond the farms of George M. Copeland and Newton Orcutt, we reach, on the east, the Glidden road, which runs nearly east until it joins the Cowles road leading to the north, and the Templeton road to the south, intersecting to the south, about midway, the Andrus road leading to the Root road, at the Root school-house, and just opposite to the north, the Storms road, which unites with the Matson road at Jefferson Glidden's. This may be known as the West Glidden road, in contradistinction from the East Glidden road, which leaves the Cowles and Smedes road at Willet Jackson's, bearing to the eastward by the Glidden school-house, until it enters Sweden. The West Glidden road leaves the Robinson school-house to the right, and gradually ascends up a sandy soil, with a growth of evergreens and other timber, to the south, where game may be found, as partridge and snipe, if the law permitted, and on the north the fine

lands with William S. Glidden, in a high state of cultivation,—his large barn the most striking object.

The land now slopes to the eastward and northward, until we reach the Glidden graveyard on the north, and the stately dwelling which was, until lately, the home of William S. Glidden, now in Holley. whose story we have given in full from his lips. Glidden has been one of the heaviest wheat-growers in Clarendon, and a man whom the daylight seldom found in bed. The Robinson Brothers, on his farm of over two hundred acres, are mighty men of work, and they leave not a stone unturned to insure success, while Glidden may be seen, at the age of 78, riding daily to and fro from Holley, to see with his own eyes how the good work goes on. Over a slightly descending grade the road passes for about one-half a mile across the Glidden territory, until it reaches the Andrus road on the south.

Away back in the years Samuel L. Young owned the Charles Glidden lands, but Time has grown aged and old since he moved his body hence. To-day Clarendon has not one farmer that bears this family name, and Charles Glidden may drive his plow spring or fall without fearing the Young intruders. Diagonally to the north is Charles' brother Fred, tall and stalwart, trampling down the soil once known to Philander Brown. Why they placed him among the numerous family of this name our chronicler gives us no information, and whether he did up all things *Brown* we cannot say, but this we do know that no one can call upon Fred H. Glidden by daylight, moonlight, starlight or lamplight, but he will be treated according to the Golden Rule, and go away convinced that Fred and Charley are gentlemen every inch of soul measure. To the eastward on the south side Clark Storms has a very pleasant home, and his lady is well known as one of the chief singers of Clarendon. Here the land is nearly as level as a

Kansas prairie, and man and beast are not obliged to look skyward to know which way they are traveling.

Along this road are some beautiful elms, that throw their rich, dark foliage to wave in the sunny month of June, and if they had only scattered their children from the Byron road to the Cowles and Templeton roads, this would have truly been the Elm avenue of Clarendon. In rainy seasons the West Glidden road is heavy and the passage difficult, especially between the corners at Warren Glidden's and the corners at Charles and Fred Glidden's, as the travel to the west by William S. Glidden's is very light at such times, as the public prefer to move to the north over the Storms road and to the south over the Andrus road. Here, then, a stone-crusher would make the passage easy during the whole year.

The Andrus road extends from the West Glidden road to the Root road in a southwesterly and southeasterly direction, veering from the west the Crossett road near the late residence of Enoch Andrus. The first house which we meet on this road is that of Gilbert Cook, on the west side, and this is at least a quarter of a mile from the West Glidden road. Gilbert Cook has lived here for many long years, and now that he is old, disease has laid its heavy hand upon his nerves and muscles, and chained him as a prisoner within his own dwelling. The buildings and all the surroundings wear the look of decay, and the absence of the master is everywhere apparent. As this road swings to the eastward the ruins of a grain barn, with the white walls of a frame house, inform the passer-by that until 1888 Orson Cook made his domicile here. He has now hied away to town and left his landed possessions at the tender mercy of tenants. Cornelius Putman had, many years gone by, real property at the north corner of the Andrus road, and, as near as we can locate, Clark Hayes was the owner of the dust which sifts in at Orson Cook's

windows. The rest of the Andrus road will be included in our description of the Root road.

The Andrus road, from the Crossett road north to the West Glidden road, is a dreary passage-way, and one may travel this by the hour and have for company only the crows that fly overhead with their dolorous "*caw*"! Weeds are abundant, the road-bed very bad and the fences all wear the impression of sloth, negligence and the last stages of support. If one desires the quiet and charm of a country life, undisturbed even by the murmur of the brook or the hum of humanity, he can find it here free from the taint of life's busy hive. If the ill-starred owners of this portion of Clarendon would plant shade-trees along the highway, they could, at least, enjoy the presence of leaves with their sighing in the summer, the notes of robins while nesting, and, in the winter, gaze upon their trunks and branches as evidences that some human hand was ready to give proofs of existence. The absence of the barefooted boy with his cheek of tan, of whom Whittier sang so sweetly, or as Shakespeare warbled, "With shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," only proves that the golden days of schoolhood have gone forever.

Just beyond Nathaniel Brackett's, a road leads to the east from the Byron road, which we shall designate as the Crossett road, from the fact that this family had their abode here at a very early day. As we rise to the eastward on the north side of the highway, pleasantly located, is the residence of Benjamin Boots, commanding a view of the country for miles around. As far back as we can go, one Lee dwelt here, and when Valentine Tousley resided upon his homestead on the Nathaniel Brackett farm in the forties, these lands were in his possession, and, after his decease, came into the hands of his brother, Orson Tousley. About twenty rods to the west of the little creek which

flows across the highway was an individual by the name of Tichner, who dwelt quietly under his log enclosure, but where he journeyed to we cannot say. To the east was Calvin Chadwick, on the south side, and he has also disappeared from the roll of memory ; but he cleared up the land at this point and is therefore entitled to particular mention. Beyond him eastward, on the north side, was Nathaniel Crossett, the father of John, who was born here nearly sixty years ago. His father was a worker and the soil could tell his labor if the old trees would once more come back to earth. Across from the present home of John Crossett lived Daniel Crossett, his uncle, who planted the first orchard, and this year, 1888, Eugene Crossett, the son of John, dug up the old trees and has started another orchard, which may live on as did the old one for sixty years or more. The old orchard on the John Crossett farm was set out by Obadiah Fuller and must soon give up its apple-ghost. The upright portion of John Crossett's house was built many years ago by the brother of the widow of Belah Brockway and moved by James Winn, the old carpenter, just south of its present site by the old pump, and about 1865 John Crossett moved it to where it now stands. All of the other improvements have been made by John, with the exception of the old portion of the barn which was framed by Fuller.

The first stone walls on this road were laid by Hood, under the supervision of Enoch Andrus, and the rail fences are very old, the work of the first settlers. The new house on the north was raised by Jehial Hollister, in the year 1884, and he is the owner of twenty-five acres at this place. The maples which are growing finely on the south side of the highway John Crossett planted, over twenty years ago, and if Worthy Cook had followed his example one portion of this road would have been an avenue of shade. This road needs much work, but the number of residents will

not allow of great improvement, another instance why the highways should be subject to a general law, so that all parts of the town would alike receive their just benefit by a direct tax, abolishing the poll system.

The Root road, which leads to the eastward, between the lands of Nathan R. Merrill and Frederick Dezetter, is joined on the south by the Bird road, Barker road and Carver road, and on the north by the Andrus and Templeton road. According to George Root, Jehial Root, his grandfather, came onto this road in 1811, and took up the land. As we enter this road from the Byron road, one cannot fail of noticing a stately elm that must be over one hundred years of age.

The first house we reach on the north side was, until lately, the residence of Barney Goodenough, who passed over the river by consumption. A little to the east Asahel Matson had a log-house, and for many years occupied the place which is now in the possession of William Bird. He was a peculiar man, and was known to all the country round as "Old Ace." He passed away to New York, and there, as rumor says, left his bones.

The lands now held by Alvah Blanchard, on the south and north, in 1821 were taxed against Charles Maine, and the same year Thomas T. Maine occupied the home of Daniel Whipple. Across the way was Thomas Butcher, whom we have mentioned as living in the old Col. Lewis house, on the Byron road, and he set out the trees here a long time ago. Asahel Clark was in this district as overseer in 1821, and his possessions took in the Blanchard property of to-day. At this time Samuel Rodgers had the Harley Munger territory, and he must have done much of the clearing side by side with Clark.

Jehial Root was one of the first to cut the timber between the Sweden and Byron line, in 1814. He was a great lover of politics, and would spend many hours with Jacob

Andrus, discussing about Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, or overhauling Martin Van, Van, who became a used-up man, as the song went. His son, Nathan, died at the good old age of eighty-two, but suffered terribly for many years with a cancer. Nathan worked at one time in Byron, when a young man, for ten dollars per month, and received as pay a two-year-old heifer, in the place of cash. He saw the soldiers of 1812, as they passed over the Ridge road, on their way to meet the red-coats. His first team was black, which his son George well remembers. George Root was born in the old log-house, which was one of the best in town, November 11, 1833. The house was lathed and plastered, something very unusual for those log-cabin days.

Where George Root now lives, the father of John N. Beckley, Esq., of Rochester, once had a plastered house. Now George Root has a spacious farm-house, with furnace and his outbuildings all bespeak the presence of a man who loves to keep step with progress. He has been a large hop-grower, and his fields are under a high state of cultivation. A sandstone horse-block, just in front of the gateway, bears the name of Root, and one wall on his side of the highway, forty years of age, was not repaired until 1887. Root has set out on the roadside, for a long distance, apple-trees, which are beginning to bear their fruits.

Harley Munger has a noble residence on this road, on the south side, where lofty elms look down upon a broad plaza in front of the mansion. The barns here are of the latest style, and the premises ever wear that appearance of comfort and convenience which indicate clearly the true nature of the owner. Munger has one of the best farms in all Clarendon, and taps annually over 400 trees, in the making of maple-sugar and the production of maple-syrup.

Curtis Cook moved on to his place in 1835. Where Cook bought eighteen acres, there was only a small log-house,

and he rigged over a corn-barn in which to live till 1861, when he built the present house, now occupied by his son, Whitney, who has become the owner of these premises since his father's decease. The most of this land was cleared by Curtis Cook. and the west orchard was his planting; also, the beautiful evergreens and shade-trees near the house. The location of the residence is fine, and the eye takes in a goodly prospect.

As we ascend a rise in the highway, to the south is the beautiful home of Tommy Benton, as the boys call him. This is truly the richest farm in the whole town, and would challenge admiration from any resident of Iowa, Illinois or Kansas. The land has that peculiar level which carries one to some prairie country, but the magnificent grove of maple soon tells us that we are in a state that no other can hope to equal. As one farmer remarked to the author, "This farm has made every man rich who occupied it." Just in front of the residence are maples that in summer are most beautiful, and to the west, in a direct line, are twenty-eight others which cannot fail to attract the attention of all travelers. If envy were allowable, one might be pardoned for looking with the green eye upon this magnificent property, in the richest portion of Clarendon.

Thomas Templeton built the large frame-house at the head of the Templeton road, in 1834, and one can look for miles over Clarendon from this commanding spot. This house was one of the best in its day, and even now its walls convey a silent tale to every beholder.

On the Dezetter lands, along the highway, reaching to the Blanchard property, apple-trees have been planted which, in time, will pay well for their place in the soil.

In a pasture lot, to the north of Alvah Blanchard, may be seen an immense limestone rock, over forty feet in circumference, and twenty-five feet in height, standing all alone in a pasture lot.

This road is generally kept in good condition, and, were it not for a few neglected spots, could be called the best in Clarendon. Maples could be taken from the groves near by, and this road made beautiful in shade during spring and summer.

Nearly opposite the Ashael Matson homestead is a narrow road extending due south, which we have named the Bird road, after Deacon Bird, who built the stone part of the Beardsley house on this road, and moving to Holley, with Abijah Dean, put up the first warehouse in that village. William Bird, an Englishman, on the Byron road, is now the possessor of these lands, and the house is lonely, the road as silent as some cemetery, with an abundance of weeds choking the passage. If any one in Clarendon desires absolute quiet, he can find it here, only interrupted by the crowing of chanticleer.

Where the boys and girls have their happiest days, across from the Root school-house, is the Barker road, which enters Byron only about three-fourths of a mile away. This is a good road, and no better soil can be found in town. The residence of Daniel Barker, with all his other buildings, are of the very best, and every inch of his territory is cultivated to the highest degree. Fine apple-trees line the highway on either side, and the clean grass-plat has no weeds to mar its beauty. Barker is one of the most stylish farmers in Clarendon, a man who would be observed by any stranger as nature's true gentleman. He never lies down in the old rut of the muddy Past, but wears the beautiful garments of the Present. He is the heaviest maple-syrup producer in town—tapping in his grand grove 500 trees, and sending annually, to Boston, Buffalo and New York, about 2,000 pounds of the choicest fluid, all passed through evaporators and strainers, that remove all sediment.

The house to the south on the Barker lands, was built by Benjamin Bower, but is now used as a tenant dwelling

by Barker. Ebenezer Smith was the owner of the Barker possessions in 1821, and has gone upward. Barker, this year, 1888, is setting out eleven acres of Niagara grapes, on a portion of his land looking to the north, and he is ready to bear all criticism, and stand all expense, in testing this favorite variety on his native heath.

Turning to the north, we will travel the Andrus road, and introduce the Andrus family to the reader. In 1814 Jacob Andrus, the father of Enoch, came onto what has been known as the Royal Taylor property. In 1816, at seven years of age, Enoch came here, and lived with his father in a rude log cabin, 18 by 24, with a roof covered with basswood troughs, one overlapping the other on a flat surface; and this house had no chimney, only a hole through the roof. In 1816, the cold summer, there were two frosts; the first cut the corn, and the second killed it. In the following year the father was forced to sell the only cow they had, in order to purchase wheat flour.

Enoch was at Holley when the celebration took place over the Erie canal, in 1825. Squire Wood, of Hulberton, was marshal of the day, the band a marshal one, Samuel Coy, of Clarendon, the fifer. The speaking by Clinton was on the bridge, and a line-boat was finely decorated, the crowd in attendance very large for those days. If we had one of Hogarth's paintings of this group, what a scene! Enoch took a trip in the first regular line-boat from Lockport to Albion. When he was about twenty years of age, he walked, with a score of others, to Byron, on to Batavia, up the old turnpike road to Buffalo, to see the Thayer brothers hung. They stopped for the night about five miles from Buffalo, and in their journey found taverns every few miles, the whole distance. At this time Buffalo was a small village, and the hanging took place on the west side of Main street, near the Terrace, and all the boats in the harbor were covered with people witnessing the execu-

tion. There was a rope stretched across the street to keep back the crowd from the prisoners, and these three were placed on a plank, and when they dropped there was a general cry of "Oh!" The criminals chose their own length of rope, and the coffins were placed under them.

The great crowd ate up all that the village of Buffalo could supply, and Enoch and his friends were in the streets all night without lodging, the weather quite cold for June. The next day fifteen of the party went to the Falls, and staid in a barn over night. The village was deserted on account of sickness. For one-half mile before reaching the Falls, the country was a wilderness. The party passed through Lewiston to Lockport, which was a little village, and took a line-boat below the Locks, which was drawn by two horses, the canal only a ditch.

The first winter wheat which Jacob Andrus raised, he paid a man one shilling out of the store to draw to Rochester, where it was sold for two shillings a bushel. The first wagon which Andrus had was two wheeled, and drawn by oxen. The present frame-house of the Andrus homestead is over fifty years of age; the lumber from Le Roy, clapboards from Sandy Creek, with shaved shingles from Allegany county. The milling of the Andrus family was, in 1814, at Pumpkin Hill, and Jacob Andrus would take a bag of wheat on his shoulders, and go in a path to this point.

Solomon Hammond was the first wall-layer in this section. Most of the land Enoch Andrus cleared, and passed quietly away, on the old homestead, 1886, at the age of 77, respected by all who knew him. Horace Hood also laid stone upon stone for Andrus across his territory. One Shepherd lived, very early, where the pump stands on the Storms road to the west, and Stephen Howard once fired up on the same road to the north of John Hawley. He bought out Bullard, who had a large family of boys, and Frank

Brown built where Floyd Storms now resides. Squire P. Green had his home where Warren Glidden lives on the Cowles road, and had a whole lot of one hundred acres here, while Lyman Green was on the west part of this land, on the West Glidden road.

Edwin P. Sanford occupied the lands where Whitney Cook lived on the Templeton road, to the north of the Templeton farm, and James Dean held the lands now known as the Mitchell place, on the same road. Isaac Crossett had his hearth on the McGowan property, on the east side of the Templeton road. Samuel Barker gave a name to every road in this section, and he would have done finely had he laid out some western city where only the grass was to be seen.

There was a saw-mill for a time owned by Horace Taylor, west and south of Worthy Cook's, on the Crossett road. Paul Robinson had a whole lot where Charles Lusk now lives, on the Lusk road, which passes to the south, opposite the Glidden school-house, out of the East Glidden road. Joseph L. Cook and Jared L. Cook were also on the Lusk road, opposite Asa Glidden's, but were in no wise connected with the rest of the tribe in Clarendon. Daniel Vining had his home at one time in the Mills place, and Jared Vining east of Willet Jackson's barn, on the East Glidden road.

On the McCormick farm the first settler was Andrew Ingersoll, afterward James Bodwell, and they cleared the greater portion of this land on the East Glidden road. Elder Sheldon, a Baptist minister, with a large family of boys, held family prayer on the soil when James Lusk passed away and Lusk built the present house. Old Samuel Hawley was on the East Glidden road just across from Willett Jackson's and took up what is now known as the Jackson property, clearing up this fine territory. The very large house at this point was built many years ago by one

McCormick, a Scotchman. Where Adelbert Jackson has a fine estate on the Cowles road, Josiah Howard could be seen daily, and he also took up a whole lot where Charles T. Cowles lately said "Good-bye." Helon Babcock, who moved to Illinois, had his fires at the Mack place, where the old red house still meets the eye. To the south and east on the Cowles road was Jabez H. Davis. Levi Davis was a fine mason and laid up the Holley Agricultural Works, the George Salsbury stone house, and was the boss in the building of the Universalist church at Clarendon, and did all the facing in front, and built one store in Churchville and one at Cortland. He walked from Massachusetts to Chautauqua County and returned on foot. The old red house which we have mentioned was built by Ferrin Speer. Noah Sweet resided in what is now known as the Willard Storms place, on the west side of the Templeton road, with a beautiful hedge and finely shaded yard. Sweet had money enough to pay for his land, the only one of this character in all Clarendon, and he must have been a great worker, as he cleared the whole piece. Elisha Smith and Truman Smith at first owned the James A. Hollister possessions, which are now held by James Hovey. This is one of the finest places on the Templeton road, with large and elegant buildings and yards that hear the maples whisper their music. Squire Hollister, as he was generally called, lost this property through his sons and became an object of charity at last. Now they have all passed to their account.

Jabez Mead built a shanty and owned land on the west side of the Templeton road across from Whitney Cook's former home. The first occupant of the Orson Cook place was one Cole, whose Christian name we cannot give. On the Carver road, which leads south from Tommy Benton, Dodge held the Carver lands, and on the old Lemuel Cook place on this road Abel Mead was the original owner. On

the Reed road, which leads to the south of Loren Hill, Hale and Horatio Reed held large farms, and Horatio, whom we have included in "Stories," has just passed over the Long Bridge at the age of ninety-one. In his day he was one of the chief citizens of Clarendon, as the records fully show. Francis Wells had his home to the north of Reed. On the Hill road, which led into the Templeton road, lived Loren Hill, on an elevated piece of ground, where he could sniff the breezes from every quarter. One Fox built the houses and also cleared the land. Hill was not worth one penny when he died, although he owned this farm when crops were good and prices high. When justice of the peace he said, in the presence of the author, "that he did not know whether his head was on his shoulders or on his feet," a lawsuit having turned him upside down in his own estimation.

On the Reed road, where Acton drives his team, J. F. Autin was the early settler. Where Billy White lives on the Sweden road, Ainsworth once snored, but he's slept his last sleep many long years since. Joel Barnes claimed the deserted Bascom lands, and now they are under a person called Brooks, in no wise related to the old major.

Warren Glidden came on to his present home in 1840, and into Clarendon with his brother Thomas in 1817 from Essex County on Lake Champlain, and were fourteen days on the road with two ox-teams coming into Holley from the Ridge road.

Jacob Andrus was a shoemaker and made all stock for the family, while Enoch's mother would keep her father company mending clothes, until the hand of time was on the point of twelve. Enoch set out his orchard and took some of his trees from Brewster's, on the Ridge, and others from Dezetter's place, and his first grafting was done by Ira B. Keeler over forty years ago. Enoch remembers the beautiful elm near his house when it was only a bush.

Storms put out the avenue of maples on what was at one time the home of Selah North, who was imprisoned for taking off postage stamps in the Clarendon office. In 1840, when "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" ran for president and vice-president, the canal-boats had on board troughs filled with hard cider, out of which men drank as beasts. On one of the party wagons was a coon chained, with the words, "Five dollars to keep the peace." Enoch Andrus' first buggy was ironed by Sol. Woodard and lasted until the world was tired of its presence. The clearing of the Root lands was mostly the work of Nathan, who came into the town when he was eleven years of age, and who labored daily until cancer ate away his energies.

Edson Howard once owned the Adelbert Jackson lands and Stephen Howard planted the maples for Charles T. Cowles, who with his good lady are no more to be seen. Dr. Gillett, from Sweden Center, and Dr. Ruggles, from near the stone bridge, were the old physicians of the Cowles section. If they were only on deck at present we might be able to give some very interesting stories of their adventures among the early settlers of Clarendon; but they had not enough of calomel or jalap in their systems to drive away Death, who downed them at last.

East of Loren Hill's, on the Sweden road some forty rods from the Sweden line, is the Linkliter place, with a large number of evergreens in the front yard. Parker Butterfield's is the last house between Clarendon and Sweden. An old gentleman by the name of Hammond is one of the residents on the Reed road, and, as we are informed, has a stock of tickets which he has gathered for years.

William McGowan built his present house in 1884, and has resided on the same place for 18 years. There is a very fine elm just in front of the house some forty years of age. George Cowles and Henry Cowles have each pleasant homes on the Cowles road, and they could not wish for a finer

location. The greater number of these farmers make Holley their market and mail town, and are seldom seen in Clarendon only on special occasions, when formerly this was their head center. The roads in this portion of the town are in much better condition than in other parts, and the farmers to the east could buy and sell their neighbors of the west. They drive in better style, take more pride in their possessions, although it cannot be said that they are very public-spirited, when Clarendon demands improvements in the village, as their former love has departed. If the farmers in the east and south would step over into Sweden and see for themselves what stone-crushing has done for the highways, they would at once advocate such a machine for Clarendon and take pride in its operations. The beautiful groves in these portions of the town would afford the finest of shade-trees, and when our Arbor Day comes we may hope to see all these highways avenues of shade wherever the traveler may go.

CHAPTER VIII.

WYMAN ROAD.

WHEN we leave the Village of Clarendon we may pass to the southwest, up a rise of ground above the mill, over a rocky ledge beyond Cyrus Foster's home, on a highway which we shall call the Wyman road, after Stephen Wyman, who was one of its first settlers. This road was fully established in 1832 by Lemuel Cook, Jr., and John Preston, as Highway Commissioners of Clarendon. Formerly the Tonawanda Swamp came to the roadside from the west, and in our day we can well remember the dark and somber evergreens, loaded down with their rich hangings of beautiful snow, and the white rabbits that would dart into their burrows when Morris Dewey or some other hunter appeared in sight. John Hughes, who once lived on this road to the east, was well known for many years to all the good people as one possessing more intelligence than any other Irishman in town.

Marvin Powers had his house to the south and west, and in 1837 he took advantage of the Bankrupt Act and robbed David Sturges of a large store-bill which he forgot to pay in after years, either in whole or in part. The same day the lightning had struck Sturges' cow under the large elm on Albion street, and he was informed of these two misfortunes at the same time. "God Almighty and man are both against me," Sturges replied, and walked quickly into the stone store. The above-named property has now passed into the hands of Michael Murphy, who owns the land on both sides to the Hughes possessions. He has changed the

whole appearance of this territory, making the soil to bloom and blossom as the rose under his superior farming. The old island that the boys will remember has all been passed over by the axe, and the place is hardly recognizable where we used to take our girls and gather wild strawberries. Murphy has made his dwelling one of the best on the road, and his farm is the most valuable at present.

In the old stone house to the south and east, Peter Stehler now occupies, which was walled at the expense of Samuel Salsbury, now deceased, and on this spot Henry Jones, the first blacksmith, lived in 1813. Cornish, the first preacher in the village school-house, also prayed here, and when he departed stuck his stakes in the Keystone State. Thomas Foster at one time looked out of the windows of the stone dwelling; and the author recollects when a lad of tipping mother, baby, cutter and all into a large snowbank at this place. To the south on the west is Patrick McDonald, James Fee and Madison Mead, who all have small properties which have been taken from the swamp. Snugly situated is James Carberry, with a fine orchard to the north of the house, and on a rock a bed of flowers that tells plainer than words the love of the beautiful by the ladies in the house.

Farther to the north is Martin Higgins, by the "big rock," which is now only one-half its former size and is even now twenty-six feet long, ten feet high, and ten feet in thickness, the house of Higgins just behind it. This is the same rock where Isaac Huntoon lay one dark night when he was two seas over, obstructing the highway. That night Valentine Tousley had a raging toothache, and, well mounted on his good mare, was joggng toward Clarendon to have a turnkey hitch applied to the troublesome member. When the nag reached the "big rock" she would no farther go, and Valentine turned backward. Once more he essayed the passage, when he heard a snoring sound as

of some one in deep sleep. "Who's there?" demanded Tousley. "Ikey Pikey," came forth from the mouth of Isaac Huntoon, as he rolled his body out of the road and allowed Valentine and his steed to pursue their way. This same Isaac once remarked to Morgan in the "Mills" school-house that "unless a reformation soon took place in his life he would not have enough left to buy a neck-yoke."

Martin Higgins left Schenectady for the Mexican war while working on the New York Central Railroad, which was then new, in May, 1847, with twenty-five other men. They took a steamer down the Hudson to New York, and then by steamer to Mexico. After landing, they marched every night through the mountains in order to escape the Mexicans. Martin was present at the street fight in the City of Mexico, when the City Hall was taken; and he was neither wounded or sick during the campaign, and was mustered out at Washington in 1849.

The old walls in this section were laid by Langworthy, and the clearing and setting out of fruit has been the labor of Higgins, who has made this a pleasant home. To the south and east De Witt Cook, a few years ago, paid the debt of nature, and now these lands have passed into the hands of his son Edward, who is a Methodist minister. Here may be seen the ruins of an old kiln, where Enos Dodge, many years gone by, burnt lime, and sold it for ten cents per bushel; and the sugar-bush near by has been one of the best in town, among the lime rocks. On the same side of the highway may be seen an old log-house, now deserted, once the residence of Merritt Cook, when the rosy-cheeked Emma tripped lightly into the stone school-house at Clarendon.

Michael Nugent, who, until his departure, had his residence on this road, has been known for many years to all the old residents of town, as an industrious and well-dis-

posed Irishman, and his works do follow him in out-door labor of this section.

Beyond James Carberry this road is entered by the Milliken road from the west, and the Tousley road from the south. A little to the south of these roads, Billy Bolton and his good dame passed many hours away. Now they have both laid down the burdens of this life, and taken that journey which no one can record; and Billy can be seen no more, "firm-paced and slow" moving to and from the village.

On the opposite side of this road was a log-house, where once Elijah Hoskins, the father of Frank Hoskins, the Clarendon jockey, resided. Elijah did not imitate the good Elijah of the Bible, but was such a brawler that he lost one of his eyes in a fight at the village, and was a terror to his family, when loaded with new corn-juice. Levi Coy, of Brockport, married one of Elijah's daughters. Lotham Coy's father had his meals here long before young Lotham knew enough to price fat cattle.

To the south on the rise, may be seen a well-painted house and good out-buildings, now in the possession of Priest Wilcox, who has a very happy home. Orson Hammond was here in auld lang syne,—where his bones rest we cannot state. When David P. Wilcox returned from the Badger State, he took up his abode here, and the improvements are mainly his own. David Chappel had an old-fashioned cider-mill on this property, with a beam sixty feet long, and a box in which stones and weights were placed to squeeze out the apple-juice.

Where Clark Coy looks out of a large frame-house, Walter Holt anciently held converse, and was noted as one of the Clarendon ministers. In 1821 these lands belonged to Fuller Coy, the brother of Cyrus Coy; and now Horace, his son, has the title deeds, which were once in the charge of Orson Tousley, who swallowed Fuller,—and the present

situation only shows how the "whirligig of time brings in its revenges." Jacob Glidden also lived here, and one of his daughters was the first wife of David Mower. Orson Tousley, when he first married, lived in a log-house on the Coy property. The very night that he was married, the boys danced all night, and would not allow Orson and his bride an hour of enjoyment, notwithstanding that Electa said, "Now, boys, do go!" but at daylight took off Orson's wedding garments, arrayed him in a hickory shirt, and marched him off to labor on the Byron road.

Over the way, on the Coy road which leads to the Robinson school-house, may be seen an old plastered house, erected by Cyrus Coy in 1835, and now a hop-drier for the many hops which Horace raises annually. Elias Goodenough and Fayette Goodenough have good locations on the Coy road.

To the west the Maine road passes, until it joins the West Tousley road, which ends in the swamp. T. S. Maine settled at first on what is now known as the Bauman place, next to John Pugh's, in 1816, and felled the first tree, built the first log-house, and was the first chopper to clear a plat between the "Mills" and Byron, in this section. He had a pine log for his door, and in 1817 purchased a barrel of flour at Hanford's Landing, at \$25 a barrel, and gave away one-half of it on his way home, to satisfy starving settlers. He was drafted into the war of 1812, and drew cannon-balls from Sackett's Harbor to Rome, twenty-four balls in a load, and five cents each for all above this number, the roads in a fearful condition, and was able to take only three extra balls, and was obliged to camp out one night. Maine's log-house was burnt. Himself and wife lived together sixty-one years. Maine cut down on his premises, a hemlock eight rods long, which was used as a fence for some time on this road.

To the south, on the east side, lives Alonzo Smith, who

married Rose, the daughter of Stephen Wyman, Jr. The name of Wyman appears on the tax-roll of 1829, as overseer in this district. The present frame house was built by Stephen Wyman, Jr., in 1830, and the carpenters were Alfred Gott and Moses Decker, of Byron; while Bates did the stone-work. Stephen's body now rests peacefully in the Robinson graveyard.

On the same side of the highway, at the foot of the hill, lived the revolutionary darkey, McManners, when this road was only a wilderness. Near by was Van Buren, but as to his relationship to "Mattie," we know not. The land is now under the charge of Jay Merrill, the son of Wilson Merrill, who lives in Byron. John Richey, now in Holley, at one time lived in a log-house here, and he built the frame-house of Merrill's. One upon a time, when away from home, he found his new barn in ashes, the sport of children.

Richard Babbage's house, on the lofty hill, was raised by Chester Coy, who has his domicile north from Holley. Jotham Bellows erected the frame-house to the south, now owned by Darius Harrington, and the red barn was put up by George Cook, from one season's threshing. Samuel Miller had a log-house burnt up here one very cold night, and lost nearly all his household goods. Where Merritt Cook lately lived, Josiah Miller was the first settler. The old fiddler in this district was Levi Cooley, who could imitate the bobolink so cleverly, that the birds would be deceived.

On the fine location of Samuel Perkins lived, very early, John Sturdevant, whose name may be found in 1829. Peter Prindle, to the south, was the overseer of this district that year, and he was assessed more than any other man of the district. On the west side of this road, before one enters the swampy portion, stands a cinnamon rose-bush which, in the sunny month of June, has its wealth and beauty of

sweet roses. This bush whispers the love of woman, and here it was that Deacon Wilcox had his pleasant abode—now no more. To the south is Andrew Kuhn, who loves to have his mother entertain their friends.

Where Samuel Butcher has the finest of apples, Levi Sherwood had possession, and on the Morgan place was a frame-house, which was burnt, once occupied by Chester Olmsted. The Morgan mansion is the most showy in this neighborhood, and is very noticeable from any quarter. John Taggart, who lived in a log-house near here, lost his life, in 1840, through his horse running away, he having too much whisky and hard cider in his system. In the Deacon Wilcox house the good people shouted at meetings so loudly that they could be heard over to the Weir's place, on the Tousley road.

On the Stevens road, which leads east to the Byron road, was once a steam saw-mill, put up by the Seavers, of Byron, in which Lorenzo D. Sheldon was one of the sawyers, and Arnold Jenks, of Holley, the engineer of a small power engine. This mill was slabbed about thirty-eight years since, but was run at a loss, and finally closed up its humming. To the east is a wood-colored house, which Frank Cook, the noted circuit preacher, built. He drove in a two-wheeled gig, and when he passed by on Sunday mornings, the boys would sing out, "Look out, Frank, or Horace will get there first!" The father of Thomas Bolton had a log-house across from Samuel L. Stevens, and his land joined Nichols at the Cook school-house. Samuel L. Stevens built his log-house on the Stevens road over sixty years ago, and the frame-house in 1858. Stevens did his first milling at an old log-mill, near the present site of Green's mill, and on the same creek, in Byron. He recollects one distillery at Lucas's mill, one at Scott's mill, one at Green's mill, one at the Rock school-house, one at the village, one at Adams' mill, and another east of Pumpkin Hill, and

one at Polley's tavern. Whisky was as common as water in the good old days of the pioneers, and how they kept straight is truly a mystery.

Samuel L. Stevens was born in 1801, and came into Clarendon in 1813 with his father, John Stevens, and lived at first on the present lands of Daniel Barker, under a bark roof, with basswood floor, and a blanket for a door. The first stove Samuel remembers was the Wilson, and the Franklin, with open grate, for parlor. His first doctors were Henry and Silas Carver, from the village. Samuel L. Stevens passed into another country in 1887, having been nearly blind for some years, and dying daily in his miseries.

When we turn to the west we shall enter the New Guinea road, which loses itself in the shades of Tonawanda. It was called New Guinea from the fact that the mother of Thomas Bolton had a guinea-hen, which generally followed her. This is a short road, of a mile or less in length, with a few houses to attract the eye. The first one is owned by Michael Murphy, on the north side, the second by the Widow Howard, and the third by Kate Mulraenall, of Holley, and Edwin Foster lives in the one once held by Reuben Swan. Henry Mepsted has a house on the south, while Odell is his near neighbor. Isaac Swan, the father of Reuben, took up one hundred acres in New Guinea, but has long since left its mosquito charms behind. His log-house is over sixty years old.

Where Englishman, Chugg, is working among the "hog-backs," Reuben Cooley was the pioneer, and here, also, James Vickery fiddled the lonely hours away; and John McCullom, one of the shouters at Deacon Wilcox's, habitated here. The Mepsteds made this spot famous in their day. Where now John Raub meets his German and English friends, a Derby lived, who ought to have been a good racer, out of respect for the name. These lands were held by P. A. Albert, of Holley. Daniel Forbush waddled like

a goose on the Tousley road, of whom we will speak more fully in "Chips."

Cyrus Foster now holds the soil which Allen Hill had on the Tousley road, before he moved into Hastings, Michigan. John McKnight lived on the Henry Crannell place, and, when he burnt out, put up a shanty with the roof resting on a wall of the highway. After Valentine Tousley had passed away, the father of Spencer, Simeon and Joshua Coleman had residence on the Tousley possessions, where now Henry Soles claims title. The Treat property was formerly in the hands of Amasa Patterson, who has retired from farming, and is now taking life very comfortably on Holley street, in Clarendon.

The Milliken road, which enters the Wyman road from the west, has only a small house on the south side, on the knoll to the east of M. D. Milliken's, which belongs to George Swan. M. D. Milliken came from Keene, New Hampshire, April 23, 1840, in an open buggy, with leather springs, via the Green Mountains, to Troy, and west on the Albany and Buffalo turnpike to Rochester. Men were boiling sap in May on the Green Mountains, and higher up one fellow said they boiled all summer. He stopped at the Farmers' Hotel in Rochester, and gave for meals and lodging two shillings each, the whole distance. Milliken first stopped in Sweden, at John Reed's, who once owned the Chace property, on the Holley road, and at this time land was worth there fifty dollars per acre. In Clarendon he stopped at Alexander Milliken's, on the Sawyer road, the house new, and all things in fine condition, and his wife a very excellent woman. Milliken bought his present farm, on the Milliken road, for twenty dollars per acre, or \$2,000 for the 100 acres. The land was in a very bad shape, and he had to make fences, and clear about one-half of stumps and timber. There are now on the place white-oak posts

of that day. The house was built years before, by Judge Zardeus Tousley.

M. D. Milliken was born August 11, 1805, and is now, 1888, one of the best and youngest-looking of the old men of Clarendon. In about 1830, Myron D. Snider, who was then living in Barre, came through the woods to Zardeus Tousley's, and was obliged to crawl under hemlock logs three or four feet through, there being no road west of Palmer's, and the way, even in summer, almost impassable. In those days Snider would go to Clarendon by the way of Mudville, the path or road through the woods by Ansel Knowles, on the Millard road.

To the west of Milliken lives Abram Frederick, who formerly lived on the Amos Palmer place, but who has resided here since 1866. William Avery cleared the most of the Abram Frederick lands, and across the way was one Jesse Griswold, who owned to the Tousley road.

On the Ebenezer Reed place John Hamlin had a log-house in 1821. If he had any of the blue blood of Hannibal in his veins, no one has shown us the origin. The small frame-house was built by Leonard Pratt, who left the country years ago. There was a wagon-shop where now Ira Kelsey has a fine residence, which he occupied until he moved into Murray.

Over the way Riley Byington mended shoes, and now Otto Gaines has greatly improved his home here. On the south side of the Milliken road, west of the Tousley road, James Barbour resides, and his wife Lucy is one of the best school-teachers in town.

The first settler on the Myron Snider place was Andrew Brown, who lived in a log-shanty with bark roof, and no chimney. His face was well tanned with the smoke, which he must have been too lazy to send out of his dwelling. For a time he stood up in the meetings here, and led the singing. He cleared one or two acres about the cabin, and

departed, leaving his name behind in the school district. After his exit came in another chorister, by the name of David Byington, who cleared up the Snider possessions.

John Wetherbee lived on the Kelsey farm to the west of Brown's corners, and there was no other house in 1821 but Zaccheus Fletcher's, who lived just west of Barbour's. On the David Bridgman property, in 1821, was Elias Palmer, brother of Amos Palmer, and he was followed by his brother, who built the large frame-house. The living now cross where one graveyard rested, and little do they think of the bodies below.

Amos Palmer was swallowed up by Orson Tousley, and now mortgagor and mortgagee are laid softly down by the final forecloser, Death. Bridgman came onto these lands in 1882, and has greatly improved their appearance. His wife brought some strawberry plants from Charlotte, and set out a fine bed of strawberries, and she was the first to bring regularly this fruit into the Clarendon market, where it has been sold for the past five years by Mathes, Cole and Copeland, as high as 1,400 quarts in one season.

Back in the lot from William Rollings, who moved on to the Milliken road in 1882, and is a model farmer, was Sherman Bishop, who fiddled in the old nights at the country dances. But the soul of his music has fled, the strings are broken, and we leave him to play on golden harps or violins in a better land. In 1821, Abner and Bradley Bishop were in this district.

Across from Riley Byington's was a wagon-shop, which was converted into a barn, when John Westcott lived here. De Witt Cook built the Wells house, on the fourth of July, 1850, and it was without windows until October of that year. Wells on his place since 1858. The orchards were set out by Palmer.

Henry Soles has been on the old William Tousley place, on the Tousley road, since 1861, and he rebuilt the house.

The garden was cleared by Orson Tousley. Soles, a few years ago, had ninety of his apple-trees girdled by some villains unknown.

Henry Crannell was on his place, on the Tousley road, since 1867, and passed away in 1888. The house was built by Nathaniel Austin. Mrs. Crannell has a churn of cedar that once belonged to Mrs. Jonathan Reed, and is now ninety-six years of age, and in present use.

We have now taken the reader over all the roads to the Millard road and New Swamp road, and shall include these in our Barre road. The Wyman road, with its tributaries, passes through a different portion of Clarendon than we have heretofore described, both as to soil and general appearance. The roads are rocky enough, as every traveler knows, and in the winter would be fearful, did not Tonawanda shelter them from the blizzards. If this swamp, in time, be opened up, woe to the resident when the west and south-west winds come howling down from their airy retreats. The law should come to the rescue and protect Clarendon from wood vandalism.

CHAPTER IX.

BARRE ROAD.

THE first mention of the Barre road, is a survey made April 21, 1815, by Zenas Case and Alanson Dudley, as highway commissioners for that year, of our part of the then Town of Sweden. This survey was to the transit line from Farwell's Mills. One of the first settlers on this road was Abner Hopkins, who, according to Amanda Annis, had a frame-house on what is now known as the Inman estate, and is the same house in which Amanda stayed with her parents over night in the year 1817, and may now be seen on the corner of Albion and Hulberton streets in Clarendon, the residence of S. Herbert Copeland.

We shall begin our story with the narration of Manning Packard, who fell asleep in 1888. In 1819 Zebulon Packard moved into a log dwelling, which he had purchased from Elder William Whitney, on what is now known as the Packard road, just to the north of the school-house at Manning or Lawton's Corners. This log-house stood where now the well of Bannister Packard gives forth its supply of water; and there were only a few acres cleared, the road then a path to the north, and the only road of any importance was the Barre road leading west to the Transit. Zebulon Packard took up one hundred acres, and Manning and the boys helped to clear up the land. Packard had a four-wheeled, double ox-wagon, from Ontario county, a baggage-wagon of the war of 1812, with six bullet-holes in its sides, the first of its kind in town, and he used it to draw black salts to Rochester to sell.

Abner Hopkins, whom we have mentioned, came in 1811, and on his old place Philip Inman died, at the age of 86 years, in 1887. The names of Abner and Jirah Hopkins appear upon the highway roll of 1821, in District No. 7, and with their brother Joseph, their lands extended to the "Corners," at the Christian church.

The present house on the Philip Inman place was built by D. F. St. John, in 1864. Across the way from Abner Hopkins, Levi Preston dwelt in a log-house, and about sixty years since framed the old-fashioned structure which still stands, the property of the Inman estate. On this Preston place Samuel Knowles lived and died years ago. The old orchards on the Preston place were set out by Levi Preston and Samuel Knowles, and are old enough to lay down their lives for fire-wood.

The first frame-barn on this road was Abner Hopkins', where the farmers were in the habit of taking their grain to be threshed by oxen and flails, and Fred A. Salsbury remembers, when a lad, of sitting in a tub to watch his father, Abraham W. Salsbury, while he threshed on this barn floor. West of Abner, Jirah Hopkins had a log-house, just to the north of the burying-ground, where a clump of apple-trees have stood in our day.

The old frame-house of Simeon Coleman was built by Leander Hood, as was also the barn. Elijah Adams was here before Hood, to the west. The orchard was planted by Hood, he taking the trees from a nursery, on his back, two miles away. Hood gave only ten dollars an acre for this land, and the present owner, Simeon Coleman, \$140. The log home of Joseph Hopkins was west of Hood's, across from the Christian parsonage, and one portion was filled with groceries, to supply the neighbors.

Benjamin G. Pettengill came onto the Pettengill road, just south of F. A. Salsbury, in 1822, and cleared up the most of the land, and built the house in which Robert

Hibbard now resides. On the north side of the Barre road may be seen an old frame-house, which has the same color as fifty years ago. Here James Annis dwelt, and his wife, having too much fire-water inside, tumbled into the fire-place, and ended her earthly career. At present F. A. Salsbury makes this his home, with good out-buildings, and he can remember the time when he was obliged to drive his stock over to Stony Point, back of Colonel May's, to get water. James Annis put out the first orchard, and Fred the younger trees. To the west, on the north, is an old red house which is almost ready to say "good-by" to wind and weather, and is now occupied by George Gaylord, the owner. This was the abode of Thomas Annis sixty years gone by. When the structure was raised the boys took their station on the front plate and called upon Daniel Austin to give it a name, which was then customary. Daniel called it "A fair blossom for fifty-two acres." This is one of the oldest houses on the Barre road, and, in our humble opinion, must have been put up by a strange character. For long years Budd Emery smoked his pipe peacefully under its roof, but, alas! death came and knocked the owner, with bowl and ashes, into the grave.

The carpenters of this section were Robert Rodgers, Manning Packard and the Preston brothers. The axe and adze have dropped noiselessly from their hands, and the old undertaker has snugly boxed their bodies in his house of clay. On the Pettengill road is the burying-ground, which we have mentioned in another chapter. The Benjamin G. Pettengill orchard, on this road, where Hibbard picks apples, is one of the oldest, having some sixty-six years on the bark. To the south of Pettengill's was John Russ, and he and Zephen F. Green were such mighty mowers that they had scythes made in Rochester six inches longer than the ordinary ones, to suit their brawny muscles. At the end of this road, on the Ebenezer Soles place, Elder

William Whitney once read the good Book. The elder also prayed on the Gilman place, but his prayers are not to be found in that locality now.

On the rise in the Barre road, to the west and north, Lewis Lawton, with his sons, Brad and Menzo, dwells, with all the tools necessary, through steam-power, to bring water out of the rocks at any depth. Alexander Annis came with his family onto this place in 1817, and his land reached to the "Corners." John Locke, for the orchard just near the house, brought the seed from Pennsylvania, and his first grafting was in 1820. Moses Holcomb had a log smithy at the "Corners," but his forge has been swept clean by death, and his horseshoe of good luck is now over Jordan. Across the way, some time after, was a frame-shop, where Vulcan had one of his sooty children. Elias Lawton had at first only a small shop, but soon walled the old stone one, where he chewed, forged and bellowed, until Time laid him up in the general repair-shop of the race, and ashes, cinders and dust alone remained to mark his footsteps. Now "Si" can be seen at the anvil in the new shop, and his hearty voice and laugh can be heard winter and summer. Here, also, Benjamin Winchester pegged soles and rasped *souls* upon his leathern bench, years before D. R. Bartlett filled the seat.

Winchester built the old red house across from the church in 1841. Ira Bronson had a wagon-shop north of the church, and when Levi Mower was a lad, Ira invited him to learn the secrets of hubs and spokes. Southeast of Winchester's, one Jerod lived, with his wife Sally and son James. One of the most noted characters at the "Corners" was Valentine Smith, or "Val.," as the boys knew him. He could change a spavined, wind-broken, foundered, knock-kneed, balky, one-eyed beast into the most perfect, safest, truest high-hooker quicker than any man in

America, and, in the words of Daniel Webster, "still lives," as honest as ever.

The first tavern-keeper at the "Corners" was Alpha Omega Rose, whose stand was near the site of the church, and he had, while here, a branch of the Masonic organization. He afterward moved to Sandy Creek, and had a saw-mill near the ridge, to the west of the Hulberton road, now in ruins. The old log-shop of Manning Packard, which bears upon its sides the years since 1826, is still on the Packard road, but the traveler will hear no more his sledge-hammer blows, as pale Death knocked him out in 1888. The author has often walked into this humble shop, bending his head at the low doorway, while at the forge was Manning, who always greeted him with that every-day look of welcome and candor. On one of his old chests we could sit, while his fine and truthful memory gave us much material for this History of Clarendon, and he longed to see the day when its pages should meet his eye. But, alas! the unwelcome visitor came and bore away, this year, 1888, one of the most ingenious and original characters that Clarendon had in her borders, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. He knew the Packard road, and a large share of Clarendon, when the leaves of the grand old trees were Nature's organ-pipes, before the hum and buzz of busy labor had made the fields to echo with its music. *Requiescat in pace!*

To the south of the log smithy was a frame shop, where Manning had a turning-lathe, and up-stairs a shoemaker's bench, with a full kit of tools, and on the wall an old thirty-hour clock which had no case, with long weights, whose dial had marked the hours since 1823.

Zephen F. Green sharpened his scythe where now the church sheds stand, and subsequently Elder Brackett moved under the same roof, and listened to hear his wife blow the first and only dinner-horn of this region. Uriah

Beebe had a wagon-shop on the south-west corner at Mudville, and his house was under the same roof, and he made rakes for the farmers.

Joseph Owens had a shoe-shop just in front of Margaret Freer's place at the "Corners," and was a lone bachelor, who called upon Amanda Annis to make his bread, which she rose and baked in the best shape.

Beyond Mudville Robert Owens had a log dwelling, and in later years put up the brick-house now owned by William C. Cruttenden. In this house John Millard resided, and opened wide his doors to ministers, when they were poor, and they were as welcome here as the flowers of May.

Millard made braided whips and weaver's reeds in his day. Where Eli Evarts grows fat in farming, Orrin Davenport had a shoe-shop, and kept the size of many a damsel's foot a most profound secret. Gardiner Nay had a log-house near by, which has long since returned to its native elements. Eli Evarts built his fine house in 1873, and the barns were rigged out in good style in 1877.

Where lately the large willow-trees spread their branches, John Hampton was the first resident,—an old revolutionary soldier. Manning Packard was present at his decease, and closed the eyes of one who dared to look the British lion in the face. Hampton brought these old willows as whips, when he came into town, and his hands set them out. He was a very large and powerful man, whom the red-coats feared to tackle.

Across from Hampton's, Eli Evarts, Sen., had possessions, which extended to the Transit. Here were born Dennis and Martin, now gone,—who have owned portions of the land of their father. John Bentley, on the New Swamp road, which points to the south, had at one time a very large ox-team, which he thought would out-pull any other in the neighborhood. Eli Evarts, Sen., had a small

ox-team which he hitched against Bentley's, and taking a prod sent them forward. If Bentley had not soon hallooed, "Whoa, Buck!" his yoke would have soon been dragged at the heels of Evarts' small pair.

The Transit was surveyed in 1798, by Joseph Ellicott, with instruments, from Batavia, and was so called because it was the dividing line between the Holland Land Company's tract, and the Connecticut purchase. The first well drilled in town, was put down by hand, on the land of Alexander Annis, two men working at the drill.

On the premises of Mrs. Culver was a building which the Christians used as a parsonage. Just north of this house one Gillham swung the sledge, and his work, which still remains, bears evidence of his skill. Moses Decker had a log-house in a pasture lot west of the Martin Evarts place.

Michael Bennett was one of the first on the Hindsburgh road, which leads to the north from the Barre road, beyond Eli Evarts. He put out the first orchard on this road, bringing the seeds from Connecticut. His home is now owned by Josiah Lawton. Darius Warwick was a good shoemaker, who reposed to the north of the log-house occupied by B. F. Mowers, before he moved to Batavia.

In 1821 Simeon Kingsbury owned the Crittenden place, the frame-house of which was burnt by a lamp explosion, in November, 1888. Warwick made a fine laced pair of shoes out of morocco, for Amanda Annis, when she was a girl. Reuben Bennett, who also lived on this road, bot-tomed a chair for Henry Bennett when he was over seventy years of age, which is still serviceable.

Reuben and Michael Bennett cut a foot-path where now the Hindsburgh road passes, and were in the habit of going to Rochester for flour, when first coming into town, and this road was named by them in memory of Jacob and Joel Hinds, who were the chief merchants of Hindsburgh.

Alvah Russ, in trying to break a young steer, put a neck-yoke around his neck, and the animal nearly put an end to his life, as a reward for his cunning. When Reuben Bennett came through the woods to the Hindsburgh road, his wife was the teamster and plied the ox-gad.

William C. Root and his wife came onto this road in 1831, and they lived on the old home sixteen years, when Elijah Root rebuilt the house. The fine maple trees were set out by William C. Root, and are now forty years of age.

Alexander Annis had the first sleigh on the Barre road, which he brought from Springfield in this State. Ebenezer Soles raised the upright of his house on the Pettengill road, in 1876, and moved the other part from the Millard road in 1858, in the winter on runners. Wellington Mead was in the Hibbard place in 1858, and left in 1868. Joshua Coleman lived on the Gillman, or Barker place, in 1838, which is to the south of the Hibbard place.

The first currants on the Barre road, the mother of Amanda Annis brought with her in 1817, and set them out in 1818 on the Alexander Annis property. The Barre road is joined to the south by the Pettengill road, Millard road, and New Swamp road; and on the north by the Salsbury road, Packard road, and Hindsburgh road. The Salsbury road diverges to the north just west of F. A. Salsbury's, striking the Webster road which leads to the west, and the Allen road leading to the east, to join the Hulberton road.

In 1822 Abraham W. Salsbury bought out Elijah Slocum, on what is now called the Levi Mower property, on the west side of the Salsbury road. He gave Slocum in exchange all that he possessed in Sweden, and received in return one three-pail kettle, and a pork-barrel, which must have been, as the horse-jockeys say, "a very heavy swap." Salsbury had at this time about fifty acres on the west, and

lived in Slocum's rude shanty until he put up a new log-house, where he whiled the hours away until he built the present frame structure. Slocum's shanty at first had no floor, with only one room below, and a ladder leading aloft, where Fred and the other lads crawled under blankets. The floor in the new log-house was of basswood, notched, and the backlogs for the fire-place were drawn in by horses, while the bed-posts were made by Salsbury, and strips of elm bark served as cords. The chairs were all home-made, the seats plaited with bark. Sheets hid from view the sleepers below, and this fashion led to curtains and recesses, which are again coming into style. Mrs Salsbury wove for David Sturges, so that she might get money enough to buy feed for her hens, which speaks volumes for her liege lord.

Before the Erie canal was opened Salsbury sold wheat in Rochester at three shillings per bushel, and one individual was so mad at this price that he dumped his wheat into the canal, where it was building. In those days the grain was weighed on large steelyards, as platform-scales are of modern invention. The upright to the present Levi Mower house was raised by Salsbury, some twenty years after the log, and the addition was attached in 1847. The land was mostly cleared by Salsbury and his sons, and the orchard was his handiwork. Salsbury was a soldier in the war of 1812, had a land-warrant, which he sold to Allen Hill for \$160, and he was in one battle where he scrabbled hard for his life.

In the north lot of Fred Salsbury, on the east, lived Eleazer Slocum, in a log-hut, which passed away many moons ago. On the John Preston place, to the north, Peleg Slocum had a double log-house, which he transferred to Guy Salsbury, who in after years erected the mansion which now rules the land. The orchards on the Preston place were partly planted by Slocum, and the remainder by

George S. Salsbury. Rodney Kingsbury bought out Daniel Austin, who once resided across from the home of Stephen Salsbury.

George S. Salsbury bought out William and Jerry Austin, who were located in the north orchard of Stephen Salsbury, and George afterward built the stone house where Stephen Salsbury has his home. George S. Salsbury had a stationary threshing-machine, a remarkable fact. George also built the Matthew Caton house, where the jolly Englishman, John Gaylord, who once served in the gallant 99th regiment of the British army, now labors peacefully, hearing no more the roll of the drum or the musketry's rattle. These lands were cleared by George S. Salsbury, and the orchards breathe his name. When William Austin lived on this road he saw a bear-cub, and, thinking to capture it, jumped onto a log, when old Bruin took off a portion of his long shirt, which he wore as an outer garment.

Abel Hubbard mortared his stone building, where Edward Allen now lives, on the Allen road, some fifty-five years ago, and left the property to his sons, who lost it in the crooked snares of pettifoggers. Hubbard's land reached to the Murray line on the north.

Just south of the orchard on the Norton Webster place, on the Webster road, Deacon Lemuel Pratt, a member of the Presbyterian church at Holley, resided. Pratt had the first stationary threshing-machine in this section, and it was said that he would lay rail-fence Sunday night, after sunset—the old Puritan rule. Daniel Brackett took up this land in 1819. Lemuel Pratt had the reputation of being a very honest deacon, which is an exception in the rule.

Daniel Austin once held the land now governed by James Potter, and on the John Allen place, on the Allen road, was David French, who has flown into another country. North of Zebulon Packard's, on the Packard road, was

Brackett Austin, on the farm where William Beck grows jolly in the dust of years.

William Bennett possessed, in an early day, the lands of William C. Root, on the Hindsburgh road, and was one of the numerous Bennett family. The deserted log-house of B. F. Mowers, on the Hindsburgh road, was built by Daniel F. Austin, and this family was very numerous. On the Widow Baldwin place was Jeremiah Austin, but his light was snuffed out by the old snuffer away back. Joseph Ryant's lands extended to the Murray line, on the east side of the Hindsburgh road.

The new Swamp road, which extends into the swamp to the south, and joins the Ward road, had John Bentley on the west side, and on the east Jeremiah Ward put up his stick chimney. The house which George Gaylord lately occupied, at the edge of the swamp, was raised by Pantnaud, a Frenchman, and was for years under the ownership of Elijah Adams. Philip Inman bought out Jeremiah Ward in 1826, and in a few years purchased fifty acres more of Bentley. At this time there was only twelve acres cleared on the Ward place, and Inman paid Ward eleven dollars per acre for his purchase. Ward had put out fifty apple-trees on this land, prior to Inman's occupancy. Inman bought Bentley's land for fifteen dollars an acre, which serves to show the low price of real estate in that day. Bentley raised one of the barns, and Inman the other. In due time Inman bought out Birch, on the estate of Levi Brackett, who lived where now Eli Evarts has his home. Inman moved the Bentley house out onto the Barre road, and the same house may now be seen on the Millard road, across from the Benjamin Pettengill property. The Brackett land was mostly cleared, and, under Inman's cultivation, has raised as high as forty bushels of wheat to the acre.

When the Erie canal was completed the price of wheat

advanced, and Inman hauled his wheat to Holley, and never received less than four shillings per bushel. He sold oats as low as eighteen cents in trade, and paid two shillings a bushel for corn to feed, there being no market for this cereal before the canal. Barley was not raised, as there was then no market for beer-drinkers, whisky being good enough for the old-timers, and, having once raised wheat, the farmers keep up the habit. Inman drew wheat to Holley in 1827, the warehouse then on the east of the Frisbie block, on the banks of the old canal, and he was obliged to cross a plank and carry the bags of grain on his shoulders up a double flight of stairs before dumping. He has been known by his neighbors to carry a two-bushel bag of wheat on his back to the mills in Clarendon, and this may serve to explain why his body was doubled up as a jack-knife.

The old warehouse in Holley was built by Aarao Hamlin, the prince-merchant of that day. In 1839, when Jack Reed was unloading his wheat, the team backed off the gangway, falling fifteen feet, killing the horses and smashing the wagon.

Inman worked in the harvest-field when he was twenty-one years of age, for fifty cents a day, and Fred Salsbury has reaped with his sickle, from sun to sun, for seventy-five cents; and since that time harvesters have received as high as \$2.50 for the same labor, and with a cradle or reaper. The old Bentley house was moved for Inman by George Pullman, Sr., and his son, who is now worth his millions as the Pullman sleeper inventor, but who owed the idea to Ben Fields, of Albion, who died poor.

The first plates in the Salsbury home were turned out of wooden knots, and scoured daily by Fred's mother. When Fred was a youngster, he took the old cat and proceeded to roast her in the fire-place; but the mother, smelling the burning fur, came in and rescued puss, giving this

young barbarian the "Rapsay darbey." Guy Salsbury, from five bushels of seed-wheat, on ten acres of his land, raised 550 bushels of wheat, which John Angus cradled. Fred Salsbury has now in his possession a sickle nearly sixty years old. Blackberries have been known to blossom on the Salsbury lands in the month of March, in the good old times.

The carding in the Salsbury house was done by the mother, and latterly the wool was taken to Bushnell & Pennell's factory, which was once a distillery in Holley, where one could take a swig as if it were cider. The flax was raised for linen by the early settlers, and was first broken by a rude machine with slats, then with a swingling-knife, the fibers hatched, then the distaff, and lastly spun by the women.

Fred Salsbury, when he was sixteen, attended church at Mudville barefooted, shoes being too fine for warm days. His father "whipped the cat" from house to house, while Fred at times was kept busy whittling pegs out of soft-maple, and would season them at the fire-place. Many of these farmers made large quantities of maple sugar, which would be used in the place of brown, or muscovado, and when there was any sale the price would reach six cents a pound.

Of the old settlers that we have mentioned, Manning Packard was born in 1810, and C. Bannister Packard in 1813, and Philip Inman was born July 4, 1800. Ephraim and John Preston once lived on the lands now owned by Willie Stackhouse, and they sold to Caleb Hallock, and he traded to old Job Potter for lumber in Pennsylvania. He also built the old red school-house of the Hubbard district, for \$250.

Amanda Annis sewed for two shillings a day, making coats, pants and vests, when she was fourteen or fifteen years of age. The stone-house of Stephen Salsbury was

built in 1836, and Stephen has lived here since that date. He, with his father, George S., put out twenty-two acres of orcharding on the north and east, in 1862, and is now (1888) in fine bearing condition.

John Gaylord came onto his place in 1884. Levi Mower has held the A. W. Salsbury farm since 1876. Alva Blanchard, of the Root road, nine years previous. John L. Preston lived on his lands for thirty-five years; and the house was repaired in 1863, and John built the barns. Mrs. Anna Preston came onto this place in 1874. She has blue-and-white woolen blankets, woven by John's mother over fifty years ago, and has a wedding ring of Mrs. John Preston of sixty years. John Preston and Chester Preston cleared the Joseph Corbin place in Kendall, at the lake; and the barns are sixty years old, with the same shingles, all covered with moss.

The present occupants of the territory where the old settlers toiled from early morn till dusk, to clear away the timber, now reap the reward of such industry, and in their pleasant homes can laugh at the storms, and rejoice when Spring comes, bursting, budding, blossoming in with its sunny smiles and bubbling waters.

The road which looks to the south near the Christian church, we have honored with the name of Millard, from good old John, whose home is now in heaven. He came from Fabius, Onondaga county, in 1823, and for a time was in the home of Elizur Warren, on the Brockport road, and afterward, as we have shown, on the Harmon-Wadsworth property, and moved onto this road, which we shall now describe:

The Millard road leaves the Barre road at the Christian church, and passes to the south until it joins the Millikin road, of which we have written. The only road which joins it is the Ward road, that diverges at William House's, and leading to the westward swings around the Transit to

the south. On the Millard road not one of the old settlers is now living, and all the information we have gained has been from Manning Packard, with now and then a thought from the children of those pioneers.

In 1819 the first log-house south of the church was occupied by Amos Salmon, who lived to the east of the present highway, and his name appears upon the roll of 1821. Benjamin G. Pettengill, after leaving the Pettingill road, moved onto this road and built the house now occupied by the widow of Andrew Salsbury and her son Alvah, and this farm has a good outlook from any point of the compass, and is one of the best in the western portion of the town.

Beyond Salsbury's once lived, on the same side of the highway, the noted Jacob Omans, a bear-hunter and honest fisherman, who put assafœtida on his bait to lure the finny tribe. Omans set out apple-trees in 1823, one for each member of his family. He shot one of the largest bears in this region, which was so weighty that the end-board of the wagon was taken out to allow the carcass room to enter. His old musket is now at Hiram Ward's, on the Ward road, and has had two new stocks during its day.

On the old Benjamin Pettengill place, John Millard lived in 1827, and the present house was built by Drake, from Pine Hill, in 1851. This farm has ever been well cultivated, and has produced the largest of crops. Benjamin Pettengill now resides in Holley, with his son-in-law, Abram L. Salsbury, and the lands are worked by Barney Bailey, who has a fine family, and his children are well known at the Manning school-house. Pettengill's wife was a very estimable woman, and passed away when the author was a lad.

Across the way to the east, Luke Ward had a log habitation and now the finest of crops are raised where his

cabin stood. Samuel Wetherbee came onto his place in 1828, and had a log-house at first, until he raised the large frame-house in 1836, which was the labor of Amaziah Pettingill. Samuel Wetherbee dwelt here until his death, at the age of 79, a man who was esteemed by all the residents of Clarendon. His father, John Wetherbee, also passed away here, and his brother John moved to Michigan. This land is now held by David Wetherbee, the shoemaker, of the village, who had his home here when a boy.

To the south of Pettingill one Loomis resided, when the country was new. Old Dr. Cowing lived on this road, and was well known to all the boys and girls in town, by his long white beard, and strong staff. He was a botanical physician of the old school, and no one better knew the nature of the different roots and herbs that grew in the swamp, or in the fields of our town. But his boiling is now over, the last dose has been given, and he, too, has been gathered to his fathers, at the ripe age of 86. His old house Abram L. Salsbury owned at twenty, and as it now stands was built by Manning Packard.

Above Samuel Wetherbee a Methodist minister prayed, by the name of Lyman Humphrey. To the south and east a white house stands, which was erected at the expense of Samuel Knowles, who lived previously on the Byron road. He had a frame dwelling here, one and a half stories high, which gave way to the one now standing, which was mortised by John Angus, of the Mohawk Valley, in 1851.

Sam Knowles, and his wife Eunice, first began to keep house in the old log-house owned by Joseph Sturges, on the Byron road, where Adelbert Carr sows his grain. They had a whole set of pewter dishes, which would please the aristocrats of Fifth Avenue, at this day. The first carpet that Eunice had she wove with her own hands, and it was made from woolen rags; and she also wove woolen blankets to cover the sleepers. The first stove in this house was

from Le Roy, and had two griddles, with a fire-place in front; and this stove would burn chunks.

Sarah Ann, the wife of Levi Mower, when a girl, before carpets, would take the gray sand out of the fields, and after it was well crushed, made diamonds and squares in the best room, which, like mosaic work, must have presented a fine appearance. The south orchard on this place was set out by Samuel Knowles. He was the shoemaker of this road, and made shoes for the girls, out of boot-legs, the style low, and laced with leather strings. He afterward moved onto the Barre road and died, as we have stated. Sarah Ann and Lydia Knowles took a peck basket full of eggs from this home on the Millard road, when ten to fourteen years of age, walking the whole distance, and returning, which would make the girls of 1888 sick for a week. Sarah Ann and Hannah only received four to six shillings a week for house-work, and if they visited the sick the time was taken out of their wages; and when Hannah was ten years of age, some good woman would give her ten cents a week to mind the baby, and all these wages, up to seventeen, went into the father's pocket to pay for the farm.

James Myers, a colored man, once a slave in the sunny South, also lived on these lands. His wife was a genuine old mammy, of the jet-black variety, and her laugh would drive away the blues if one had them. Myers was one of the best citizens of Clarendon, and followed the first penny's advice, of "minding his own business." But these shadows upon the dial of society have departed, and for years the land was owned by George Lilikendie, who lost his life on a railroad-crossing, trying to save his cow, and now John Downs, the Mayor of Holley, has the title deeds.

Alvin Ogden once slept in a log-shanty, where now George Medell has a house of modern architecture. Across

the way from John Downs, lately stood an old frame-house with a porch in front, where Orson 'Tousley once figured in partial-payments, and Amos Palmer and Abram Frederick lived in the dusty past. Horace Farwell, the son of Eldredge Farwell, rode up from Holley one fine day, and purchased this property. The old residents would not know the spot, as Farwell moved to the rear the old dwelling, and in its place erected a fine residence, which is an ornament to the road, and only shows what Young America will do, when it has a chance.

To the east was a log-shanty in 1821, with a flat bass-wood roof, where John Russell managed to exist in the wilderness, and he came into town in 1819 from Massachusetts. Farther to the south, near the residence of William S. Housel, Ansel Knowles was the first settler, and afterwards David S. Reed held possession. Knowles was also a shoemaker, but his pegs have all drawn, and he is lasting and fitting among the angels. Now Housel can look for miles upon a country rich in resources, which was in Knowles's day only an unbroken forest.

John Bogart also lived here in 1860, and Housel bought from him in 1861, and built his house in 1864. Bogart had a son by the name of John, who lost a new whip at Brockport, and when he returned, his father gave him such a tongue-lashing, that the boy, about fifteen, went through the east orchard, and after giving away his jack-knife to his younger brother, and telling him not to follow him, jumped over the fence and shot a hole in his breast, and the whole neighborhood, after about three days, found his body, black and ghastly where he had fallen. The father placed above the spot a young maple, which is now about thirty feet high and one foot in diameter, a beauty growing out of blood. Housel set out the west and south-east orchards, nearly ten acres; also the shade-trees, and did the terracing, and to-day this is one of the finest places in all

Clarendon. Housel came into New York from New Jersey, fifty-six years ago, and from Tompkins county moved into the Town of Yates, in Orleans county. He was born in 1816, and is now rosy-cheeked, and has one of the best families in town.

Where Jeremiah Palmer had a frame-house, James Preston had his home long years in the past. In his shop he made looms and spinning-wheels for all that came, and, no doubt, many of these old traps are stowed away in some garret; and at a late auction one was bought by Ed. Murphy for ten cents. Preston's name will be found in the election records, and was so much of a politician that one of his neighbors, when asked how he would vote, replied: "I don't know, you will have to ask Preston; I vote as he does!"

Just to the north of the Brown school-house is Charles Wilson, who is very comfortably located, and is well known as the mover of buildings. He moved his first house for Amos Wetherbee, in 1859, and has continued to so labor up to date. He had not one penny in 1862, and has since that time built his house and barns, and made many other improvements, all showing his industry and push.

Old Jacob Omans was in the war of 1812, and stood seven drafts. He shot the last buck which was seen in this region, and the horns are now at Hiram Ward's, and Mrs. Hiram Ward has often seen deer crossing near the site of the Brown school-house. Amanda Annis saw a deer in 1840 on the Samuel Knowles place, which made the cattle jump, and the boys chased it down the road, bareheaded, towards the Christian church.

West of Ansel Knowles, at the present home of Hiram Ward, on the Ward road, in 1821, Asdel Nay, who loved to be called "Squire," thought over his neighbors' heavy grievances. Abner Bishop, the blacksmith, hammered out hoes on this road, which sold for one dollar at the "Mills."

The Ward house was sided by Bishop, and has an aged appearance, while the well has the same old sweep, the only one in town.

To the west, Ira Richmond at first had the Adam Richey place, and Adam built the house where Fred Putnam lives, in 1857, the very year he passed away. Putnam came here in 1859, and he put out the orchard and shade-trees, converting this into a handsome property. Charles Burgin, a German, has the last place to the Transit, and he is doing all in his power to improve the land.

The New Swamp road, which comes into the Ward from the Barre road, was marked out many years ago, but was suffered to lie unopened until 1885 and 1886, when John Crossett and Lewis A. Lambert, as highway commissioners, pushed this road through the swamp, but the passageway is little used, and the labor was hardly worth the cost,—over one thousand dollars.

There in one road which looks to the west from the Hindsburgh road, near the William C. Root place, where one can stop and chat with Tip Johnson, who lost his leg in the Grand Army, in the civil war. We shall call this the Johnson road, for Tip has made great improvements with his wooden-leg and U. S. pension, and he is truly entitled to much praise. Formerly, before the new road was cut through to the north of Tip, this was considered the short-cut to Albion, and even now many prefer its passage through the swamp.

On the Millard road Amos Salmon was known as a very large and lazy man, and his wife would go into the forest and chop with him, cutting off her end of the log first, and would chop down trees while he was snoring. What a Xantippe she would have been to poor Socrates! Asdel Nay, on the Ward road, held lawsuits in his house, and was so very tall that he could reach from his judicial bench and take any one disturber of litigation by his nether ex-

tremities, and hold him up to the gaze of the admiring multitude.

Jeremiah Wood lived west of Putnam's in 1821, to the south. There were in the woods a large number of wild-cats, and they would make mince-meat of the curs of the neighborhood. The butter, in these golden days, tasted very strongly of wood-leeks, and many families could only have it, bad as it was, in the summer.

When Jacob Omans came onto his place on the Millard place, in 1814, the country was an unbroken wilderness, and must have been a fine land for him to sport in, with his gun loaded with buck-shot, which he generally kept ready, to the amusement of his eleven children, and Maryland wife. His old nag has laid her bones to rest where the crows once had a feast; and the little one-horse wagon no longer stops in front of the old stone store in Clarendon, to let out this gray-haired veteran. The water still murmurs down the Sandy, as it did in his day, but the shadow of his form no longer troubles the scaly brood.

One by one the old stagers are dropping down behind life's curtain, and ere long their footsteps will be heard no more in the theater of nature, each one saying "Good-by" as he takes his exit.

CHAPTER X.

HULBERTON ROAD.

THIS road, which has Hulberton, or Scio, as it was formerly called, to the north, passes out of the village of Clarendon by a beautiful grove of maple and beech, well known to the campers as Copeland's Grove. These woods are a great protection to the inhabitants from the rude blasts which howl in the winter from the northwest, and the whole territory was at one time in the Sturges estate. The Hulberton road has the Allen road, by Anson Salsbury, to the north and west, and the Sawyer road to the east, which is joined by the Hood road leading into the Holley road to the east of Jeremiah Harwick's.

In 1821 Seth Knowles had taxed against him ten days of highway labor, and he made his home in the large frame house to the north of Copeland's Grove. Matt Smith has lately erected a fine residence under the shadow of the lofty maples, where he can smile at the winds which blow from the southwest, while across the way Carman and his aged dame pass away the hours alone in their glory. Seth Knowles must have come on to this road at a very early date, but no one is left to give us the advent, and we must leave this for the unknown. He was the father of Remick Knowles, who died the dark morning of 1855, when many thought that the end of time had come, and the whole creation of Clarendon looked in astonishment. Seth Knowles, Jr., was one of the masons on the Universalist church at Clarendon, the stone school-house, the Farwell Mills, and worked at his trade in the City of Rochester.

The Knowles house is 'now owned by Guy Bowen, and is one of the oldest farm dwellings in town. The old orchards date away back in the past, and have the appearance of being as old as any on this road, and would whisper the name of Knowles if they could only speak.

Over the way Horace Peck came, in 1816, to Leonard Foster's rude home, who settled here about 1814, and cleared up the territory. Leonard Foster was a cooper by trade, and made all the neighbors demanded, down to a water-pail. Henry Cady remembers of getting at his shop, when a boy, an apple-sauce barrel for his father, Isaac Cady, which was large at the bottom and small at the top; which demonstrates that his people had no other sauce in those days, or were great lovers of the apple, which they used in the place of leek butter to spread on their bread. Leonard Foster took up 100 acres here, and along with him came William Nay, who also took the same quantity of soil, and was the first lime-burner in the kiln, whose remains may be seen across from John Riddler's to the east, and the little house was his home back in the lot; and where now Charles, the son of Thomas Turner, resides, Erastus Cone formerly abode, and his name is in the town book of 1821.

When Thomas Turner came to this country he took the stage from Peterboro, New Hampshire, to Troy, and then on a line-boat on the Erie Canal to Holley, with Jacob Hines as captain, in 1833, and the whole fare on the canal for himself and wife, George and Charles, was \$5.76, having good board and excellent accommodations. Turner first stopped at Alexander Millikin's, on the old homestead, and his boy George now owns this place.

Afterward Turner bought out Deacon Lemuel Pratt, on the Webster road, and in time the lands of William Nay, on this road. He built the house where Charles now lives in 1855, and James Winn was the carpenter. The orchards

on this place bear the marks of many years, and Nay and Cone were undoubtedly the planters.

The home of Anson Salsbury to the north was at first the home of John Cone, who took up a whole lot here, and he set out the orchard. Abram W. Salsbury can remember when he came here as a small lad to get apples, and would take them home in his handkerchief, it being one of the first bearing orchards that he knew. Cone's lands joined the Salsbury on the west, and he was the first owner in town of a large quantity of bees, which made him well known. Once upon a time he had a bee-hive stolen, and meeting a certain neighbor he jumped into his cart and said: "I had a bee-hive stolen last night. God knows who, I know who, and another man knows who took it." The next night there was a tap at the door, and this same individual with whom he rode came to settle for the hive.

In 1821 John Cone was the largest land-holder in this district. The house in which Anson Salsbury lives on this place was built by Alvah Ogden, who moved to Holley and kept a hotel, and when he joined the church he took his whisky out on the public square to burn, but too much of water in the fluid put out the fire, which should have taught subsequent landlords at this place honesty.

On the Bowdoin McCrillis property Nathaniel Smith had residence, and in 1821 his log-house had a stone chimney, the only one in town, the others of sticks and earth. Smith was a fine officer in the militia training days. Bowdoin McCrillis came on to his place in 1833, and his sons, George and Adelbert, put out the fine maples on the highway to the east in 1848. In 1833 the timber on the east portion of the McCrillis farm was very large, and the basswoods grew to a great height. The house was built in 1850, by James Winn, and the owner is now John Downs, of Holley. In 1849 George McCrillis sailed out of New Bedford on a whaler, the old Leonidas, Captain Gifford. He left the

vessel at Port Louis, in Mauritius, and swam ashore with his dunnage strapped to his back, and was taken in the night below the bell-buoy by the current some three miles. He managed to secrete himself, although the natives were hunting him down as one would a slave, under promise of a large reward. He afterward shipped on board the sloop of war Plymouth, homeward bound, under Commodore Voorhies and Captain Gedney. She mounted 24 guns, and carried 310 men. He next cruised on the old Jamestown, on the coast of South America, for 34 months, between Bahia and Rio Janeiro. The Jamestown had a race with the English mail clipper, the Brilliant, when the Jamestown took the wind out of her sails, and left the Brilliant with her sails flapping to the leeward. George ran away at Honolulu, but was captured, and once more trod the deck as a sailor.

Bowdoin McCrillis, in his day, was one of the prominent Democrats of Clarendon, but he has gone now where elections have but little influence on the mind, as the government is under the control of one Master only. His wife, who passed away a short time ago, was one of the good women of the town, beloved by all who knew her. Michael McCrillis was a very intelligent man, and his son John, of Holley, had no equal among the people of that vicinity for depth of brain and sterling good sense.

A short distance from the McCrillis barns once lived Leonard Howard, who had a blacksmith-shop here. When he was two seas over with liquor, his muscle would rise, and he would exclaim, as he reached out for some victim: "I feel like tow all on fire," and on such occasions he would give his friends sledge-hammer blows which he would call "love-taps." Howard was very powerful, and ready for a fight when he once became red hot. But old Death hit him hard in the breast, and in the last round left him lifeless in a dusty corner.

On the northwest corner of this road Rusco pounded the anvil, but the neighbors, hating his wife, pulled down the shanty one night over their heads, and Rusco left for parts unknown. Across the way Broden resided for a time, and who said "that he would go to the saw-mill raising in Holley if he slept in hell that night." He went and lost his life, but just where he slept that night we have no means of saying. Beyond Broden's, back in the lot on the east side, Isaac Cady took up and cleared 45 acres. He was overseer of this district in 1821. In the old cabin Henry Cady was born, in 1822, and he can recollect of the wolves howling around when there was only a blanket for a door, and his father away in Caledonia. Melvin Freer now owns the Cady home of those days.

On the west side of the road, where the widow Smith resides, Tryon and Bond had homes. The Smith house was moved by Henry Cady from the premises of Thomas Turner to its present location. When the aqueduct for the new canal at Holley was built, stonecutters carved out material on this Smith portion of the Cady possessions.

On the Sawyer road, which leads to the east, Alvah Ogden built the frame house which Henry Cady now calls his home. Beyond is the solid mansion which Alexander Milliken erected, and now in the hands of George Turner. Rogers lived here at a very early day, but whether he had anything to do with the old song which says, "Roger will be there," deponent knoweth not. One of his sons was killed while robbing a bird's-nest. Henry Cady's orchard was set out by Ezriah Miller, and the McCrillis orchard was the work of John Ogden, and their labors do follow them.

George Turner had his old barn destroyed by fire, but has raised a new barn of the present improved style, which is really an increased value to the old Milliken farm, and proves that fires are sometimes a decided benefit.

John L. McCrillis has his home on the south side of the Sawyer road, and Dor Peck, the son of George Peck, on the north. Henry Cady saw for the first time a bull plow on the McCrillis land, when John Ogden was proprietor, and this was probably the work of Ansel Knowles, on the Millard road. Adelbert McCrillis, brother to George and John, was one of the brightest scholars in Clarendon, but Death's untimely blast carried him away from this earthly school to another still higher, and John McCrillis lost his beautiful girl, Hattie, who has gone to meet Adelbert, while Nancy Jane Ogden, with her smiling morning face, is now beyond the road she once graced with her charms.

The Allen road, which passes west to the north of Anson Salsbury, was pushed through the woods by the energy of George S. and Guy Salsbury, to reach Holley. The traveler can pass by this road west across the Salsbury, Packard and Hindsburgh roads, entering the Webster and Johnson roads, on his way toward Albion, over a swampy territory mostly, save where it has been drained by energetic farmers. John Hunt was the early wall-layer on these roads, and received as high as one dollar a rod, which price for some reason was better than the present wages.

North of Henry Cady's house was a heavy black ash swamp, where the wild geese loved to "conk;" but now they fly very high, and never rest their weary wings in the borders of Clarendon. The fire swept through this timber, and when Henry Cady began to plow, he would sink to the knees in water, and his drag would be out of sight. He ditched this swail, and harvested about 30 bushels of wheat and chaff, which may explain the apperance of chess in this part of the town. The first time that Henry Cady went to Holley, the Sawyer road passed over the hill east of where it is now located. Holley at one time had a great barn meeting, and Cady remembers of sitting on the scaffold with his feet hanging down, listening to the service. All

of the old familiar faces which Henry Cady once met in his trips to and from Holley have gone away, and this fact must at times make him sad and lonely, as he jogs slowly over the road in this section. Isaac Cady, the father of Henry, died in 1873, aged 80 years, and Betsey, his mother, when Tilden was elected, 1876, also 80 years, which clearly proves that the black-ash swamp did not shorten their lives.

Levi Broughton lived west of Henry Cady's, on the north side of the Sawyer road. Alexander Milliken came on to the Jacob Sawyer place, on this road, in June, 1827, and lived there until 1853. The house was carpentered by James Winn about 1838. Robert Milliken, the son of Alexander Milliken, is now one of the head grocers in Holley. We shall mention a few places in Murray, on account of their associations. Elder Robinson Smith located on lands now owned by Dennis Shaw, and he was a Revolutionary soldier, and one of Washington's body-guard. Isaac Smith took up the Levi Smith place on the Hulberton road in 1816, and Nathaniel Smith one lot of the Major Smith property the same year on this road. William Daggett took up the Frank Smith place, and Frank Smith built his fine house on the hill in 1880, and paints it every three years. Orange Smith built his house in 1860, barns 1863, and planted his orchard in 1861, and has made all the improvements. Henry P. Bennett, who married Esther, the daughter of Samuel and Eunice Knowles, has been on his place on the Hulberton road since 1881.

Levi Smith raised his house in 1864, and Ira Cole was the contractor, and Smith has been on this road 70 years, and is still a young man in appearance and labor. Major Smith erected his house in 1851, and has been on this spot since 1820. He set out his west orchard from Wight's nursery in Rochester, and in 1887 had 137 barrels of very choice apples from two rows of trees.

The Smith school-house was called the Cantine formerly, from Judge Cantine, who had his residence on the lands lately held by Samuel Salsbury. This is one of the finest locations in this portion of the country, and the view from the house, which has been lately greatly improved, is admirable. Judge Cantine built the house and barns in 1823, and the buildings are yet in good condition. Cantine set out the old Levi Smith orchard, and Samuel Salsbury planted the fine shade-trees, save two hickories. Dan Salsbury, with his very happy and intelligent family, has been on the Cantine place since 1867, and Garritt Salsbury, with his musical household, has occupied lands to the east from 1872, and these two brothers, as farmers, cannot be excelled.

The old Aretas Pierce house, on the Hulberton road, was erected in 1827, and the Colonel came there in 1815. Aretas, Jr., and Daniel cleared the lands, and put out the orchards. David Sturges gave Aretas Pierce, Jr., his first apple-trees, and they were planted by the old log-house on the 100 acres. Daniel Pierce raised Joseph Pierce's house in 1828, and Joseph has lived here since 1862, and Horace Pierce was born in this house.

David Webster shingled his house in 1850, and put in his orchard to the soil in 1863. William Russell, with his happy family, has occupied his home from 1872. Frank Smith set out his east orchard, on the Hulberton road, which promises to be one of the best.

Mark McCrillis, son of John McCrillis, of Murray, on the Cantine road, has one of the richest farms in this whole region, and, like his father, he is not only a first-class farmer, but also a chief citizen of Murray as to brains and native energy. The traveler may be proud in passing the Salsbury and McCrillis farms, and glory in the fact that they represent Western New York in her beauty and fertility.

On the Barre road, to the west, Oman Evarts, the son of

Dennis Evarts, has an elegant residence, and his new barns and evergreen hedge are remarked by all who pass by. Farther on, John Waterman and James, his son, have two very fine farms, and all their buildings, the barns especially, are of the latest and most approved style, uniting in them much room with all the modern conveniences. John Waterman formerly made his visits to the old stone-store in Clarendon, and, as one of the hardest workers in the country, chewed his pound of fine-cut tobacco every week, which he continues, when over seventy, as tough as a knot, and may be seen almost daily passing between Albion and his old farm. His house was planned by Daniel F. St. John, of Clarendon, and James Waterman will soon push into the air a mansion that will make the old house sigh in envy.

Over on the Andros road Royal Taylor has set out some fifteen acres of Niagara grapes, and, along with Daniel Barker, he is bound to know what Clarendon soil can do in this culture. On the new Swamp road, Daniel Albert has roofed a new residence, which is a decided improvement in this locality. On all the roads there is a steady march of progress, not only in farming, but also in all the changes which are taking place, and when one new barn or house is put up, this awakens some other to his needs, and the improvement-like fashion soon spreads. The Hood road was first surveyed in 1821 by Chauncey Robinson, and established by Cyrus Hood and David Church; the Milliken road the same year, and the Bennett's Corners road; also the Root road and the Andros road; in 1822, the Crossett road, Allen road and the Bird road; in 1823, Salsbury road, Pettengill road, Johnson road and Taylor road; in 1824, the Bartlett road and Williams road; in 1825, the Stevens road, portions of the Bennett Corners and Williams roads, and also a new establishment of the Stevens road. In 1827, the Fourth Section or Brockport

road was re-established; also a new survey of the Sawyer road, Bennett's Corners road, Cowles road and Matson road; in 1831, a re-survey of the Warren road, Hindsburgh road and the road on the transit west of the Ward road. All of these surveys were made by Chauncey Robinson, under the commissioners of the different years.

In the old town book the surveys were made mostly by Zenas Case, assisted by the commissioners of the then town of Sweden, and from 1815-19 include the Byron road, Brockport road, Crossett road, Bennett's Corners road, Milliken road, Andros road, Root road, Ward road and Hood road, with the different surveys in the village. In only one or two instances have any definite names been given to these surveys, outside of the number of the lots and the routes taken by the surveyors, and it would be wisdom in commissioners to give a name to each town road when first laid out that would make it familiar to all persons as the streets of a city, and make a town map as correct as one in a mayor's office. All of these roads which we have given could be made attractive and beautiful by visiting the maple-groves, which everywhere abound, and transplanting trees that would add a charm to the landscape from every point of the compass. If the school-teachers would implant this love of the beautiful and useful into the minds of the scholars, they would very soon bring their parents to understand that roads have some other purpose than merely passage. This, with stone-crushing and salaried highway commissioners, would soon make Clarendon the envy of the state.

CHAPTER XI.

STORIES.—MRS. CURTIS COOK'S STORY.

I WAS born in 1804, in Oneida county, Town of Verona, and came into Byron at nine years of age, 1813. There were no roads, only as we cut through the woods; a path led by the Rock school-house. No houses in sight at this time, only the bodies of trees. Father put up a log-cabin, one room below, with slab roof and basswood log floor, adzed off and so laid. We had no chimney for a time, afterward a stick one, but we took solid comfort. The window-sash Father Richard Brown split out, and we had greased paper instead of glass. The children had earthen trenchers for eating, the older ones blue-stone china. Our chairs were splint-bottom; mother had a rocking-chair with a head-rest, the bottom fell out, and father put in strips of elm. Our house was 20 by 22 feet, with one room. Father and mother slept in one corner and the children in the other. My parents brought their bedstead with them, and after we had slept on the floor for a time we then had post-beds, bored into the logs. The logs on the inside were chinked with moss to keep out the cold. We brought with us one square table, with a drawer for the meat-plate, which was large. Ordinarily we ate without any table-cloth, and kept one only for company, and our linen was all homespun. The washing was done in an iron kettle, and we had a battle and battle-board, with a wash-tub, and used lye and soap, weak.

Our house had no boiler until the stove came. At first our andirons were of stone, and we baked bread in a bake-

kettle on the ashes and coals, and I have baked pies in the same in tins, and also bread. Our axes came from Sibley's, at Rochester, and the boys, when only seven years of age, had theirs, to cut underbrush. The second log-house was put up in 1818, on the west side of the farm; a double one, with two rooms below, a pantry and bedroom. Our mother died in the old house, and father married Abigail Gibson in 1817. Up-stairs, our house had one main room, which was partitioned off. The floor below was of maple, narrow boards, and kept very white by washing; there was a ladder to go aloft for the children.

There was no road at first to Farwell's Mills, only a path for some time. Our house had no door for a while, but had a blanket hanging down, with a log rolled against it to keep the wolves from entering. They came around one night, and howled fearfully, and father got up and stirred up the fire to drive them away. The next day we saw their tracks near the house. Wolves would be caught in pits with spring-boards. When I was little, I spun on a quill-wheel, and had my stent to knit when I was only seven years of age. We spun our own thread, as there was none there, and afterwards it was bought on little cotton balls. We would peel blue beech to make a scrub-broom, and use gourds for dippers. Our ware was mostly Japan, with iron candlesticks, such as they scrape hogs with nowadays; mother had one or two brass candlesticks. I have known calico to be as high as \$1.00 per yard, and I have one such piece in a bed-quilt now. We had no wells, only living springs where to get water. Flat-irons were very large then, and we had a black earthen tea-pot; tea was very high, and cost from \$2.00 to 18 shillings per pound. Father would take maple sugar on his back to Batavia, and trade it for tea for mother. The coffee was made out of crusts scorched, and we had only a little in the spring of the year with sap coffee. The sugar from the store

was loaf, in purple papers, which we had to chip off with an axe or knife. We made our soap soft, and then would put in salt to harden it. Batavia was our market, and at this time Hewitt kept a store between Spring and Black creeks. We made our own candles. We went to Billy Brown's to meetings, and old Mr. Miller and Mr. Spalding were Methodist ministers. We would go three or four miles to meeting, and take blocks of wood with boards across for seats. The minister would stand back of a chair, read and sing twice at first, before hymn-books were used; sometimes two sermons, in the forenoon and afternoon. We would go home; read the Bible, or listen, and the children were not allowed to pick up beechnuts on Sunday.

Our place was south of the Rock school-house, and a burying-ground was once on father's land. I came on to my present home in 1835. Sanford had the place before we did; Mr. Cook bought eighteen acres, and there was a poor log-house, and we rigged up a corn-barn and lived in the same. In 1824, I saw a stove in Batavia, when I worked there, and I cooked over it for three months. It had a place on which to broil steak, venison and chicken. The first stove I had was only one griddle, and was only for boiling, with no legs, but bricks.

I wove cloth, and hired the same done for two dollars for the winter. Curtains at first were of paper, and we had a one-horse buggy with wooden springs. We had quilting and picking bees, of wool, to send to the carding-mill. We would spin during the day and dance at night. Father made our own shoes, and the children whittled the pegs out of maple. We had butter which tasted of leeks in the woods, and we used sives to take away this sensation while eating. Our whisky would be got at Sturges', in wooden bottles. Samuel Taggart was our doctor. Mr. Cook has sold corn for one shilling a bushel. I never heard

of catarrh there when I was a girl. There were plenty of blue jays, but no golden robins. The meetings had no collections that I can remember. We had no rats until grain came, but a great many bats; also flying squirrels. I do not remember crows, but there were some hawks. Wild geese flew over, and quail and partridge plenty.

MARY ANN COOK'S STORY.

I was born in Windsor, Hartford county, Connecticut, May 18, 1800, and came to Pompey, in New York, in 1818, and to Clarendon in 1830. I made my first rag carpet in 1820, and have paid four shillings per yard for calico. Our first dishes were of blue stone ware and stone china, and have some yet. We had English knives and forks. Our table was made in Cazenovia, and our chairs were from Syracuse, splint bottom. The table-cloth was of linen, which mother made, and she was a great weaver, and she spun worsted nicely for those days. I had one pair of silk stockings and a looking-glass that cost eight dollars. My father's silver teaspoons were very small.

The first wall-paper I saw in 1812, at my cousins, in Connecticut. It was of small figure, and cost four shillings a roll. Mother had worsted window-curtains, plain, with tassels, and they rolled up. We used flints and punk for striking a light, and we went to bed at nine o'clock and arose at five in the summer, and in the winter 6.30 A. M. In this state we took the *Rochester Gem* for our newspaper. Mr. Cook's pocket-book was about six inches long and four inches deep, made of calf-skin, with a leather band. I was eighty-two when I pieced my last bed-quilt. In this town we would at first get our lime in Holley, which was poor stuff. We had some buckwheat at first, but it was higher than ordinary wheat. We wore sun-bonnets every day, and a Sunday one that cost six dollars, very large before the face.

We would go visiting in double wagons, and we had large chests to hold our clothes. Chester Mills made me my first bureau and bedstead, to pay for my making him a coat. When I was young tomatoes were called love-apples, and I ate them after I was married. I generally had one barrel of sweet cider each year for pies and for sauce. We made our own currant jelly, also our own currant and elderberry wine; there were not many wild berries. My mother made stuff for grain-bags. Our shoes were of calf-skin, laced and very solid for every-day wear, and I had about two pair each year, which generally cost twelve shillings to two dollars. We often rode on horses two at a time, and went to church twelve or fourteen in a lumber wagon, or sleighs in chairs.

The first church in old Lemuel Cook's barn was held by Elder Rawson, a blue Presbyterian, who believed that babies paved hell if their parents were unregenerate. At William Glidden's, church was held in his log barn, with board seats, while the minister had a chair, and he kneeled on the barn floor. One man would play the base viol, and sometimes we would take our dinner to the services. I have kept fruit-cake three months at a time, and we had plenty of pudding and milk, also rice and milk. There was no eating before going to bed, and no dyspepsia. We ate a good deal of cod-fish and shad in the place of pork. Coffins were mostly made at the "Mills," and the schools would close during the funerals. Doctors would travel on horses or afoot, with saddle-bags, giving calomel and jalap without water. They bled a good deal, and gave pennyroyal tea in fevers. I used to run and give my cousin water on the sly from a little brook when she was sick. Dr. Churchill was one of our doctors, who lived two miles this side of Churchville. [This probably gave the name.] We would dry clothes on wall hooks in the house. Butter from six cents to a shilling per pound, eggs as low as eight

cents per dozen. There was no market for maple-sugar then. The babies were rocked in cradles made out of boards, cut off and then nailed together. Children went barefoot when warm enough. Babies, in the winter, had flannel, in the summer very cool, and were out of doors most of the time in good weather. I have had nineteen coats at one time to make, besides millinery, and did not stop work until I was taken down sick at eighty-two years of age.

WILLIAM GLIDDEN'S CANAL STORY.

Jeremiah Cogswell, of Brockport, was my captain on the "New Hampshire," of Brockport, in 1825, and I was a driver. The boat was about eighty feet in length and seventeen in width, and the horses were carried in the stern, with a temporary stable hung on. This boat would carry about seven hundred barrels of flour and drew three feet of water.

I made three round trips from Buffalo to Albany and Brockport. We would be about eighteen to twenty days in the full trip. I received eight dollars a month as driver. In 1829 I was on a line-boat, Cogswell the owner, Joshua Bailey the first captain and Church the second. He was from Jefferson county. We had two horses on the line-boat at each station, from twelve to twenty miles apart. We had a stern cabin and also a bow cabin on this boat. At one time we carried three hundred Dutch in the center of the boat. In 1829, Brockport was about the size of Clarendon, with one grocery and several stores. The grocery was kept by one Webster. Utica about the same size as Rochester, and Syracuse as large as Holley at present, and Schenectady also; I saw the first cars at Schenectady.

Utica we called the best town on the canal. We had good living on the boat, and the board in the cabin was

about thirty cents a meal. On the line-boat I was bowsman, at eighteen dollars a month, and I waited on the passengers and got milk at the stations. We had a black man for cook, who was not allowed in the bow cabin. The stern cabin was for officers of the boat. We had room for forty in the bow cabin, with-berths on both sides, the men and women separate. I ran on the line-boat from Albany to Buffalo. We charged the three hundred Dutch \$300.00 for their passage, and were eight days on the trip. The steersman would get eighteen to twenty dollars per month. I was off and on the line-boat thirteen years. I bought a boat in the forties and made three round trips, and cleared \$1,100.00 in one trip. I was away from home two months, and saved \$1,400.00.

MRS. WILLIAM GLIDDEN'S STORY.

I was born in 1812, and when three years old moved into Camillus, Onondaga county, and came into Clarendon at fifteen, in 1827. My father was William Cox, who lived across from Willet Jackson's. Nicholas E. Darrow, in the Cowles district, was one of my teachers, and Calvin Baker, in Onondaga county. My sister, Fanny Cox, who married Ira Simpson, uncle to Nathan Simpson, at the Two Bridges, would go from house to house during the sickly seasons. Mrs. James A. Smith was a very fine woman, and Deacon Chase, of Parma, came to our house, and, after getting her fifteen hundred dollars which we had paid her, he locked her up in a room and passed the food through a window to her. He came here to our house at her death and did not want to pay three dollars for digging the grave and having ten men to dinner.

Mrs. Joseph L. Cook, *nee* Foote, of Clarkson, was a splendid woman, as was also Mrs. Noah Sweet. We had as our doctors Dr. Elliott, of Beech Ridge, and Dr. Ralph Gillett, from Sweden Center. Our family in Onondaga all

had the smallpox, and came through all right. The neighbors would pass the food through the fence, and not come into the house or yard. There was no patent medicine when I was a girl, and peddlers first brought us pills.

HORATIO REED'S STORY.*

I was born in 1798, in Connecticut, and am the last male member of the Sweden Baptist church. I have raised wheat at 67 cents per bushel, and have known it to be as low as three shillings. We cut at first with sickles. I would walk to Farwell's Mills, on election board, and then to Albion, to make our reports. The first voting I remember was at Dan Polly's, then at Col. Shubael Lewis', then in the frame school-house at the Mills, holding three days. John Millard and myself were the first clerks on the board. I would go to all these polling-places one day after the other, and receive from eight shillings to ten shillings a day. As supervisor I got \$2.00 a day, and was allowed \$1.00 for traveling expenses. Our ballots at first were printed in Albion, by Strong. We had five places where the polls were held. Lebaron kept the first store at North Bergen. As to my being an assemblyman, Sturges and Fox spoke to me; but Chauncey Robinson said: "If they want the clerk, *you* are the man; if they want the assemblyman, *I* am the man." (Reed got the assembly.) "That closed me up," said Reed. Col. Hubbard Rice said I must go to Albion. My printing bill as assembly nominee cost me \$25.00. Before I was in the assembly there was no praying at the opening. Henry W. Taylor, of Canandaigua, moved that the different clergymen open the session with prayer. Welch, of the Baptist church of Albany, made the first prayer. Horatio Hutchinson upbraided the assembly three years before for not worshipping God.

*Horatio Reed died October, 1888, aged 90 years.

I have caught over 300 pickerel out of Black Creek, in Byron. These fish were first put in by Robert Green, of Byron. I was well acquainted with William H. Seward. Russell Eastman, the second teacher in the Commercial College at Poughkeepsie, was one of my scholars at Paris, Oneida County. I taught at Pumpkin Hill two winters, and had on an average 78 scholars, in the old school-house, where I was the first teacher. I was also captain in the militia. Two of my pupils, Truman P. Handy, now a banker in Cleveland, and Parker Handy, in the Gold Room, New York, were in my school also at Paris. I taught four winters in Bergen, and once at West Sweden. I was superintendent five winters of the Bergen schools. I had stoves at all my schools. The first Sunday-school I held at the Reed school-house in Bergen, and had one also at Pumpkin Hill. Deacon Anderson and I belonged to the first temperance society. John Millard said he was "a cold-water man," which was the first temperance speech at Farwell's Mills, in the old frame school-house. I put out the old orchard on my place in Clarendon, and have done all the grafting once on my own trees. I had a plum nursery for five years, and would pick 30 bushels in a year. I helped to clear the road in Clarendon from tamarack poles, and drew in gravel from Hammonds. The first two winters at Pumpkin Hill—hardly any snow, but good crops. I came into Clarendon in 1825, and I heard the cannons when the canal was opened. I built my house in 1828. My brother and I owned 240 acres of land. The first year we had only 15 acres of wheat clear; the rest of the farm was heavy timber. I would generally have my wheat cut by the 4th of July. When I was supervisor, I would drive to Holley and take the packet to Albion. Sanford E. Church, was our county clerk—a very good one. On equalization, Chubb, of Gaines, and I did the figuring. Tyler of Yates, kept it down. We got the scale right.

ASA GLIDDEN'S STORY.

I came into Clarendon in 1816, when I was eight years of age, with my brother William. Barber Niles gave the name of Calico Hill to the spot above William Glidden, on account of a large family of girls there who dressed in this material. The south part of my orchard came from Brown's nursery, in Sweden, and was natural fruit. James Bodwell lived on the corner, where now Perry Glidden lives, and James Bodwell, Jr., across the way, in 1817, and they went to Canada. Stilson Hackett had his home where Lusk is, on the Charles Lusk place, but he also moved to Canada. Joseph Cook, the father of Ely H. Cook, built the Lusk house, as it now stands, about 1832, and Ely was born here. In our school-house Elder Hannibal was the Free-Will Baptist preacher, and held quarterly meetings here, and there were weekly prayer-meetings. The boys put pins under one preacher, and he never again preached at the Cowles school-house.

William Glidden built the Perry Glidden house. Father Asa Glidden drove a span of horses, and drove one team here. A good many of the winters were warm—not snow enough to go to Farwell's Mills before clearing. There was plenty of water then, and a spring near the corners—now all dried up. I have raised 50 bushels of wheat to the acre. Our knoll was formerly a runway for deer, and my brother and I caught a deer in the woods. There were some black bears to be seen, and chipmunks and black squirrels were plenty. I killed eleven black ones one morning on the fence with a club. We had no gray squirrels then. I had a wooden plow at first with iron share, and this would slip up by a bolt.

Granger, in Sweden, was a wagon- and plow-maker. I would take the plowshare to Benjamin Sheldon, a black-

smith on the 4th Section, and he would sharpen it. Father brought his lumber wagon from Canada. Alexander Miller made my first buggy. Gardiner, across from Samuel Hawley's, built my barns. Winslow Sheldon and Robert Rodgers were my carpenters. James A. Winn built a portion of my house. There were three fire-places in the old part, with a brick oven. Prindle did the mason-work on the old house, and Lines Lee on the new. Robinson, a cooper, lived on the Samuel Skinner property. He made pails for me over fifty years ago. On the Lusk place there were wild duck, and there was also a bear pond on this farm. The ministers used to baptize on the Cowles place, on the east side of the road—all gone now. There was plenty of black-ash timber, and the creek used to run the year round. Pettengill True and Levi Mowers drilled our wells 30 years ago. Cutter and Lorenzo Sheldon laid walls under barns, and along the roads. The first clover my father bought from Asa Hill on the 4th Section road, who lived in a stone house where Spencer Barlow now eats his meals. This was about 1818. Timothy grass seemed to come in of its own accord. I mowed some near the present Mills' place, and pounded it out. Isaac Hall lived in the swamp in a shanty, and would take his wife inside on his back out of the wet, and 12 years ago built his fine house. Quarterly meetings were held also in William Glidden's barn, on the Perry Glidden place. Dr. Avery and Dr. Elliott were our first family physicians. Dr. Avery was from Sweden, and Dr. Elliott was from Beach Ridge, on the lake road. And one person used to say, "If you want to see Dr. Elliott's skill, look on Beach Ridge Hill." This was the old burying-ground site, and one can see the joke. These doctors would generally charge one dollar a visit.

WILLIAM GLIDDEN'S STORY.

I was born in 1810, in the town of Stansted, in Lower Canada. I came into Clarendon when I was six years of age—1816. The frost killed our wheat, and we made bread out of potatoes. Father and uncle came to where Perry Glidden now lives, and began to chop, fixing to build a shanty. When we came through Rochester there were one or two stores, one grist-mill, one saw-mill, and one or two taverns. We went to our shanty, near where Samuel Skinner lived. The roof was of elm bark, and the windows were greased paper. Father bought a bushel of corn in 1817 for \$3.00, out of which mother gave us Johnny-cake three times a day. After this was gone, mother said one night to father, "Asa, what shall I have for breakfast?" Father cried, and could say nothing. Father went over to Babcock's, and he gave him the privilege of cutting early rye, and we had boiled rye pudding and milk. Father took one bag to Farwell's to grind, and mother woke us up when he came back, and gave us each a piece of shortcake. Then this was pieced out to us, and we ate roasted corn. We had two hogs, and someone stole one of them. Jeremiah Glidden came to our house on Christmas day with steers to draw them, and we had benches to sit on. Glidden said: "All must sing, and others tell stories." This was Christmas Day, 1817. The spare-rib was put on a large pewter platter, and I was barefoot, and had no shoes. In the spring I would boil sap barefooted. We cut down trees for bedsteads, and used elm bark for cords. I cut wood when I was eight years of age. I never went hungry after the first year. We only staid near the Skinner place from March until October, 1816, and then went into our new log-house where now Asa Glidden lives. This had two rooms below, and we would drive in steers to the fire-place with back log. We had no chimney the first winter;

after this a stick one. The barn had four posts, with thatched roof made of straw. The second year we had red chaff wheat, then Hutchinson white, with white chaff and bearded; then Indiana wheat. I have dragged wheat until the snow drove us off. The first Canada thistles came from Simeon Glidden unloading his goods on his place. I have carried a basket of eggs to Clarkson Corners for ten cents. I picked up barley from Seabury's, in Sweden, on what is now known as the Justin Cook farm, and had all I could pick, and this was four-rowed. We made home-brewed beer out of roots, hemlock and spruce. The first well we blasted to the rock at Asa Glidden's. Our first stove we bought of Robie & Gould, at Brockport, for \$35.00. Our second stove was an elevated oven. I went to school in Sweden to Joe Staples, Humphrey Palmer, John Church; at Bennett's Corners, George Salsbury, Daniel Vining, Seba Bodwell and Burroughs Holmes. A man traveled on horse with saddle-bags, and had Rochester newspapers, on the 4th Section, or Brockport road, in 1825. There was a graveyard 25 rods north of George Cowles's, and I helped to take up some of the bodies, and moved them to the present Glidden burying-ground. Our deed was from the Poultney company. We had no boxes then for coffins, and cut poles to use as a bier, and would leave them in the yard. The dead had shrouds to wear. We sat up with the dead, and cats would come in at times. Abijah Smith took up two lots, and Noah Sweet two lots. Abijah gave the land to James A. Smith, his son, and he built the old saw-mill on my land, and died where I now live. The roads in our neighborhood ran about the same as now in relation to course.

NOTE.—The Glidden saw-mill here spoken of is to the southwest from William Glidden's house, in a field, with mulley saw—the pond a resort for ducks, kilder and frogs. There is a board shanty near by, in which tenants sometimes live. There are elm trees around. The creek comes in from the southwest, with a flume built by James A. Smith, where he handled logs in this wooden country. Glidden on his present place since 1853.

BENJAMIN G. PETTENGILL'S STORY.

Benjamin G. Pettengill was born on the 23d day of July, 1793, in the Town of Lewiston, Lincoln county, Province of Maine, and lived on the farm where he was born until twenty-four years of age, when, in May, 1817, he packed up his clothes, and, with twenty-five silver dollars in his pocket, started on foot for the far West, even to Western New York, where his uncle Benjamin (of whom Benjamin and Edward, now living near Holley, formed a part) had emigrated in 1811, and settled on a farm at Parma Corners, on the Ridge road, ten miles west of Rochester. He walked to Portland, and then took a schooner to Boston, Mass., from whence he wended his toilsome way on foot nearly five hundred miles to his destination at Parma Corners.

Soon after his arrival he made the acquaintance of Elder George Stedman, a carpenter by trade, residing in Clarendon (or then Sweden, in Genesee county), on a hundred-acre lot, lying south of the Christian burying-ground (on what is now known as the Pettengill road), and he being in want of help, hired Mr. Pettengill to work with him as carpenter, and in the fall of 1817 they built a school-house in what was then called Farwell's Mills or Clarendon. Elder Stedman sold him the north half of his farm the same fall, 1817, but he did not settle on the farm until 1821. He married Hannah B. Pettengill, daughter of his uncle, in 1819, and settled on a fifty-acre farm in Ogden, Monroe county, where his eldest son, David N. Pettengill, was born. He worked on the Erie Canal several months, at *eight* dollars a month, helping to make the Pittsford embankment, and, the surveyors having laid out the route of the canal through his farm, running from the south-east to the north-west corner of it, he came to the conclusion that it would be ruined, and he sold his chance for a trifle

and moved on to his farm in Clarendon 1821. Here he resided until 1843, when, having built him a comfortable home on another part of his farm (now known as the Andrew Salsbury property, on the Millard road), he left the old home, where were born his three other children—Phebe H., Feb. 7, 1822; Amos N., Nov. 24, 1824; and True E. G. Pettengill, Sept. 27, 1827. The old house still stands, and is now owned and occupied by Robert Hibbard, on the Pettengill road.

Pettengill was a man of strong convictions and honest endeavor, was fairly educated, so far as relates to common schools, taught school several winters and was school-inspector and commissioner several years, and always took a deep interest in school matters. He was elected a justice of the peace in 1827, and served in that office continuously for sixteen years, and did a large share of the business in town during that period. He once remarked that though many cases had been appealed from his decisions, only *one* had ever been reversed by the higher court. Eminent counsel pleaded cases before him, such as Simeon B. Jewett, Judge William James, A. Hyde Cole, Esq., and others conducted intricate cases before him, and, though stern and impartial in his decisions, these able lawyers always respected him for his integrity and honesty. He was elected supervisor several times, and also filled other offices in town.

In April, 1845, his second son, Amos, died at the age of twenty years, and in August, 1866, his wife died, after having been for six years stricken with paralysis of the right side. She, indeed, had been a helpmeet for him, and was truly one of nature's noble women—self-sacrificing, a devoted Christian companion. Pettengill was a Whig in politics, as long as that party held an organization; a devoted Henry Clay Whig, and he impressed the principles of that party strongly on his three sons. He

and his two sons joined the Republican party in 1855, and he remained a member of it till his death. In early manhood, though he had been raised in the strictest school of Calvinism, he had the curiosity to go and hear Elder Barnes preach in his native town. He was a preacher of the Calvinist-Baptist faith *enlarged*—that is, a preacher who believed God was omnipotent, and what He desired to do He would do; and, having the power, He had the disposition to *ultimately* save every child whom He should bring into being. His argument and Scripture proof made a lasting impression on the young man's mind, and it was seed cast into good ground, for soon after settling in Clarendon he joined, with Judge Eldredge Farwell, David Sturges, Abner Hopkins, Nathaniel Perry, Samuel Wetherbee, Horace Peck and a few others, in establishing stated preaching of the Universalist faith at Farwell's Mills. These pioneers of that faith gave expression to their sincerity by erecting the present stone church, and causing it to be dedicated, in 1837, to the worship of the Universal Father of all, as a Christian home for all His children who desired to come and worship Him in spirit and in truth.

In 1850, Pettengill moved into the village of Clarendon, and built him a house opposite the church, and in the village he spent the remaining years of his life, and died of heart disease on the 14th of April, 1870, at the age of seventy-seven years, respected and honored by all who knew him. His eldest son, David N. Pettengill, held the office of justice of the peace for twenty-five years, and was postmaster for several years at Clarendon. In 1852, his youngest son, True E. G. Pettengill, was appointed postmaster, and was succeeded by Colonel N. E. Darrow during the Pierce administration. True E. G. Pettengill, in 1854, married Emma Sturges, the youngest daughter of David Sturges, Esq.

In 1862, T. E. G. Pettengill was nominated by the Republican party for the office of county clerk, but declined it in favor of Colonel A. F. Brown, who, a few weeks before, lost an arm at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Va., while leading the 28th N. Y. V. in that terrible encounter, its Colonel Donnelley having been killed at the beginning of the battle.

In November, 1863, T. E. G. Pettengill accepted an appointment in the United States Treasury, at Washington, D. C., where he removed with his wife and son, Edward T. (who was born in April, 1857), and has since resided in that city. He remained in the same office, as chief of a division, until June 1, 1885, when he was removed to make place for a Mugwump Democrat, Oscar J. Harvey, who, after serving less than *two* years, was arrested for forgery and fraud on the government, and, on his own confession, convicted and sentenced to the Albany Penitentiary for twelve years. The only daughter of Benjamin G. Pettengill's family—Phebe H. Culver—still resides in Clarendon, where she was born. The religious and political principles of her father and mother formed a strong conviction in her life, and she adheres to the faith once delivered to the saints.

The above account was furnished the author by T. E. G. Pettengill, who taught school at the Love school-house, was in the employ of George M. Copeland, as clerk in his store, from March, 1848, until April, 1852, when he formed a partnership with T. R. Sherwood, in the mercantile business, in the lower stone store, which was burnt when occupied by N. H. Darrow as a hardware establishment, in 1884, and who built his new store on the same site in 1885, which he still occupies.

All of these stories have been, with this last exception, taken from the lips of the parties, and are as correct as a

reporter could make them, and are here introduced to show what many have done, giving their own words, almost *verbatim*, and without addition or retrenchment, unless absolutely necessary.

SARAH JANE VINCENT'S STORY.

I was born in 1822, in a log-house back of Jerry Waite's, in Clarendon. My father, Joshua Vincent, built the first saw-mill, where the old Curtiss cider-mill now stands, in 1820. He took up 100 acres of land at this point, and afterward moved into Holley and made brick in three kilns on the Cord place. He burnt brick for the old block in Brockport, and for the old M. E. church, and sawed lumber for the first shanty in Holley, when the Erie canal was dug. He built the old Burgess tavern, on Beech ridge, outside of Brockport. Judge Eldredge Farwell ordered lumber from Vincent's saw-mill. Augustus Southworth and Hiram Frisbie built the stone grist-mill in Holley, about 1835. The first grist-mill in Holley was the old stone tannery, and Thomas Rutherford first turned the mill into a tannery.

Epaphros Pennell had a carding-mill, which he converted into a woolen factory. James Bushnell had also a woolen factory, below Card's, which was burnt down. Hiram Frisbie had also an ashery. At the foot of Rutherford's garden John Harper boiled salt, and the well is now covered with a flat stone. Another well was under the old canal culvert, which had pump-logs, and there was a third on the south side of the railroad, and the gulf was full of salt springs. John Harper would take salt in bags to Rochester, with an ox-cart.

I first went to school in a log-house back of Alpheus Lucas' stone-house, in Clarendon, and Sarah Ayers was my first teacher in the brick school-house in Holley, across from Dr. Cady's, in 1828. I had other teachers, as, Mr.

Moore, Ingersoll, Waldo Joslyn, Smith, Miss Hamlin, and Mary F. Dyke.

Father shot the cannon when the canal was completed, in November, 1825. Colonel Brainerd built the old canal culvert in 1822. Major Ellis had a yellow warehouse on the north side of the canal bridge. Hiram Frisbie kept a store in the block where Wells is now, and Erastus Cone had his store in the stone-house across from John Brackett's, and father gave the stone from his place to build this store. Benedict Gould had a store southwest from the Mansion House, and Aarao Hamlin's place of business was where James Robb now has his grocery. His residence was where Charles Frisbie now resides. The Baptist church was built in 1834, by Lyman and Samuel Youngs and the Presbyterian church in 1836.

The first graveyard in Holley was on Rutherford's hill, and there were some graves at Rorabeck's. Mrs. Plum's house was built in 1828. Father sawed lumber for John Brackett's house. The Mansion House is very old, and the man who built it held his wife's funeral therein, when the house was completed. There was only one other tavern in Holley at this time. I remember the first packet on the Erie canal, called the Plowboy, and this ran between Holley and Rochester; second, the Swiftsure; third, Sir Henry, leaving Holley at 6 A. M. and returning at 9 P. M., and the fare was two cents per mile. The first driver on a through packet was buried at Pendleton, in Niagara county. There was only one run of stone in Lucas' mill, in Clarendon. Near Jerry Waite's was a log distillery. Reuben Lucas lived in a double log-house, on the old Hatch place, on the west side of the highway, and the frame part was moved to the east. A well was filled up on the west side, near the old log-house, supposed to contain one Brown's body, who mysteriously disappeared. The first frame-house on the north side of the railroad is the yellow mill-house.

Edwin Bliss came into Holley in 1867, and opened up the lumber-yard for Luther Gordon, of Brockport, in March of that year. Bliss worked on the Newton & Garfield block in 1866. Luther Gordon built his fine lumber office in 1879, which is finished in native woods, and was intended by Gordon to be one of the best in the state, but death defeated his plans. George Gordon is now the owner, the son of Luther, a noted banker in Brockport, who buys the lumber through Edwin Bliss, his manager, mostly from Michigan, and is at present the only lumber-yard in Holley. This yard has furnished the lumber for two-thirds of the buildings which modern Holley owns. Luther Gordon, in 1880, built the new steam flouring-mills in Holley.

Alva S. Morgan, of Holley, saw a wolf, in 1831, near the county line, on the Ridge road, that snarled at him as he was driving his cows home. He took one of the cows by the tail and it ran him safely home. Hiram Redman's brother killed a sandy wolf in the north woods, in Murray, in 1832, and this was the last one heard of in this section.

J. C. Weller came into Holley in the fall of 1848. He worked for Sanford Goff in the stone-shop, in that year, and built his present shop in 1854, and Penny's wagon-shop in 1857. Two dollars a horse was the highest price paid for shoeing during the war. He would fire all his own shoes and nails, and, during the war, work until two in the morning. Weller has put on 107 shoes in ten hours, Horace Sawyer and Haight fitting. He turned 122 shoes in seven hours, on a twenty-dollar bet, R. C. Dibble holding the stakes. He put on seventy-two shoes for railroad horses on one Sunday in 1851, and the first train on the New York Central, through Holley, was July 4, 1852.

George W. Reynell has been in the stone-shop in Holley as a blacksmith fourteen years. This shop was built by Brad Williams sixty years ago. Reynell has put on sixty shoes in a day, and has used patent shoes and nails about

sixteen years. The Borden shoe was the first used. Reynell was only hurt once, so as to be laid up, in twenty-one years. Reynell has put on ninety-two shoes in eight hours. The shoes are American refined iron, made by Burden, of West Troy, and are shipped all over the world. The wheel for blowing, instead of the old-fashioned bellows, has been in use about ten years. Reynell uses Cumberland coal, and Fall Brook.

Joseph A. Bryan, of Holley, came into Clarendon in 1838, and bought out Gould, the tailor, opening his tailor-shop over Sturges' store, and remained eight years. Bryan built the plastered house on Albion street in 1844, Winfield Foster the architect. Frederick Maine moved the Bryan house now owned by Mason T. Lewis, on Woodruff avenue.

Stephen Northway was born in Norfolk, Litchfield County, Conn., April 21, 1801. He lived in Homer, N. Y., from 1803 until 1815, and then moved to Le Roy, one and one-half miles from Tufft's tavern, northwest. There were only five acres cleared at this time, and he cleared four acres more with a horse-team, and planted this to wheat, in 1816. There was a frost in June and July, and only a small portion was fit for flour, the rest used as fodder. Anning ground it in his mill. He put out eight acres to corn in 1819, and the frost cut it down twice. The first parts were cut off with knives and scissors, and he had to fix it up with poles, and had only enough corn for two hogs. Paid Preserved Richmond \$1.50 per bushel for seed. The neighbors at this time were Millings, Farley, Batchelder, Deacon Cadman, Sanford, Langworthy, Rhodes, Haskell, a fiddler, Cooley and Bishop, three-fourths of a mile away, on the Buffalo road. Had a log school-house here. The price of potash barrels was \$1.50 each; flour barrels, \$2.00. There was one store at Le Roy, kept by John and George Anning, and they had a distillery, grist and saw-mill. There was another grist-mill up the creek, owned by Tufft. John

Gilbert was a blacksmith near by. Tufft was agent of the Cruger tract, and was wealthy, and Tufft's tavern was a noted place. In 1819 Northway worked near Le Roy for ten dollars per month in the summer, and would go to Caledonia Springs to grist-mill. The hand-fan and seive was then used for wheat. The barrels had round hoops made of hickory. Father made whisky barrels for Anning's distillery. In March, 1820, was three-fourths mile west of Mayville; the ox-cart stuck in the snow. Hiram Northway cleared land on the summit. Northway helped to clear the land where Sherman village now stands. At this time it was twelve miles one way to aneighbor. There were then two taverns at Mayville; Jeddiah Tracey kept the best. Only one store, George McGonnikill, proprietor, and there were only four or five houses to the lake (Chautauqua).

At Fairpoint, all woods. Northway took a grist of wheat to Pendergrast's mill, at Jamestown, in a skiff. Wheat, four to five shillings a bushel; 1819, two shillings and sixpence per bushel. Only two stores at Jamestown then, and one tavern. Received, at twenty-one years, four shillings a day. Have sold wheat for four shillings; corn, two shillings; potatoes at sixpence a bushel, and oats ten cents a bushel, for taxes, instead of money. In 1844 Northway cut eighty acres of grass by hand, and raked the same. Butter, six to nine cents per pound. Northway came to Clarendon April 15, 1856, and the snowbanks were eight feet deep by Captain Martin's, and drifts until May. Stephen Northway cut with a cradle five acres of wheat in one day, and George Northway raked and bound this, in 1857. Northway made a fence at Mayville sixteen rods long, ten feet rails, and seven feet high, out of one cucumber-tree.

Dr. Robert Nickerson was born in 1805, in Massachusetts, and came into Murray in 1827, on the present homestead he lately occupied on the north side of the Ridge road, at Sandy Creek. There was a hotel here then, kept by Dr.

Wood, and stages ran until the railroad at Holley, in 1852. The Ridge road, at an early day, would be crowded with teams. I went on horseback, or on foot, at first to doctor. The first call I had to West Kendall my horse cut himself badly. I hitched the horse to a tree, and then traveled through the woods four miles to my patient, and returned the next day, and I lost my way in the woods with the horse, there being no roads at that time. There were five mill-dams in this region to produce malaria, and I was forced to go from house to house, whole families down sick with the intermittent fever, with chills, and I had to send for help to Sweden. I would make a kettle of porridge, and place a dish at each bed, and they would see no one until I came again. I bought my medicines of Post, in Rochester, once a month, if I had opportunity. My charges were one dollar for the day, and one twenty-five for the night visits, but never expected to get it. Aaron Warren was running the mill down on the flat when I came here. There was splendid oak timber to the north of the Ridge, and this would be floated down Sandy Creek. John Phelps, near Albion, had apples and plums in 1825, but he would not let me have any unless I returned the pits.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY MILITARY HISTORY.

THE war in which we gained our independence from the mother country taught our people the great necessity we were under of having a militia, or military force, not only in the state, but in every county and town. A well-organized force, from the first settlement of this country, would have been a source of great strength and safety, where in each district could have been stored guns, artillery, and all the munitions preparatory to "bloody war," and if we had remembered this, Bunker Hill would have had powder and lead enough to have driven the red-coats back into Boston harbor with their wounded, leaving the dead on the field. In looking back to our old laws, we find that measures were taken very early to enroll the able-bodied male inhabitants of this state into a militia, from divisions down to companies, including all the officers, from the staff to the corporal and drum-major. The number of these officers was so great, when we reach the private, that it naturally created a rivalry, each officer hoping to mount the ladder of promotion, and each private of ambitious character desirous of raising in the scale of advancement. Such a feeling as this had a direct tendency to inspire pride and martial bearing, not only of the officers, but also of the privates, and this brought our town in rivalry with the others, from the company up to the brigade and corps. And this show of superiority could only be manifested at what was then called training days, either of the town, or at some general training, when a whole county would meet

to drill and parade, not only under the eyes of the officers, but with hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of bright eyes and anxious hearts interested in the success of their favorites. Grounds would be selected where the foot could move unobstructed by the rise or fall in the campus, and the artillery would choose the most available spot in which to display their gunnery, while the dragoons found it much easier to charge and retreat when their bodies were secure in the saddles. This would do for holiday warfare, but it would have been wisdom for such peaceful soldiery to have been forced to take to the woods, like Braddock, and there demonstrate how they would have acted at such a moment, and who would have been the Washington to bring them off the field in any respectable order. But many of these mighty warriors of the militia-day never looked the British Lion in the face, and the only smoke they ever snuffed was that of blank cartridges, and if they shed any of their precious blood for their town or county it was purely the result of ignorance or carelessness. It was well for the state and nation that we thus accustomed ourselves to look at cannon and muskets, solid shot, grape and canister, so that when our great struggle came, which was forever to settle our standing as a family in the circle of governments, we were able to abide the day, and demonstrate that no braver souls ever before met in conflict, or, like giants in mortal combat, fought to the death for supremacy. Although the bloody garment of war has been buried in the trenches of the past, side by side with the noble who have fallen from Maine to Texas, it would be wise for the people once more to organize upon a militia basis, not as in fear of war, but to encourage that generous emulation which the cherishing of association naturally brings about, that we at present are rapidly forgetting; for the bringing together of towns, counties and districts in the militia service of this grand Empire State would cer-

tainly introduce that feeling of brotherhood, and I might add sisterhood and motherhood, the lack of which we feel at every moment when we wish to move as a single body in any important measure. Every county in this state should have its regiment, made up of companies from the several towns, proportionately to the population, and the expense of the company should be made a town tax, and of higher officers from the county at large, according to the ratio of taxation. This would make the military force one not only of strength and efficiency, but would insure its maintenance beyond a doubt in such a manner that the burden would be light, and all the people interested in the establishment and continuance.

In collecting the material for the early militia history of Clarendon, we found ourselves face to face with certain obstacles that we had not the power to remove, and over which or through which we could not pass. In vain may the best officer in the world hope for success unless he have the means in his power and at his disposal, which all generals, from Hannibal down to Burgoyne and Bonaparte, have demonstrated beyond a question.

In looking about for assistance, we fortunately found Colonel N. E. Darrow, of Clarendon, who, from his memory at seventy-five years of age, gave us the following data, which we shall here present, to give our people some idea of what Clarendon was in her day of militia glory. In 1814, there was one company of Clarendon infantry, and their place of training was across from Captain Stephen Martin's, on the Byron road, where now Orange Lawrence and Adelbert Carr hold property. The officers were as follows:

Captain—Stephen Martin.	1st Sergeant—Nathaniel Smith.
1st Lieutenant—Shubael Lewis.	2d Sergeant—William Dodge.
2d Lieutenant—David Glidden.	Corporal—Erastus S. Cone.

We are not able to give the number of privates in this company, and if the list was complete it would, at such an early date, have taken in most of the able-bodied men in the town. This company held its own until 1818, when it was divided into two parts, the one to the north part of the town and the other to the south. In the north the officers were as below :

Captain—Erastus S. Cone.	Orderly Sergeant—Wm. Dodge.
1st Lieutenant—Cyrus Hood.	2d Sergeant—Moses Wooley.
2d Lieut.—Alexander Annis.	3d Colonel 215th Regt.—N. Smith.

The training of this north company was held at Cone's, where now Anson Salisbury lives, on the Hulberton road, where the generous and big-hearted Cone, with his most excellent lady, got up a grand dinner for the brave soldier laddies, which is not covered up by the garbage of Time. The south company paraded to the south of Captain Martin's, in the meadow, on the east side of Byron road, and was officered as follows :

Captain—Shubael Lewis.	Ensign—Samuel L. Stevens.
1st Lieutenant—Zardeus Tousley.	

After this organization Shubael Lewis was made major of the 215th Regiment at a general training at Clarkson Corners, and Zardeus Tousley promoted to captain and then rising to the colonelcy of the 215th Regiment for one year, while Samuel L. Stevens was lifted up to be first lieutenant in the south company of 1818. In 1824-25, Lewis was made colonel of the 215th Regiment, from which he derived his name of "Colonel," as he was generally known, and the same year Joshua Vincent, who afterwards became general, was made lieutenant-colonel. In 1825, an artillery company was formed, with the officers here given :

Captain—Aretas Pierce.	2d Sergeant—John Miller.
1st Lieutenant—Myron Bronson.	2d Corporal—Lewis Darrow.
Ensign—Arvey Whitney.	4th Corporal—Nicholas E. Darrow.
Orderly Sergeant—Hubbard Rice.	

This company of gunners trained at Bigelow's Corners, near the Ridge road, in Murray, with one field-piece, a six-pounder of iron, which was at last taken to the Batavia arsenal. The uniform was blue at first; afterward, white pants, with swords by their gallant sides and feathers streaming gaily from their cocked hats. In 1826, Remick Knowles, of the Hulberton road, drew this mighty six-pounder, at a general training at Bergen, with two horses, in grand style, to the delight of all present. These wheeled into line in 1833, when the 25th Regiment of Artillery had, from Clarendon, Hubbard Rice as major and then lieutenant-colonel, and rising to be colonel, which accounts for his honor, while N. E. Darrow rose to be first lieutenant, then captain and at last colonel, which name he holds at this day.

The year above mentioned, Wood, of Rochester, was lieutenant-colonel, and the Honorable William H. Seward, of Auburn, brigadier of the eighth brigade. If we judge the whole 25th Regiment of Artillery by the persons we have given, they must have been a fine lot of men, of which any town or state could justly be proud. How the good people of Clarendon would enjoy the sight of such a company in their blue and white, performing those beautiful evolutions which the artillery practice requires. Back in 1820, Clarendon could boast of a light infantry company, which strutted before the astonished inhabitants, before Clarendon was named, in their dress of Scotch plaid, imitating the braw Highlander, with shining muskets, stove-pipe hats made short, with feather rising proudly above, and their officers you may know:

Captain—Pierrepont.

Captain—Homer C. Cook.

1st Lieutenant—N. W. Perry.

1st Lieutenant—James T. Lewis.

2d Lieutenant—William Dodge.

2d Lieutenant—Merrick Stevens.

Orderly Sergeant—Moses Wooley.

These included the division as in 1818 into two parts, but separate companies as to uniform and drill. Lieutenant Lewis rose from this humble position in old Clarendon to that height where, during the great rebellion, he could, as governor of the Badger State, control all her forces by the stroke of his pen. The age of training in the militia was from eighteen up to forty-five years of age, when men are supposed to be in the glory of their strength. The penalty for non-compliance with the law was five dollars, which was only enforced by a court-martial, and these were held at Sandy Creek, down on the Ridge road, a very convenient place for the soldiers to meet from different portions of the county in those wooden days.

When Nicholas E. Darrow was made colonel of the 25th Regiment of Artillery, it had eight companies and could muster nearly one thousand men. If such a regiment could meet at this day in Orleans county to have their regular drill, the roads would be lined with carriages and the trains on the railroads bringing their thousands to witness the novel spectacle. Many of these officers which we have named have many years ago taken their last drill in the ranks of life, and have not only laid down the sword of action, but have disrobed themselves of the uniform of their lower state of existence, having joined that greater army just beyond the banks of that river we must all march through, leaving our knapsacks and accoutrements on this side. It would be well if Clarendon would raise from the dust a militia tree or park to keep the memory of these early officers fresh and green in her heart.

We are able, by the aid of Colonel John Berry, of Holley, to give the roll of officers of the 215th Regiment, 53d Brigade, and 23d Division of Infantry of the Militia of the State of New York, as corrected at brigade officer's drill at Gaines, on the 30th and 31st of August, 1838.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

Field.

Colonel—Chauncey W. Bivins, Major—Stephen P. Soule,
John Berry. George W. Holmes.
Lieut.-Col.—Samuel W. Gibson.

Staff.

Sergeant—John D. Wood. Sergeant Standard-bearer—Wm.
Adjutant—Walter R. Sanford. D. Allis.
Adjutant—John Berry. Drum-Major—Aram Beebe.
Quartermaster—Lewis D. Ferry. Fife—Henry Crannell.
Paymaster—Wm. B. Jewell. Captain—George W. Holmes.
Quartermaster-Sergeant—Jonathan Sprague. Ensign—Ansel Hann.
Benjamin Hunt.

Company Officers.

Captain—Erastus P. Mills. 2d Corporal—Clement C. Hoskins.
Lieutenant—Smith Glidden. 3d Corporal—Nelson Bennett.
Ensign—Sidney Cox. Musicians — Warren Glidden,
1st Sergeant—Ebenezer Reed. Lyman Matson, Myron D. Snyder,
2d Sergeant—Thos. E. Iuman. Erastus Cutler, Menzo Lambert, Isaac C. Hall, Alvinza Hill,
3d Sergeant—Marvin Snyder. Dan Martin, Gilbert Alexander.
4th Sergeant—Loyal Palmer.
1st Corporal—William Bates.

Captain—Henry Pierce. 4th Sergt.—Ferdinand B. Hubbard.
Lieutenant—Aaron E. French. 1st Corporal—Frederick Salisbury.
Ensign—Rufus Brackett. 2d Corporal—Harvey Root.
1st Sergeant—Samuel Salisbury. 3d Corporal—John Nelson.
2d Sergeant—George Goold. 4th Corporal—Bloomer Hart.
3d Sergeant—John Hallock. Musician—Jonathan Hunt.

Captain—Thomas W. Maine. 4th Sergeant—James T. Lewis.
Lieutenant—Merrick Stevens. 1st Corporal—Levi Coy.
Ensign—Merritt Cook. 2d Corporal—Noble Bolton.
1st Sergeant—Stephen Wyman. 3d Corporal—Loami Clark.
2d Sergeant—Homer Cook. 4th Corporal—Austin Beemer.
3d Sergeant—John W. Woodruff. Musician—Daniel Stanard.

Captain—Frederick E. Perry. 2d Corporal—Hudson Baker.
Lieutenant—Richard S. Jewell. Musicians—William Knight and
Ensign—Barnard Sawyer. Henry Crouse.

Captain—Charles F. Cramer. 4th Sergeant—Saml. C. Bateman.
Lieutenant—Albert Potter. 1st Corporal—Frederick Hatch.
Ensign—Levi Starr. 2d Corporal—Roswell Richardson.
1st Sergeant—John E. G. Frisbie. 3d Corporal—Jonathan E. Glover.
2d Sergeant—Milton Littlefield. 4th Corporal—Levi Smith.
3d Sergeant—Andrew Garrison. Musician—W. W. Benton.

Captain—Alvin Ogden.
 Lieutenant—Odell.
 Ensign—Joseph Ogden.
 1st Sergeant—Steuben Forbes.
 2d Sergeant—Wm. Walton.
 3d Sergeant—Joseph C. Smith.
 4th Sergt.—Nathaniel S. Bennett.

1st Corporal—E. A. Thompson.
 2d Corporal—William Garnett.
 3d Corporal—Erastus Hamlin.
 4th Corporal—Moses Hendrick.
 Musicians—P. L. Smith, Solomon
 Weeks, Isaac Wilson.

Captain—Alanson Soule.
 1st Lieutenant—Orrin J. Smith.
 2d Lieutenant—Horace Bliss.
 1st Sergeant—James H Spicer.
 2d Sergeant—David Elza.
 3d Sergeant—George W. Holmes.
 4th Sergeant—Nathaniel Mead.

1st Corporal—Alfred Crane.
 2d Corporal—Ashael Collins.
 3d Corporal—John Casey.
 4th Corporal—Elijah Hall.
 Musicians—Napoleon Lake, Reu-
 ben Rice, Almond Rice.

Captain—N. E. Darrow.
 Lieutenant—Silas Day.
 Ensign—L. Sawyer.
 1st Sergeant—Harry Darrow.
 2d Sergeant—Ira Bronson.
 3d Sergeant—H. B. Hall.

4th Sergeant—Elezur Goodrich.
 1st Corporal—David N. Hatch.
 2d Corporal—E. D. Rorabeck.
 3d Corporal—Horace Farwell.
 4th Corporal—Melburn Sisson.

In the roll of 1840 we have the following list of officers :

Colonel—John Berry.
 Lieutenant—F. R. Goold.
 Major—George W. Holmes.
 Adjutant—J. Sprague.
 Quartermaster—Lewis D. Ferry.
 Paymaster—Wm. B. Jewell.

Color-bearer—Daniel M. Reed.
 Drum-major—Aram Beebe.
 Fife-major—Henry Crannell.
 Supernumeraries — Alvin Ogden,
 Charles Eliott.

Daniel F. St. John also gives us information in relation to the militia of 1841 to 1843. At this time John Berry, of Holley, was a colonel, and Higgins, of Kendall, and John B. Lee brigadier-general. Daniel F. St. John was first lieutenant, and afterward promoted to be captain, and his papers were signed by William H. Seward. Jacob Odell was lieutenant-colonel, and Frank Gould major of the regiment. The Clarendon company would train in David Sturges' meadow, to the east of his brick-house, on Brockport street. Drills were held at Holley, Gaines and Kendall. The uniform at this time was a blue coat faced with white woolen, straight sword-belt and silk sash. The hat had a tall plume in front. The pants were blue, with white stripe.

At this time there were nine companies, one from each town in the county, and sixty men in each company. Each man had to foot his own bill of expenses, and a week in a year was spent at the drill. The clothing for the captain cost forty dollars. All above regimental officers were trimmed in yellow. The artillery also trained at Scottsville, where, with Bergen, were the headquarters in 1833. At Bergen the boys had a sham-battle with the cavalry, and Major Downs, of Sandy Creek, was present. There were companies from York, LeRoy, Scottsville, Batavia, Rochester, Stafford, Brockport and Clarendon in the artillery. The cavalry charged three times on left, right and left flanks, and the cavalry were driven from the field, and Shepherd Foster, of Clarendon, would rush out and bring in the fallen cavalrymen. The militia also had a sham-battle at Albion once upon a time. General training would occur once a year, and company training in September, after the harvest was over.

We should be pleased to give more of the militia history of that day, when Clarendon and her sons were distinguished, but nearly fifty years have elapsed, and this is a long period of time to bridge over, when we reflect that so many of the actors have disappeared from the stage of action, and those that are now left have for so long a time been engaged in different pursuits of life, which have drawn their minds away from the memory of martial glory, and the associations which naturally cluster around such occasions.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLARENDON DOCTORS.

CLARENDON, as every other town in the state, required not only the skill of the mother in relation to the care of the sick in her own household, but also the experience and knowledge of the doctor, who had made this profession a study, and was supposed to be acquainted with remedies, diagnosis, prognosis, and all other medical learning which naturally came within his province. In a new country, where the plow would turn up the fresh mold, filled with rank vegetation, which must decay ; or in the burning-over of large areas of slashing and clearing, there would, of necessity, arise a change in the atmosphere which, added to the presence of stagnant pools, surface water, and springs in unhealthy localities, produced what was then called chill-fevers, or intermittent fevers, with ague shaking one, either daily, or at regular periods ; the whole system poisoned with the malaria, the stomach clogged with bile, and the system completely deranged, and turned upside down. The same diseases would have swept off the Indian, if he had been a tiller of the soil, and how our fathers and mothers were able to clear up the country, with the sick all about them, is to us a mystery.

Horace Peck states that at one time his house was a hospital, and in many neighborhoods there were not well persons enough to take care of the sick. And when we remember the wilderness in which these pioneers settled, the long distances to be traveled by the doctors, who were few and far between, added to the remedies used, such as calomel and

jalap, blood-letting, herb-teas, and the ignorance of the day, we can account for the most miserable condition in which the settlers must have been placed. If the food of that day had been of the right character, or the log-cabins comfortable, but such was not the case; and in many instances the doctor found himself face to face with the sick and well, all in one room, poorly situated, and where the presence of so much disease was sure to generate the spread of the contagion.

The first regular physician was Benjamin Bussey, who lived alternately at the old place on Holley street, where Luke Turner passed away, and also in a log-hut where now William Stuckey resides, on Brockport road. This doctor went from house to house with his pill-bags, administering the favorite mercury of that day, while the mothers kept on hand picra, and, in a later time, pills, castor-oil, rhubarb, paregoric, and sulphur with molasses in the spring, the child taking the same from a stick, just before breakfast. In this pill-bag of the doctor could also be found the awful turnkey, which he wound with a handkerchief before the tooth was extracted, and when it came the patient felt as if the top of his head was coming off. Bussey was considered a good physician by the old pioneers, and, after many years of practice, passed away to the east, but again returned when old age had nearly deprived him of his usefulness.

Henry Carter came into Clarendon as a young doctor, at an early day, and was considered a person of much skill and judgment. He had a good practice, which was continually increasing, but old Death tapped at the doorway of his system and bore him away, leaving his remedies and professional knowledge behind.

Dr. Jonathan Howard was well known to all the county round, and no man could better make a pill or spread a plaster; while Dr. T. H. Noyes had his pill-bags in a small

house below the red store in 1832. It would be worth reading and knowing the practice of such physicians, and their bills of medicine furnished, and patients visited, with the proportion of cures and deaths; all would make up a chronicle that would demand attention, not only from the unlearned in the school of medicine, but also from those who, at the present day, have laid aside Wood and Watson to adopt Flint and Dalton. It would seem, from a poem which Willard Glidden composed on Clarendon Village, that in 1836 was a doctor who did "electerize"—which must have been an attempt to introduce electricity, which was hardly known to the profession at this time.

John Titus, of Holley, was one of the best physicians in the county, and the judgment he possessed of the human system and its diseases made him an authority of the highest class.

Hiram B. Lewis, when a young man, began his practice in Clarendon, and, not meeting with the best of success here, moved into Albion, where he became famous; and his gig could be seen for many long years upon all the country roads, night and day, the doctor driving his horse furiously through the mud and mire, or sending clouds of dust to follow in his train. No other physician from Clarendon has, during his practice, driven so many miles, as he was sent for by the old residents, both to take charge and to hold consultation, every month in the year, and he ten miles away. When he hopped out of his carriage, on his club-foot, his form bending low to the ground, one could well understand, by the looks of his firm-set jaws, that he meant business, and he moved into the sick-room as one born to command. The doctor was a man of original thought, witty and quick of reply, with an eye that never quailed and a countenance that never blanched. But he could not overcome his old friend Death, and is now gathered to his professional circle, where his patients and many

friends welcomed him, while his son, Tousley Lewis, remains in Albion in his stead, as a genuine chip of the old block.

In 1850, at the age of 33, Dr. S. E. Southworth laid down his medicine chest in the house where now Gordon St. John resides. The doctor was a large, well-built man, of pleasing manners, and no physician of Clarendon had more friends and warmer hearts in his keeping than he. He was very kind to the poor, ready at any moment to attend to their calls, and doing his very best to lift them out of the dungeons of disease and despair. His mind was of that superior order which at once seemed to understand the patient's case, and his remedies were of that class which insured recovery, unless the sufferer was beyond hope. He was a general favorite with all the people, and to the children he seemed as one possessed of wonderful powers, that were covered with that native grace which always claimed their love.

Many were the sad faces that took a last look at the doctor, as he lay cold and motionless, with his arms across his breast, and his face wearing that noble appearance which death could not obscure. It was a matter of living shame, both to the town and strangers, that so many of his patients refused, or failed to come forward and settle up with his beautiful wife after the doctor had departed. But such is ingratitude, that it ever delights to wound, when the blow is the deepest, and the effect most lasting.

William H. Watson moved into Clarendon soon after the passing of Dr. Southworth. At first he was unsuccessful, but experience and practice, united to indomitable pluck and perseverance, rapidly brought him to the front, and this place he held until he changed his quarters to Suspension Bridge, and afterward to New York, where he has made himself noted, both as a surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, and at present up-town as a leading physician. He

ever reminded us of the picture of Napoleon, which may be seen in "Bourrienne's Memoirs," with this exception, that the doctor had strabismus of both eyes, so that he could not look straight, when his mind was as true as a line. If the patient was in the arms of despair, he would at once open up the windows of hope, and unless old Death had his foreclosure already in the Court of Fate, he would send the monster away to hunt up some other victim. His drive before he left Clarendon was very large, and every hour he was as busy as a bee from one end of the town to the other. The author well remembers, when a lad, of Harrison Southworth, who had a severe toothache, daring him, who had no pain, to go to Dr. Watson's, and, in company with him, have a tooth extracted. We accordingly entered the house, where David P. Wilcox now domiciles, and Harrison informed the doctor that he wanted a tooth pulled out. "Sit down," was his quick reply. Out came the forceps, open went his mouth, a deep "*Ah!*" and the doctor held the bloody tooth up to view. Then the author, with a benign look, quietly moved into the vacant chair, when the Doctor, out of his cross-eyes, gave him one sharp look, and then said: "Which tooth do you want pulled?" "Oh, back there," he replied, at the same time placing his finger on a molar that had no more ache at the moment than one of the dentals. "Oh, you have not got any toothache," said the wise master of the instrument, and we retired out of that chair in as good order as possible, only to be mocked at by Harrison for not being as brave as he. The doctor lived also in the old Farwell mansion, on Main street, and built the house where now John Wright sojourns, on Woodruff avenue. He was possessed not only of medical skill and ability, but on the platform was a spirit of power when Democracy desired an advocate, and Clarendon lost one of her best citizens when he hied away to new fields of labor, near the roar of old Niagara.

Through the glass of memory we can see Dr. Shubael H. Dutton, who had a hard time at first battling with Dr. Watson for a place in the hearts of the people. His old sulky would move daily forth upon its journey from the plastered house which Joseph A. Bryan completed, and he must have spent many weary hours on Clarendon roads, when his heart was sick, deathly sick, because the physically sick would not employ him. But he bore in his mind that old motto of Scott's Ravenswood—"I bide my time," and over all opposition, through adversity and defeat, he came off at last more than conquerer. After the departure of Dr. Watson he rose in the scale wonderfully, and demonstrated to the public that all he wished was a chance to show that he was able to hold his own, which he did against all comers, until he, too, was gathered to the same home with his patients, and those who never knew his services. The doctor was fine-looking, having a stately carriage; one who gloried in his profession, with a mind as clear as a May morning, a pleasant smile and greeting that we ever loved to meet. In obstetrics, he has had no equal in Clarendon, and in diseases affecting the intestines he was so fortunate that he boasted, and truly, of not losing a case in twenty years. He informed the author that in his early practice he had two children on his hands very sick with dysentery, one of which he had no hopes of saving, and the other but little faith in recovery. As he was riding over the road, lamenting to himself the mortality which was then prevalent in this dangerous disease, an inspiration seemed to give him a new remedy. When he reached the sick-room he tried his experiment upon the sickest child, and followed old Wood upon the other. The result was his new rule succeeded, and as usual Dr. Wood buried his patient. From that day he followed his angel doctor, and threw Dr. Wood to the dogs, or overboard, and *never* lost a case of this character.

When Joseph Thompson returned from the bloody civil war, he was only the shadow of life, and chronic diarrhea had almost carried his soul out of his tabernacle of skin and bones. Dr. Dutton took him home, and Thompson can thank his stars that this physician met him in the dark and sickly journey of existence.

The doctor had a genius for song-writing, and composed a book of campaign pieces, set to music by John Mills, containing much merit, and all in praise of "Honest Old Abe." In Judge Farwell's old home he passed over the river by that terrible disease, consumption, and no one has filled his place in the niche of medicine. For a short time O. G. Badlau could be seen upon the highways of our native town, but his peace and prosperity went down the stream of failure with petticoats, and woman's unbridled tongue at the peak as a signal of distress. His office contained the tanned hide of a negro, cut from the leg, which reminded us of the Fiji Islanders.

Then Charles S. Pugsley came upon the medical carpet, and Dr. Dutton's sickness gave him a fine opportunity to show his skill. He always drove the best team he could obtain, and no other doctor, to our knowledge, went out in better style, or returned from his patients as dashingly as he. Now the Carey village of oaks, and beautiful openings, commands his attention, and his drug business and medical practice demand his time, where he may be seen, as usual, behind his fine horses, the admiration of the passer-by. One Gifford, by some mysterious movement of Providence, was rolled into Clarendon when the author was in the Indian Ocean, and how much good he did we know not, but when the author returned he found his blessed mother dying with consumption, this disciple of Galen having prepared an external application which drove her disease inwardly, producing in the end death. It was said that this

doctor committed suicide at Niagara, but this was afterward contradicted.

Down at Cape Vincent, near the Thousand Islands, may be seen at present E. M. Crabb, who once administered medicine to the sick in Clarendon. We sincerely hope that the doctor, in his new home, is meeting with that success which his talents deserve. In April, 1866, Dr. M. E. Brackett, the son of John Brackett, now of Holley, entered the precincts of Clarendon, and still remains, having his office over the Copeland store. The doctor was a young man in his calling, and the odds against him were very heavy. Year after year he struggled patiently, until his efforts brought him all the patients he could conveniently handle by night or day. Other physicians have departed, leaving him to grow fat and healthy. The darkest and stormiest night looks down upon this practitioner, and when he cannot travel the rest of the town would do well to remain indoors. As an exception to most doctors, he prefers the darkness to the light of day, and his horses can enjoy the shade while other nags are toiling in the burden and heat of the day. He is a natural doctor, and the town is indebted to him for the introduction of fluid remedies over the wholesale and retail poisoning of the system by powders and mineral drugs. In the diagnosis of a disease, he acts almost from intuition, and his judgment may be counted upon in most cases. The doctor is a great lover of Audubon and Wilson, and his collection of stuffed objects is not surpassed, or even compared with, by any physician we have known. He is blest with a mind of his own development, and in all his practice he is essentially Brackettian.

As we write, Dr. John H. O'Brien is preparing to take his departure to Pittsburgh, the iron city. The good people of Clarendon have learned in the very short time he has been among them to know and appreciate his ability, and

those who have been benefited by his medical skill will greatly miss his attendance in hours of sickness and suffering. But the iron city, where his brother has an extensive practice, will open up for him a much larger sphere of action, when the future will reward his fondest hopes, if the powers above deal gently with his health.

In 1852, Clarendon had a beautiful girl in her streets, whose pleasant face was as a ray of sunlight in the school-room or among her associates. Gertrude Farwell moved into Holley, and, after years of home life, became a student of medicine at New York, and graduated with high honors. Her practice in New York, on Lexington avenue, was very successful, and she there secured an abiding-place in the hearts of the many who loved her, as love only can, without boundary. She was offered a large salary to take a position in Philadelphia, but declined, and the demands of home has now placed her in Holley, where she occupies a noble and exalted station in the minds and affections of all the people. She is the only lady physician that Clarendon has sent forth from her borders to do that every-day good which her loving and gentle heart is capable of performing, when the eye of the sufferer appeals for all the sympathy of care and kindness.

In 1842, as appears by the town records, Alden C. Keith was town clerk of Clarendon, and when we were only high enough to look over a peony we remember him as a doctor, living in the house now occupied by David P. Wilcox, on Holley street. He had a red-panelled buggy, which then attracted our attention, and for some years traveled up and down our roads, looking after the sick. As to how many died or recovered under his practice we leave the medical history of the other side to give the inquisitive knowledge. In the north-eastern portion of Clarendon John H. Taylor was born, and to-day he is one of the leading physicians in Western New York, at Holley. Having a cool, careful,

studious mind, his judgment must necessarily be of the like nature, and he brings into the sick-room all the knowledge of his own experience and also the accumulated treasure which both the old and new world can furnish in medical thought. There is not an old tree or land-mark in Clarendon but has reason to be proud of his birth on her soil, and the patronage he receives from her people all daily attest how high he reigns in their minds and hearts.

Another lad from the turf has made Brockport to respect the skill of Clarendon's sons. Dr. Coleman is rapidly rising in his profession in the beautiful village of the Brockway's and Seymour's, and if he had never performed any other operation than the removal of Tom Fee's eye, which he did most successfully, this alone would entitle him to the highest praise as one inheriting that peculiar skill which makes Dr. Rider, of Rochester, known to both continents.

Years ago a man, nearly blind, walked into George M. Copeland's store, in Clarendon, and asked to be trusted for a bill of medicine which he wished to compound, amounting to two dollars and fifty cents. As Dr. Willis Cook, now of Brockport, affirms, this was his first essay in the practice of medicine, and for how many long days, weeks, months and years he walked in the shadow of darkness over the roads of Clarendon the good Lord only knows; but time, that sometimes restores the sight and often gives the victory to unwearyed efforts, at last opened his eyes, and to-day this boy of the old Curtis' Cook farm has his Toledo diploma, and glories in the fact that he stood nearly at the head in his examination and in the nobler truth that he loves his profession, and in Brockport is working night and day to mount higher and higher in the scale of worth and estimation.

There was one young doctor here in the faded past by the name of Cornwell, but we have no records as to his

practice, only that he was said to possess that pearl of the mind—ability. On the Millard road, midway between the Christian Church and the Brown school-house, was a strange character, who came into the town about the days of noble Harry Clay. Dr. Cowing was known to every school urchin on all the road by his long snowy beard, his old staff, his striding walk and peculiar expression of countenance, which he wore down to the day of his final change over four-score years in the dusty journey of life. He was the botanical doctor of Clarendon, and knew more about its roots, herbs, weeds and blows than any other person of his day. But his old kettle has now taken a final rest, the steam from his compounds no longer rises to greet the elements beyond; the fire has gone out upon the hearth, the ashes have failed to glow, and all the familiar places that once knew him now know him no more forever, unless his spirit hovers as some ghost loth to leave its earthly abiding spot.

In the old yellow house, where Amos Pettengill said “good-by” to this world, in our boyhood days lived Dr. Benjamin Woodhull. To him at one time resorted all the sore-eyed from all points of the compass to receive the benefits which came from the use of his ointments and optical treatment. Clarendon was truly an eye infirmary in his day of glory, and the streets had more individuals of both sexes with patches over their eyes and bandages around the head than she ever before or since witnessed. It was enough to make even a Bartimas leap with joy to pass into his office and know of his many cures. But the venerable doctor and his patients have all gone, and the eyes of Clarendon seem much brighter since this departure.

Outside of Clarendon we might mention a few names of physicians who now and then may be seen upon our highways. From Holley rolls in Armstrong and Gleason, who have many friends, and who prefer them above all others,

the first especially in surgery and the latter in diphtheria and many other diseases, when the patient requires something different from the ordinary practice of the day, and when good common-sense is above all theory and learned nonsense.

In surgery, Dr. Townsend, from Bergen, is always called when the highest skill is required, and his superior judgment and fine talents are ever the rest and satisfaction of all that demand his services. In dentistry, Benjamin Newton at one time had his office above Copeland's store, where he made teeth and performed all the other labors of his calling to the comfort and final ease of his callers. He can now be found in Holley, as ready as ever to hitch on or replace the decayed ivories with others more beautiful and lasting.

We might in this chapter dwell upon other doctors, but we shall leave their names to appear in connection with other circumstances as they shall arise to the surface of our observation. To all of these doctors which we have mentioned Clarendon owes, and will ever owe, a debt of love and gratitude for their days and nights of severest toil and exertion, when many of her children were locked in the arms of balmy sleep, or enjoying the untold blessings of health and absence from suffering. And if any individual, or class of individuals, should receive the monuments of immortal fame and honor, these are they, who have given their own lives to the care and cure of the sick and distressed, and their best moments to the comfort of the dying.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLARENDON IN POLITICS.

THE political history of any community in this Republic is the result of former teaching. This is generally upon old issues transmitted from father to son, and it is rarely that a change takes place, unless there be also a change in the circumstances of the children as they grow up to manhood. The political feelings which are strongly impressed upon the child weave and interweave their impressions into his mind, and he almost unconsciously becomes what his parent has been before him. If the family in an early day had the benefits arising from different shades of opinion, then there would naturally arise differences, each member of the household exercising his own right of thought, producing that freedom of action which is seldom found in a town where the people are debarred the privilege of reading and considering distinct ideas of political right.

The old pioneers had but little opportunity to read newspapers, as they were too expensive for their means, and they were, therefore, confined to the opinions and judgments which had been handed down from father to son since the administration of Washington. On the one side were the Federals, who believed in a strong national government, and on the other the Republicans, who gloried in the principles and teachings of Jefferson, based upon state rights, and the paramount authority of the people generally.

When Clarendon was organized out of Sweden, in 1821,

there were two parties in this state, the one Republican, or Democratic, and the other Clintonian. The first election canvass was in 1823, November 3d, 4th and 5th, there being at this time *three* polling-places—one at Farwell's Mills, or Clarendon Village, in the frame school-house, the other at the Polly tavern, on the Brockport, or Fourth Section road, and the other at Honest Hill, in the tavern of Colonel Shubael Lewis. At this election were cast votes as follows, viz.:

For Senator—James McCall.....	89
For Assembly—James Ganson	27
“ Robert Anderson	74
“ William Bristol.....	91

This canvass is certified to by Jeremiah Glidden, A. O. Rose, James A. Smith, Henry Hill and Zardeus Tousley, inspectors of election, and recorded November 6, 1823, by Alpha O. Rose, town clerk. This was a Democratic victory, as the Clintonians only elected a few senators, or members, as appears from the “Political History of New York,” by Jabez D. Hammond.

In 1824 a defection had taken place in the supporters of Gov. Yates, and the Albany Regency had stepped to the front and taken Col. Young, who had, a short time before, been the favorite of the People's party. In this election the Clarendon supporters of Col. Young gave him a majority, although he was defeated in the state, by over 16,000 votes, by De Witt Clinton. The vote was as follows:

For Governor—Samuel Young	149
“ De Witt Clinton.....	86
For Senator—Robert Talmadge.....	149
“ James Talmadge.....	84
For Congress—Isaac Wilson.....	149
“ Parmenic Doans	83
For Assembly—Otis Turner.....	142
“ Shubael Dunham	82

This vote is given by Jeremiah Glidden, N. W. Perry, Shubael Lewis, Henry Hill, A. O. Rose, inspectors of elec-

tion, and recorded by Nath. W. Perry, November 5, 1824. This defeat of Col. Young was the result of the removal by the legislature from the board of canal commissioners of De Witt Clinton, who had held the position for fourteen years, with marked ability.

The first election canvass for Orleans county, in Clarendon, was held May 10, 11 and 12, 1825, to elect one sheriff, one county clerk, and four coroners for the same. The vote was as follows:

For Sheriff—	William Lewis.....	179
“	Martin Day	58
“	Gilbert Howel.....	3
For Clerk—	Orson Nickerson.....	224
“	Fitch Chamberlain.....	80
For Coroner—	Franklin Cowden.....	223
“	Henry More.....	160
“	Shubael Lewis.....	166
“	Chauncey Woodworth.....	51
“	Lyman Turner.....	51
“	Elisha M. Gould	51
“	Jonathan Hibbard.....	113
“	Robert M. Brown	6
“	Joseph Kinney.....	4
“	R. Brown.....	1
“	S. Lewis.....	1
“	F. Cowden.....	1
“	H. More.....	1

Henry Hill, Nath. W. Perry, Ash'l Mead, Jeremiah Glidden, inspectors of election, and recorded by Nath. W. Perry. By this canvass we see that William Lewis, the first sheriff for Orleans county, was from Clarendon, and Shubael Lewis, also of the same town, was made one of the coroners.

In 1825 the election canvass was held on November 7th, 8th and 9th, for the purpose of choosing electors for President and Vice-President of the United States. Fifty-five votes were given, on which was written or printed, or partly written and printed, the words, “By general ticket—majority.” Fourteen votes were given, on which was written or printed, or partly written or printed, the words, “By

districts." One vote was given, on which was written or printed, or partly written and printed, the words, "By general ticket—plurality," bearing the names of the same inspectors as above. This was a new way of voting, which the Albany Regency pushed through the legislature as an excuse for not passing an electoral law, requiring that the result of this voting should be certified to the legislature, at its first meeting, by the secretary of state. This first called for three boxes at the several polls, in one of which each voter might deposit a ballot on which should be written, "By districts," or, "By general ticket—plurality," or, "By general ticket—majority."

The presidential election was in favor of John Quincy Adams, by New York casting the balance, through Henry Clay, in his favor. If we judge from the election canvass given below, Clarendon must have been a Regency town, and in favor of Jackson for President, as Ethan B. Allen was elected senator from the eighth district. The vote stood as follows :

For Senator—Benedict Brooks.....	153
" Ethan B. Allen	45
For Assembly—A. G. B. Grant.....	139
" Otis Turner	57

At this time Clarendon was opposed to the administration of Governor Clinton, why, we cannot understand, when it must have been known to every voter that the issue upon which he was elected was really the Erie canal, which should have been paramount to all other interests in their minds, as opening up a way to good markets and better prices, with a sure and certain development of the country. But the way of the politician is so crooked that there is no accounting for the action of his followers.

On the first Monday of November, 1826, an election was held, to submit to the people of the State of New York certain amendments proposed to the Constitution, passed

April 17, 1826, viz.: One hundred and forty-two votes were given for electing justices of the peace by the people, and for extending the elective franchise. Hiram Frisbie, Zardeus Tousley, Nathaniel Warren and Silas Carter were inspectors of election.

ELECTION CANVASS NOV. 9, 10 AND 11, 1826.

For Governor—William B. Rochester.....	113
“ De Witt Clinton.....	99
For Lieut.-Governor—Nathaniel Pitcher.....	112
“ “ Henry Huntington.....	101
For Senator—Charles H. Carroll.....	114
“ John Van Possen.....	98
For Congress—David E. Evans.....	107
“ Simeon Cummings.....	86
For Assembly—Abraham Cantine.....	103
“ Elihu Mather.....	77
“ William S. Babbitt.....	26
“ James Henry.....	1

Inspectors as above. In this election the dominant party, the Regency, in Clarendon lost their governor and secured their lieutenant-governor, and also their senator. The great Morgan excitement induced many persons to vote against Governor Clinton, he being a high priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States at this time; but the anti-Masons did not, in Clarendon, know that Rochester also belonged to the same fraternity.

The amendments on which Clarendon voted were carried through the state, and removed all restriction to the right of suffrage, excepting only citizenship, and a residence of six months, which, with the election of a justice of the peace by the several towns, gave the people that power which before was held at Albany by appointment. The good people of Clarendon must have been surprised when they were informed by Gov. Clinton that the first year of the Erie Canal had brought into the treasury \$771,780.10, and the whole canal debt not \$8,000,000. “Clinton’s Ditch,” as it was sneeringly called, had opened the eyes of thousands, who have left no record of repentance for making

this statement. We now arrive at that point in the history of the state and Clarendon when the Regency, or Democrats, had, by pushing the name of Andrew Jackson forward, under the leadership of Martin Van Buren, secured the control of politics.

ELECTION CANVASS, NOVEMBER 5, 6 AND 7, 1827.

For Congress—Phineas L. Tracey.....	268
“ William H. Tisdale.....	9
For Senator—Timothy H. Porter.....	206
For Assembly—Lyman Bates.....	202
“ George W. Flemming.....	27
For Justice of Peace—Nathan W. Perry.....	47
“ “ Clark Hayes.....	76
“ “ Elizur Warren.....	221
“ “ Ezra Sanford.....	163
“ “ Benjamin G. Pettingill.....	236
“ “ William D. Dudley.....	188
Inspectors—Chauncey Hood, Alvin Hood, Benjamin G. Pettengill, Ezra Sanford, Chauncey Robinson.	

A great excitement had taken place in the state, and the people were divided over the choice of candidates for governor. The Regency nominated Martin Van Buren, while the Anti-Masons were headed by Solomon Southwick, and the Adams', or People's party by Smith Thompson.

ELECTION CANVASS, NOVEMBER 3, 4 AND 5, 1828.

For Governor—Solomon Southwick.....	161
“ Martin Van Buren.....	92
For Lieut.-Governor—John Crary.....	167
“ “ Enos T. Throop.....	102
“ “ Francis Granger.....	2
For Congress—Hiram J. Redfield.....	110
“ Phineas L. Tracy.....	164
For Assembly—George W. Flemming... ..	172
“ John Chamberlain.....	179
For Senator—Philander Bennett.....	102
“ Daniel H. Fitzhugh.....	102
“ George H. Boughton.....	166
“ Moses Hayden.....	160
For Sheriff—William Allis.....	191
“ Guy C. Merrill.....	93

For County Clerk—Leander Woodruff.....	26
“ “ Orson Nickerson.....	166
“ “ William Penniman.....	76
“ “ (Benedict Arnold) Dr. Nickerson....	1
For Coroner—William Broder.....	95
“ Mizah Harrington.....	95
“ John Barmen.....	95
“ Dan Polly.....	94
“ Joseph Hart.....	112
“ Chauncey Robinson.....	169
“ Christian Groff.....	170
“ Robert M. Brown.....	171
For Justice—William D. Dudley.....	166
“ Nathaniel W. Perry.....	113
“ Nathaniel Perry.....	1
“ William Dudley.....	1
For Presidential Electors—Hiram Frisbie.....	120
“ “ Shubael Dunham.....	160
Inspectors—Chauncey Robinson, Alvin Hood, Chauncey Hood, Ezra Sanford, Benjamin G. Pettengill.	

The old town book of Clarendon makes no allusion to the election canvasses of 1829, 1830 and 1831, but gives as its last record that of 1832. The feeling in the western part of the state over the abduction of Morgan had coalesced the National Republican party with the Anti-Masonic wing, as against the Jacksonian, or Democratic party, and we find mention of the votes given as follows:

For Governor—(Anti-Mason)—Francis Granger.....	187
“ (Democratic)—William L. Marcy.....	135
For Lieut.-Governor—(Anti-Mason)—Samuel Stevens..	180
“ (Democratic)—John Tracy.....	135
For Senator—(Anti-Mason)—John Griffin.....	187
“ (Democratic)—Fletcher M. Haight.....	135
For Congress—(Anti-Mason)—Gideon Hard.....	186
“ (Democratic)—Franklin Butterfield.....	132
For Assembly—(Anti-Mason)—Asahel Byington.....	182
“ (Democratic)—John Chamberlain.....	140
For Sheriff—(Anti-Mason)—Harmon Goodrich.....	182
“ (Democratic)—Jessie M. Schofield.....	139

The electors for President and Vice-President received, on the Anti-Masonic ticket, 187 votes each, and on the Democratic, 135. Elizur Warren, Jona Howard, Alexander

Milliken and Hubard Rice, inspectors. This election was held on the 5th, 6th and 7th of November, 1832. The highest number of votes cast in 1823 was 89 ; in 1825, 224 ; in 1826, 114 ; in 1827, 221 ; in 1828, 167 ; in 1832, 187 ; and this has reference not to the total vote, as this can hardly be ascertained by the inspectors' reports. In 1827 a resolution was passed providing for four ballot-boxes at town meetings, and the tickets were divided, supervisor and town clerk on one ticket, assessor, commissioners of highways, and overseers of the poor on the second ticket, collector and constables on the third ticket, and commissioners and inspectors of schools on the fourth ticket, and that a poll-list should be kept.

The town meetings and elections in the village were held in the frame school-house from 1821 up to 1837, and in 1837, 1838 and 1839 at Elizur Platt's tavern, and in this hotel until 1849, and then in the present hotel until 1878, and from that time until 1888 in the town hall. At a special town-meeting, held at the school-house, April 17, 1822, William Lewis was made assessor in the place of Isaac Spencer refusing to serve. On May 8, 1826, a special town meeting was held at Hiram Frisbee's, choosing S. Carter as town clerk, in the place of H. Carter, deceased, and Simeon Glidden, Jr., to be constable in the place of David Glidden, not accepted. Benjamin G. Pettengill and S. Carter, school inspectors, in lieu of H. Carter and Hiram Frisbee. A special town meeting, May 1st, elected John Wetherbee, Jr., as constable, in place of John Wetherbee, Sr., and Stephen Martin, Jr., as sealer, in place of Stephen Martin, Sr. Alvan Hood was appointed town clerk in place of Silas Carter, deceased, by Nathaniel W. Perry, and Elizur Warren, August 14, 1827. At a special town meeting, held at Horace Perry's, August 30, 1828, Chauncey Robinson was elected supervisor in place of Henry Hill, who had removed from Clarendon. On April 18, 1834, at

a special town meeting, Ezekiel Hoag was elected poormaster in place of Daniel Brackett, who refused to serve. At a special town meeting, held April 27, 1847, 299 votes were cast as follows, viz. : For license, 180 ; no license, 119 ; giving a majority for license of 61.

We are unable to give the party to which the following officers, as elected at the several town meetings, belonged, but will classify them according to years and position.

SUPERVISORS.

1821—Eldredge Farwell.	1855—Dan Martin.
1822—Eldredge Farwell.	1856—Lucius B. Coy.
1823—Jeremiah Glidden.	1857—Amasa Patterson.
1824—Jeremiah Glidden.	1858—Thomas Turner.
1825—Henry Hill.	1859—George M. Copeland.
1826—Hiram Frisbie.	1860—Dan Martin.
1827—Nathaniel Warren.	1861—Mortimer D. Milliken.
1828—Henry Hill.	1862—Mortimer D. Milliken.
1829—Chauncey Robinson.	1863—Martin Evarts.
1830—John Millard.	1864—N. E. Darrow.
1831—John Millard.	1865—N. E. Darrow.
1832—Elizur Warren.	1866—Henry C. Martin.
1833—Elizur Warren.	1867—Henry C. Martin.
1834—Zardeus Tousley.	1868—Henry C. Martin.
1835—Horatio Reed.	1869—D. N. Pettengill.
1836—Horatio Reed.	1870—D. N. Pettengill.
1837—Horatio Reed.	1871—D. M. Inman.
1838—Horatio Reed.	1872—D. M. Inman.
1839—Benjamin G. Pettengill.	1873—Albert M. Church.
1840—John Millard.	1874—P. A. Albert.
1841—Jason A. Sheldon.	1875—P. A. Albert.
1842—Jason A. Sheldon.	1876—P. A. Albert.
1843—Jason A. Sheldon.	1877—Albert J. Potter.
1844—Benjamin G. Pettengill.	1878—W. E. Howard.
1845—Benjamin G. Pettengill.	1879—N. O. Warren.
1846—Ira B. Keeler.	1880—W. H. H. Goff.
1847—Ira B. Keeler.	1881—W. H. H. Goff.
1848—Orson Tousley.	1882—William H. Inman.
1849—George M. Copeland.	1883—William H. Inman.
1850—George M. Copeland.	1884—Charles Lusk.
1851—N. E. Darrow.	1885—William Roberts.
1852—N. E. Darrow.	1886—Charles Lusk.
1853—D. F. St. John.	1887—W. H. H. Goff.
1854—N. E. Darrow.	1888—W. H. H. Goff.

TOWN CLERK.

1821—Joseph M. Hamilton.	1855—Josiah B. Mansfield.
1822—Robert Owen.	1856—Amasa Patterson.
1823—Alpha O. Rose.	1857—Morris Dewey.
1824—Nathaniel W. Perry.	1858—Morris Dewey.
1825—Nathaniel W. Perry.	1859—Morris Dewey.
1826—Henry Carter.	1860—John M. Wetherbee.
1827—Silas Carter.	1861—John M. Wetherbee.
1828—Alvan Hood.	1862—John M. Wetherbee.
1829—John Church.	1863—None given.
1830—John Church.	1864—Henry Warren.
1831—John Church.	1865—Henry Warren.
1832—Jonathan Howard.	1866—Henry Warren.
1833—Jonathan Howard.	1867—Orson T. Millard.
1834—Thomas J. Noyes.	1868—George D. Warren.
1835—Jonathan Howard.	1869—T. H. Westcott.
1836—Jonathan Howard.	1870—William H. Westcott.
1837—Jonathan Howard.	1871—William H. Westcott.
1838—Jonathan Howard.	1872—William H. Westcott.
1739—Jonathan Howard.	1873—William H. Westcott.
1840—Jonathan Howard.	1874—Frank H. Martin.
1841—Jonathan Howard.	1875—George P. Preston.
1842—Alden C. Keith.	1876—George P. Preston.
1843—Alden C. Keith.	1877—Frank F. Turner.
1844—Alden C. Keith.	1878—Frank F. Turner.
1845—Alden C. Keith.	1879—D. C. St. John.
1846—William L. Lewis.	1880—D. C. St. John.
1847—Henry Kirby.	1881—Willis E. Hardenbrook.
1848—Henry Kirby.	1882—Willis E. Hardenbrook.
1849—Henry C. Martin.	1883—N. H. Darrow.
1850—Josiah B. Mansfield.	1884—N. H. Darrow.
1851—Josiah B. Mansfield.	1885—M. E. Brackett.
1852—Josiah B. Mansfield.	1886—George Mathes.
1853—Job L. Potter.	1887—Gordon L. St. John.
1854—Not given.	1888—Gordon L. St. John.

ASSESSORS.

1821—Reuben Lucas, William Lewis, Henry Hill.
1822—R. W. Vining, M. Spencer, L. Humphrey.
1823—Henry Hill, J. A. Smith, Zard. Tousley.
1824—Henry Hill, J. A. Smith, Shubael Lewis.
1825—Jeremiah Glidden, Asdel Nay, Abel Mead.
1826—Jeremiah Glidden, Nathaniel Warren, Z. Tousley.
1827—Ezra Sanford, B. G. Pettengill, Chan. Hood.
1828—Ezra Sanford, B. G. Pettengill, Chan. Hood.
1829—T. Templeton, J. Millard, Chan. Hood.
1830—T. Templeton, T. Brintnall, Chan. Hood.
1831—Alex. Milliken, H. Reed, H. Rice.
1832—Alex. Milliken, Joseph Pratt, H. Rice.
1833—J. L. Cook, D. Negus, H. Rice.

- 1834—J. M. Hollister, C. Hallock, H. A. Hess.
 1835—J. Pratt, B. G. Pettengill, H. Rice.
 1836—J. Pratt, B. G. Pettengill, H. Rice
 1837—J. Millard, C. Hallock, H. Rice.
 1838—J. Millard, J. Pratt, C. Robinson.
 1839—C. Hallock, G. M. Salsbury, H. Rice.
 1840—L. Cook, Jr., O. Tousley, Alex. Milliken.
 1841—J. M. Hollister, G. R. Bennett, Alex. Milliken.
 1842—J. M. Hollister, G. R. Bennett, Alex. Milliken.
 1843—Stephen Howard, G. R. Bennett, Alex. Milliken.
 1844—T. Templeton, Daniel S. Ross, B. Pettengill.
 1845—M. Packard, S. B. Bushnell, D. S. Ross.
 1846—Alex. Milliken, F. Speer, M. Stevens.
 1847—S. B. Bushnell, M. Packard.
 1848—Horace Peck, George W. Farwell.
 1849—Manning Packard, George W. Farwell.
 1850—Amasa Patterson. 1872—M. Evarts, Ebenezer Culver.
 1851—Thomas Glidden. 1873—M. D. Milliken, James Gib-
 1852—Thomas Turner. son.
 1853—Hubbard Rice. 1874—N. O. Brackett, M. Packard.
 1854—Thomas Glidden. 1875—Edgar H. Glidden.
 1855—Levi D. Mills. 1876—Daniel Griggs.
 1856—Stephen Wyman. 1877—W. H. H. Goff, James Lusk.
 1857—Henry Kirby. 1878—James Lusk.
 1858—Martin Evarts. 1879—Eli Evarts
 1859—Stephen Wyman. 1880—Harley D. Munger.
 1860—Thomas Glidden. 1881—Charles Lusk.
 1861—Martin Evarts. 1882—John S. Boots.
 1862—Loren Hill. 1883—Henry Vandenberg.
 1863—Dan Martin. 1884—George E. Cowles.
 1864—Manning Packard. 1885—John S. Boots, Gilbert
 1865—James M. Templeton. Huyck.
 1866—Josiah M. Clark. 1886—John S. Boots, Gilbert
 1867—Myron D. Snyder. Huyck.
 1868—John J. Stevens. 1887—Gilbert Huyck, Alexander
 1869—Horace B. Pierce. Andrus.
 1870—Simeon D. Coleman, J. Pratt. 1888—Gilbert Huyck, A. Andrus,
 1871—John G. Carpenter. M. Murphy.

COMMISSIONERS OF HIGHWAYS.

- 1821—David Church, J. A. Smith, Cyrus Hood.
 1822—Stephen Martin, A. Annis, J. A. Smith.
 1823—D. Church, Nathaniel Warren, A. Hopkins.
 1824—D. Church, Nathaniel Warren, A. Hopkins.
 1825—D. Church, Nathaniel Warren, A. Hopkins.
 1826—A. Annis, Nathaniel Warren, B. Holmes.
 1827—Noah Sweet, Levi Preston, S. L. Stevens.
 1828—Chauncey Gould, Levi Preston, S. L. Stevens.
 1829—Chauncey Gould, Levi Preston, S. L. Stevens.
 1830—J. H. Davis, Levi Preston, L. Cook.
 1831—J. H. Davis, James Preston, S. L. Stevens.

- 1832—L. Cook, James Preston, Samuel Wetherbee.
 1833—A. Howard, D. Reed, L. Cook.
 1834—J. A. Sheldon, H. Hood, William Alexander.
 1835—L. Cook, J. L. Cook, James Preston.
 1836—D. Reed, J. L. Cook, S. L. Stevens.
 1837—D. Reed, J. L. Cook, H. A. Hess.
 1838—G. M. Salisbury, L. Cook, J. L. Cook.
 1839—H. A. Hess, S. Lewis, J. L. Cook.
 1840—H. B. Richardson, Joseph L. Cook.
 1841—George Forbush, Caleb Hallock.
 1842—C. H. T. Cowles, H. A. Hess, B. McCrillis.
 1843—H. A. Hess, J. C. Hallock, C. H. T. Cowles.
 1844—S. L. Stevens, G. W. Farwell, T. Glidden.
 1845—M. D. Milliken, H. Crannell, T. Turner.
 1846—J. H. Peabody, William Glidden, A. Clum.
 1847—Ebenezer Reed, Helon Babcock.
 1848—Leonard Gillett.
 1849—Norton L. Webster.
 1850—Curtis Cook.
 1851—Nathan O. Warren.
 1852—Joseph A. Bryan.
 1853—Philip Inman, Stephen Wyman.
 1854—G. W. Farwell, C. B. Packard.
 1855—Leonard S. Foster. 1872—John R. Bartlett.
 1856—Alexander Miller. 1873—Marvin R. Mills.
 1857—Ferrin Speer. 1874—George Thomas.
 1858—William E. Willey. 1875—Webster E. Howard.
 1859—A. Miller, C. H. Crannell. 1876—John S. Boots.
 1860—Remember C. Dibble. 1877—George Thomas.
 1861—George H. Turner. 1878—N. E. Warren.
 1862—David P. Wilcox. 1879—Henry Crannell.
 1863—James Gibson. 1880—Royal Taylor.
 1864—Ely H. Cook. 1881—Not given.
 1865—David P. Wilcox. 1882—Not given.
 1866—Loren Hill. 1883—John Crossett.
 1867—Austin J. Hollister. 1884—Lewis Lambert.
 1868—Daniel P. Albert. 1885—Benjamin Boots.
 1869—Edgar Gillis. 1886—Lewis A. Lambert.
 1870—William H. Inman. 1887—Frank Clow.
 1871—Daniel P. Albert. 1888—Eugene Crossett.

OVERSEERS OF POOR.

- 1821—Alex. Annis, Shubael Lewis.
 1822—Alex. Annis, Shubael Lewis.
 1823—Zebulon Packard, Shubael Lewis.
 1824—Zebulon Packard, Stephen Martin.
 1825—Abner Hopkins, Stephen Martin.
 1826—Chauncey Robinson, Dan Polly.
 1827—Chauncey Robinson, Dan Polly.
 1828—Stephen Martin, Benjamin Thomas.
 1829—Lyman Hammond, Benjamin Thomas.

- 1830—Lyman Hammond, Joseph Hopkins.
 1831—Lyman Hammond, Joseph Hopkins.
 1832—Levi Preston, Amos Ross.
 1833—Levi Preston, Amos Ross.
 1834—Daniel Brackett, J. L. Cook.
 1835—Joseph Hopkins, Amos Ross.
 1836—Joseph Hopkins, Chauncey Robinson.
 1837—Joseph Hopkins, Chauncey Robinson.
 1838—Joseph Hopkins, Stephen Martin.
 1839—Joseph Hopkins, Helon Babcock.
 1840—Joseph Hopkins, John Locke.
 1841—H. A. Hess, John Locke.
 1842—Ezekiel Hoag, Helon Babcock.
 1843—Ezekiel Hoag, Helon Babcock.
 1844—Stephen Wyman, Homer Cornwell.
 1845—Stephen Wyman, David Matson.
 1846—Ira Phillips.
 1847—Philip Preston.
 1848—Ira Phillips.
 1849—Lemuel Cook, Jr.
 1850—Lemuel Cook, Jr.
 1851—James Winn.
 1852—Lemuel Cook, Jr.
 1853—Lemuel Cook, Jr.
 1854—Levi Clark.
 1855—Asahel Merriman.
 1856—James Winn.
 1857—A. E. French.
 1858—Edmund Wilcox.
 1859—James Lusk.
 1860—Ira T. Merrill.
 1861—Leander T. Gillespie.
 1862—T. G. McAllister.
 1863—Justin H. Dutton.
 1864—Justin H. Dutton.
 1865—Justin H. Dutton.
 1866—Justin H. Dutton.
 1867—Alexander Miller.
 1868—Justin H. Dutton.
 1869—Justin H. Dutton.
 1870—Martin E. Brackett.
 1871—David Wetherbee.
 1872—David Wetherbee.
 1873—Martin E. Brackett.
 1874—John S. Nelson.
 1875—None given.
 1876—C. H. Pugsley.
 1877—C. H. Pugsley.
 1878—Simeon D. Coleman.
 1879—Jonas Shaw.
 1880—Isaac Kelley.
 1881—Isaac Kelley.
 1882—John W. Mansfield.
 1883—John W. Mansfield.
 1884—John W. Mansfield.
 1885—John Wright.
 1886—John W. Mansfield.
 1887—John Wright.
 1888—John Wright.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

- 1821—R. Owen, J. Glidden, Anson Bunnel.
 1822—A. O. Rose, J. A. Smith, J. Glidden.
 1823—Ezekiel Lee, H. Hood, S. Hodges.
 1824—Joshua Vincent, E. Lee, A. Bunnel.
 1825—W. D. Dudley, E. Lee, B. G. Pettengill.
 1826—W. D. Dudley, E. Lee, G. M. Salisbury.
 1827—Robert Owen, E. P. Sanford, P. Preston.
 1828—Robert Owen, H. Rice, P. Preston.
 1829—H. Reed, Cyrus Hood, John Wetherbee.
 1830—H. Reed, G. M. Salisbury, John Wetherbee.
 1831—Joseph L. Cook, B. G. Pettengill, John Wetherbee.

- 1832—Joseph L. Cook, Cyrus Hood, M. Packard.
 1833—J. Wetherbee, B. G. Pettengill, H. Reed.
 1834—Horace Peck, E. S. Reed A. Joslyn.
 1835—J. Wetherbee, J. Church, G. M. Salsbury.
 1836—J. Wetherbee, J. Church, G. M. Salsbury.
 1837—H. Rice, B. Pettengill, Jonathan Howard.
 1838—G. S. Salsbury, C. Robinson, T. Templeton.
 1839—M. Packard, J. W. Hollister, A. Joslyn.
 1840—L. J. Woodruff, J. W. Hollister, A. Joslyn.
 1841—George M. Copeland, S. Howard, J. H. Peabody.
 1842—George M. Copeland, N. E. Darrow, H. Hood.
 1843—J. A. Hess, J. Coleman, James Young.

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 1844—John G. Smith. | 1852—Almon Snyder. |
| 1845—John G. Smith. | 1853—Not given. |
| 1846—Clark Glidden. | 1854—N. O. Warren. |
| 1847—John B. King. | 1855—Not given. |
| 1848—N. O. Warren. | 1856—Not given. |
| 1849—Not given. | 1857—Not given. |
| 1850—David N. Pettengill. | (Expired 1857.) |
| 1851—Not given. | |

SCHOOL INSPECTORS.

- 1821—Asdel Nay, Luther Peck, S. Hedges.
 1822—R. Owen, L. Humphrey, S. Hedges.
 1823—R. Owen, L. Humphrey, Alvin Hood.
 1824—H. Carter, A. Nay, Alvin Hood.
 1825—H. Carter, Hiram Frisbie, G. M. Salsbury.
 1826—H. Carter, Hiram Frisbie, A. Hood.
 1827—G. M. Salsbury, G. S. Salsbury, A. Hood.
 1828—Robert Owen, I. B. Keeler, A. Hood.
 1829—B. G. Pettengill, G. M. Salsbury, Asa Bunnel.
 1830—B. G. Pettengill, Jonathan Church, A. Milliken.
 1831—Asa Bunnel, N. E. Darrow, G. S. Salsbury.
 1832—Asa Bunnel, N. E. Darrow, G. S. Salsbury.
 1833—Z. H. Hallock, Asa Bunnel, G. S. Salsbury.
 1834—T. I. Noyes, M. Packard, S. Howard.
 1835—Jonathan Howard, M. Packard, B. G. Pettengill.
 1836—Jonathan Howard, M. Packard, B. G. Pettengill.
 1837—H. Reed, M. Packard, S. Howard.
 1838—B. G. Pettengill, M. Packard, John Church.
 1839—L. Sawyer, A. C. Keith, H. Reed.
 1840—S. Church, Lyman Matson.
 1841—Loyal Palmer, Lyman Matson, A. Patterson.
 1842—Amasa Patterson, Samuel Salsbury.
 1843—Lyman Matson, Enos Holmes. (Expired.)

COLLECTORS.

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|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1821—Truman Smith. | 1855—S. Church. |
| 1822—William Lewis. | 1856—J. W. Hopkins. |
| 1823—Shubael Lewis. | 1857—J. J. Stevens. |
| 1824—Z. Tousley. | 1858—I. S. Bennett. |
| 1825—Z. Tousley. | 1859—J. J. Stevens. |
| 1826—D. Glidden. | 1860—J. J. Stevens. |
| 1827—T. Smith. | 1861—L. H. Merrill. |
| 1828—W. Dodge. | 1862—I. S. Bennett. |
| 1829—H. Phelps. | 1863—L. B. Coy. |
| 1830—None given. | 1864—L. B. Coy. |
| 1831—W. Dodge. | 1865—A. M. Church. |
| 1832—W. P. Hinman. | 1866—A. M. Church. |
| 1833—A. W. Salsbury. | 1867—H. B. Joslyn. |
| 1834—Hiram Joslyn. | 1868—None given. |
| 1835—Hiram Joslyn. | 1869—Alva Blanchard. |
| 1836—Hiram Joslyn. | 1870—A. D. Turner. |
| 1837—Hiram Joslyn. | 1871—George Mathes. |
| 1838—D. Crossett. | 1872—A. D. Turner. |
| 1839—D. Crossett. | 1873—Edward L. Church. |
| 1840—Hiram Joslyn. | 1874—J. M. L. McCrillis. |
| 1841—Hiram Joslyn. | 1875—J. L. McCrillis. |
| 1842—George W. Peck. | 1876—George Taylor. |
| 1843—George W. Peck. | 1877—Simeon Glidden. |
| 1844—M. Packard. | 1878—L. A. Lambert. |
| 1845—H. Joslyn. | 1879—Kirk Blanchard. |
| 1846—H. Kirby. | 1880—Ira Dexter. |
| 1847—Stephen Church. | 1881—L. F. Nelson. |
| 1848—Stephen Church. | 1882—L. Preston. |
| 1849—Stephen Church. | 1883—C. H. Stevens. |
| 1850—Cyrus Lusk. | 1884—F. Bates. |
| 1851—Morris Dewey. | 1885—D. C. St. John. |
| 1852—S. Church. | 1886—G. N. Orcutt. |
| 1853—J. B. French. | 1887—E. R. Warren. |
| 1854—J. W. Hopkins. | 1888—E. R. Warren. |

CONSTABLES.

- 1821—J. C. Remington, Willard Dodge.
 1822—William Lewis.
 1823—S. Lewis, William Dodge.
 1824—Charles Savin.
 1825—B. Thomas, Joseph Lee.
 1826—J. W. Lee, V. Tousley, S. Warren.
 1827—S. Warren, J. Church, J. Wetherbee.
 1828—H. Phelps, T. Smith.
 1829—H. Phelps, B. Pettengill, W. Dodge, H. Failing.
 1830—S. L. Stevens, Asa Mead, Jared Bigelow.
 1831—W. Dodge, H. P. Hinman, B. Pettengill, A. Mead.
 1832—Ed. Pettengill, D. Crossett, W. P. Hindman, W. Dodge.

- 1833—Hindman, Crossett, A. W. Salsbury, E. W. Ainsworth.
 1834—H. Peck, J. W. Palmer, J. Wickwear, H. Joslyn.
 1835—Joslyn, Crossett, Salsbury, Orrin Butterfield.
 1836—Salsbury, Butterfield, Joslyn, Crossett.
 1837—Joslyn, Crossett, Salsbury, E. Pettengill.
 1838—Crossett, J. J. Harper, Salsbury, Butterfield.
 1839—Joslyn, Salsbury, W. G. Ainsworth.
 1840—Harper, B. P. Wadsworth, J. F. Glidden, W. Cox.
 1841—Wadsworth, Glidden, Joslyn, G. W. Peck.
 1842—Peck, Glidden, S. Yates, J. Lusk.
 1843—Peck, Lusk, S. Cox, Jonathan Reed.
 1844—T. Maine, H. Farwell, J. B. French, M. Packard.
 1845—S. Church, Wadsworth, Farwell, W. Olmsted.
 1846—H. Kirby, W. Cox, A. Smith, Wadsworth.
 1847—Church, Smith, N. O. Warren.
 1848—Church, O. Bennett, N. R. Merrill, Cox.
 1849—Church, C. Lusk, L. Dean, M. E. Winchell.
 1850—Church, Lusk, Bennett, H. M. Cook.
 1851—Church, M. Dewey, Bennett, Lawton.
 1852—Church, J. B. French, Winchell, M. Lewis.
 1853—French, Church, Winchell, L. D. Jenkins.
 1854—J. W. Hopkins, French, J. Crossett, Lawton.
 1855—Church, French, L. S. Wilcox, Lawton.
 1856—Z. Smith, Hopkins, Lewis, French.
 1857—J. J. Stevens, Wilcox, French, Lewis.
 1858—G. Clapp, P. True, I. Bennett, W. Glidden.
 1859—Stevens, French, T. Stone, D. Inman.
 1860—J. Kane, J. W. Lawton, Stevens, Clapp.
 1861—A. P. Wetherbee, L. Preston, Kane, Clapp.
 1862—A. H. Elliott, W. H. Westcott, Bennett, Clapp.
 1863—A. Harmon, J. M. Clark, H. Ward, E. Foster.
 1864—L. B. Coy, Harmon, Merrill, Clark.
 1865—A. M. Church, W. Storms, A. S. Frederick, Clark.
 1866—Church, S. Williams, W. Armour, W. Storms.
 1867—L. Mower, H. Sawyer, J. Kirby, A. D. Cook, G. B. Hood.
 1869—J. A. Downs, A. D. Turner, T. H. Glidden, Soles.
 1870—Glidden, Turner, G. Milliken, C. Minick.
 1871—Turner, G. Baldwin, Mathes, Storms.
 1872—J. Roberts, W. Cruttenden, Turner, Storms.
 1873—R. Lee, Cruttenden, W. M. Pratt, G. Sturges.
 1874—Sturges, Storms, Pratt.
 1875—J. McCrillis, E. Warren, Huyck, Emery.
 1876—Sturges, Pratt, T. McGowan, Emery.
 1877—Emery, Sturges, W. C. Dibble, R. E. Lawton.
 1878—Church, McGowan, Hollister, William Lyman.
 1879—Fred Mowers, K. Blanchard, D. Smedes, Preston.
 1880—Emery, Church, Preston, McGowan.
 1881—Emery, F. West, L. F. Nelson, Church.
 1882—Preston, Vanderburg, Church, H. Putnam.
 1883—Lawton, Stevens, Church, Preston.
 1884—Preston, Turner, Church, Budd.

- 1885—Church, St. John, Preston, Emery.
 1886—Preston, Church, Emery, Butterfield, Stuckey.
 1887—Whipple, Warren, Lyman Emery.
 1888—Wilson, Emery, Warren, Murphy.

GAME CONSTABLES.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1872—D. H. Mower. | 1882—George Gaylord. |
| 1873—Henry Foster. | 1883—T. Gormly. |
| 1876—Rugene Lawton. | 1884—Ogden S. Miller. |
| 1877—E. Butler. | 1885—M. S. Kimball. |
| 1878—James Burns. | 1886—John Crossett. |
| 1879—E. Butler. | 1887—Fred Hedges. |
| 1880—James Burns. | 1888—P. J. Murphy. |
| 1881—J. Mepsted. | |

POUND MASTERS.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 1821—Eldredge Farwell. | 1824—Enos Dodge. |
| 1822—Enos Dodge. | 1825—Enos Dodge. |
| 1823—Enos Dodge. | 1826—Enos Dodge. |

SEALERS.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1822—David Sturges. | 1850—Philip Preston. |
| 1825—Hiram Frisbie. | 1851—Marvin Powers. |
| 1826—Hiram Frisbie. | 1852—Philip Preston. |
| 1827—Stephen Martin. | 1853—Philip Preston. |
| 1828—Stephen Martin. | 1854—Philip Preston. |
| 1838—Stephen Martin. | 1855—Philip Preston. |
| 1839—George M. Copeland. | 1856—Morris Dewey. |
| 1840—Eldredge Farwell. | 1858—Philip Preston. |
| 1847—Asabel Merriman. | 1859—Marvin Powers. |
| 1848—Marvin Powers. | 1860—James M. Hollister. |
| 1849—Marvin Powers. | 1866—Merritt Blighton. |

JUSTICES.

- 1821—Eldredge Farwell.
 1822—Eldredge Farwell.
 1823—William Lewis, Henry Hill.
 1824—William Lewis, Asdel Nay, Henry Hill.
 1825—William Lewis, Asdel Nay, Henry Hill.
 1826—William Lewis, Asdel Nay, Henry Hill.
 1827—Asdel Nay, N. W. Perry, E. Warren.
 1828—Ezra Sanford, B. G. Pettengill, E. Warren.
 1829—W. D. Dudley, Ezra Sanford, B. G. Pettengill, E. Warren.
 1830—Clark Hayes, Dudley, Sanford, Pettengill, Warren.
 1831—Eleazur Warren, B. G. Pettengill.
 1832—Warren, Pettengill, John Church.
 1833—Warren, Pettengill, Horatio Reed.
 1834—Warren, Pettengill.
 1835—Warren, Pettengill, Z. Tousley, J. M. Hollister.
 1836—H. Reed, J. S. Grennell, Tousley, Hollister.

- 1837—Pettengill, Tousley, Grennell, Hollister.
 1838—Pettengill, Tousley, Grennell, Hollister.
 1839—J. A. Sheldon, Pettengill, Grennell, Hollister.
 1840—H. Rice, Warren, Pettengill, Sheldon.
 1841—S. Lewis, Tousley, Pettengill, Sheldon.
 1842—Jonathan Howard, Sheldon, Tousley, Lewis.
 1843—Jason A. Sheldon, Tousley, Lewis, Howard.
 1844—E. Hoag, Sheldon, Lewis, Tousley.
 1845—Hoag, Sheldon, Lewis, Tousley.
 1846—H. B. Richardson, Hoag, Lewis, Sheldon.
 1847—T. B. Sheppard, J. Pratt, Hoag, Richardson.
 1848—G. W. Peck, H. Kirby, Pratt, Hoag, Richardson.
 1849—T. S. Phelps, Job Potter, Pratt, Richardson.
 1850—Pratt, Potter.
 1851—Hoag, Richardson, Pettengill, Pratt, Potter.
 1852—J. Millard, Pratt, Richardson, Hoag, Pettengill.
 1853—Richardson, Pratt, Millard, Hoag.
 1854—Pratt, Millard, Richardson, Hoag.
 1855—Hoag, Pratt, Millard.
 1856—Jared Thompson, Pratt, Millard, Hoag.
 1857—Edmund Wilcox, Hoag.
 1858—D. N. Pettengill, Hollister, J. C. Hallock, Pratt, Hoag.
 1859—A. E. French, Hoag, Hallock, Hollister, Pettengill.
 1860—Hollister, J. A. Bryan, Pettengill, French.
 1861—L. D. Mills, Pettengill, Hollister, French, Bryan.
 1862—Pettengill, Hollister, French, Mills.
 1863—N. E. Darrow, Pettengill, Hollister, French, Mills.
 1864—W. Glidden, Pettengill, Mills, Hollister, Darrow.
 1865—J. Lawton, Pratt, Pettengill, Warren.
 1866—Pettengill, Pratt, Glidden, Lawton.
 1867—N. O. Warren, Glidden, Lawton.
 1868—Amasa Patterson, T. B. Stone, Glidden, Warren, Lawton.
 1869—Lawton, Patterson, Warren, Stone.
 1870—Patterson, Warren, Glidden, Lawton.
 1871—Pratt, Warren, Patterson, Lawton, Glidden.
 1872—Warren, Glidden, Pratt, Patterson, Lawton.
 1873—Lawton, Pratt, Glidden, Warren, Patterson, J. W. Lawton.
 1874—Pettengill, Pratt, Glidden, Patterson, Lawton.
 1875—Warren, Pratt, Glidden, Pettengill, Lawton.
 1876—Warren, Glidden, Pettengill, Lawton.
 1877—J. W. Lawton, Pettengill, Glidden, Lawton, Warren.
 1878—Pettengill, Hill, Glidden, Warren, Lawton.
 1879—D. F. St. John, Lawton, Warren, Hill, Pettengill.
 1880—Hill, Pettengill, St. John.
 1881—J. W. Lawton, Pettengill, St. John, Hill.
 1882—Pettengill, St. John, Hill.
 1883—St. John, Lawton, Pettengill, Hill.
 1884—H. Butcher, Lawton, Hill, St. John, Pettengill.
 1885—F. A. Salisbury, Perry, Lawton, Pettengill, St. John.
 1886—Pettengill, Salisbury, St. John, Perry.
 1887—N. O. Warren, D. C. St. John.
 1888—A. J. Potter, N. H. Darrow, Eugene Warren.

INSPECTORS OF ELECTION.

- 1843—J. M. Hollister, Alburn Joslyn.
1844—John Millard, Eleazur Warren.
1845—John Millard, Chauncey Robinson.
1846—D. S. Ross, Chauncey Robinson.
1847—D. S. Ross, Philip Inman, J. M. Hollister.
1848—B. G. Pettengill, L. B. Coy, E. S. Reed.
1849—Thomas Turner, L. B. Coy, James Winn.
1850—Thomas Turner, A. E. French, I. B. Keeler.
1851—B. Pettengill, Thomas Turner, A. C. Keith.
1852—William Glidden, E. W. Hill, Hiram Joslyn.
1853—William Gibson, W. S. Watson.
1854—L. B. Coy, B. Pettengill, A. Merriman.
1855—L. B. Coy, Smith Glidden, M. D. Milliken.
1856—A. Merriman, A. E. French, D. E. Barker.
1857—Henry Crannel, H. Hood, B. Pettengill.
1858—M. D. Milliken, I. T. Merrill, H. C. Martin.
1859—L. B. Coy, H. Hood, B. Pettengill.
1860—Curtis Cook, A. P. Wetherbee, H. Joslyn.
1861—W. J. Edmonds, A. Mather, G. Cook.
1862—A. P. Wetherbee, A. Mather, G. Cook.
1863—R. E. Howard, A. Mather, John Crossett.
1864—Hiram Ward, J. R. Warren, G. E. Cowles.
1865—R. C. Dibble, E. Culver, G. E. Cowles.
1866—H. L. Salisbury, A. L. Salisbury, G. E. Cowles.
1867—E. H. Glidden, James Gibson, G. E. Cowles.
1868—E. H. Glidden, Ely H. Cook, G. E. Cowles.
1869—George Mathes, S. D. Coleman, G. B. Hood.
1870—George C. Taylor, J. G. Carpenter, H. Cowles.
1871—James Gibson, Fred Glidden, A. D. Cook.
1872—George Mathes, A. L. Salisbury, J. J. Stevens.
1873—Irving W. Hollister, A. L. Salisbury, T. Carr.
1874—George Mathes, J. C. Tupper, C. S. Pugsley.
1875—D. N. Salisbury, T. Carr, L. J. Hill.
1876—William Stuckey, J. B. King, H. Webster.
1877—James Andrus, F. H. Wait, G. D. Cramer.
1878—H. Vanderberg, T. W. Allis, G. D. Cramer.
1879—Levi Mower, W. H. Hollister, Day Wilcox.
1880—C. H. Cramer, Menzo Lawton, R. S. Morton.
1881—J. J. Stevens, H. Vanderberg, T. McGowan.
1882—Will F. Glidden, A. Budd, C. H. Cramer.
1883—G. Huyck, C. B. Tasker, H. L. Perry.
1884—Alva Sturges, C. B. Tasker, Chas. Glidden.
1885—Charles Stevens, Eugene Crossett, William Mathes.
1886—A. C. Mathes, J. B. Merrill, H. Butcher.
1887—Charles Stevens, Eugene Crossett, W. T. Pettengill.
1888—Alonzo Whipple, Adelbert Carr.

EXCISE COMMISSIONERS.

- 1875—John G. Carpenter, G. Cook, J. Turner.
 1876—J. Turner.
 1877—Gilbert Cook, J. J. Stevens.
 1878—David Cruttenden.
 1879—Ebenezer Culver.
 1880—Joseph Turner, N. R. Merrill.
 1881—Isaac Hall, Cyrus Foster.
 1882—Kirk S. Blanchard.
 1883—John Nelson.
 1884—A. D. Cook.
 1885—Edward Nay.
 1886—Hiram Butcher.
 1887—John S. Nelson.
 1888—Guy S. Bowen.

The breaking up of the Whig party after the defeat of Winfield Scott by Franklin Pierce, in 1852, drove the Silver Grays, as they were called, either into the new American or Know-nothing party, or latterly into the ranks of the Democrats. The "Wooleys," along with the "Free Soilers," composed the new Republican party, which very naturally absorbed the Abolitionists. In 1840, during the election of Harrison and Tyler, or, as the old song went, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," the Whigs of Clarendon, from all portions of the town, drew logs of elm, ash, maple and other timber to Albion, under the marshalship of Colonel Orson Butterfield, of the Butterfield road. David Pettengill, Guy M. Salsbury, Chauncey Robinson, Levi Preston, Orson Butterfield and F. A. Salsbury each had their teams to haul logs for this cabin.

When the Clarendon delegation reached the Telegraph road they were met by the Holley Whigs, and at the Transit by others from the north, all well loaded with cider barrels and jugs to remember Harrison. The log-cabin was erected on the ground now occupied by the Presbyterian Church of Albion, and F. A. Salsbury says that he notched the north-east corner of this structure. The crowd then adjourned to the Court-house square, where speeches were

made, cider barrels tapped, jugs sucked dry, until about fifty or more lay as stupid as hogs in a distillery-yard. Those that were able to eat had beans on hemlock bark, to imitate the glorious days when first "Tippecanoe" breathed the air of Yankeedom. On their homeward-bound journey, the cider and whisky aboard put the drunken spirits in charge of the lines, and races were run as far as the guide-post on the Barre road, where one John Taggart, who proposed to "play h—ll with the Whigs," ran into Lyman Beebe's wagon, and he and George Swan went into the air flying, Taggart striking his head, which found the ground still harder, and he rose no more. George Swan, as he came down, shouted, "Get up, Taggart; I've got the jug all right!" but, looking around and seeing that Taggart was unable to drink, he at once became very sober. After this drunken death the Clarendon delegation concluded to drive slow, and entered town quite respectably.

When 1844 came ringing in, with Democratic girls all dressed in white, to imitate the Whigs of 1840, Orson Tousley had a great gathering from different portions of the county to shout the wonderful merits of Polk and Dallas. Clarendon damsels waved flags, and wanted all the boys to hurrah for their favorites, and it was said that one of the girls after bringing her flag around a Whig boy's head three times concluded to cease her wild demonstration.

When Harry Clay was defeated by the Birney wedge, Clarendon women, who loved the gallant Kentuckian, shed tears, and never since that day have the fair sex taken a public hand in the frothy bubblings of the political tub, which shows their good common sense. A very fine pole was raised by the American party in 1856, James Winn having charge, when a Fillmore and Donelson flag waved in the breeze by the hay scales, just in front of George M. Copeland's store.

Lodges were established by this party where none but

Americans were put on guard, and some of the best citizens of the town belonged and did service at these secret sessions. In the same year the Republicans became very strong in town, and Horace Greeley's *Tribune* had about one hundred weekly circulation. The air was hot upon the extension of slavery question, and the good people at the hotel and stores became terribly excited, and more hard words were used than had before been known. Democrats were called "slave-drivers," and Republicans "black." for their love of the negro, while meetings were held in different portions of the town, and the pot was kept boiling with no opportunity to cool.

When 1860 dawned, the Republicans had a strong band of uniformed "Wide-awakes," and T. E. G. Pettengill could be heard shouting "*Attention, Wide-awakes!*" while St. John strutted before the Douglas Guards, lifting high his bloodless sword, and saying, "*Forward! march!*" When some foreign orator was in Albion or Brockport, wagons would be loaded down with Douglas Guards or Lincoln Wide-awakes, all shouting themselves hoarse over their several candidates, and acting more like lunatics than sane men. On one of these noisy occasions, the author, standing side by side with a son of Erin, soon found himself pitched out the rear end of a lumber-wagon just in front of Cash Weller's blacksmith-shop, in Holley, with a million, more or less, of stars in his eyes, and the clatter of a Douglas tin-lamp in his ears. A collar-bone out of joint caused him to remember very distinctly the campaign of 1860.

Clarendon sent a very large delegation to Rochester to hear the "Little Giant," and in Franklin square, on that day, her good people had all the hugging, pushing, jamming and crowding that they could ever wish to experience. The Bell and Everett boys, belonging to the American party, secured a fine tamarack pole in Tona-

wanda, and raised it with great shouting in 1860 on the grass plat which once looked fresh and green, where the Albion and Hulberton streets join in front of S. H. Cope-land's home. Philip Preston turned out a fine wooden bell, which stood handle up at the peak, and a beautiful flag floated out the names of these noble men to the breezes of Clarendon. But the wave of secession took away all that was left of the proud American vessel, and it went down, mourned by many who had hailed its launching with joy in their hearts and fond hopes of the future.

Clarendon has been famous in the past for sending out large delegations to attend political gatherings, coming from all parts of the town wagon after wagon, banners flying and making a procession for long distances. Horace Peck relates that at one time Honest Hill sent to Batavia eighteen teams, all joined to one wagon, loaded down, to hear Doolittle, who afterward became senator from Wisconsin. During the campaign of 1860, Dr. Shubael H. Dutton composed his song-book, with all the tunes set to music by John Mills.

The dark and gloomy days of the war found Clarendon wholly absorbed in the enlistment and drafting of her sons to give much attention to politics outside of the Rebellion. From that day until the present the only change in the two great parties worthy of notice has been a ripple of Green-backism, which rolled away as it came quietly bearing only a few followers; and in 1878 the Prohibition party had *two* votes, the beginning of an organization which is now recognized in the political machinery of the present day. Our chapter on temperance, and also on war, will show the growth, progress and position of these changes as they have arisen upon the sky of Clarendon politics. As we write the tariff is the only great issue between the Democratic and Republican electors of Clarendon, of which they will probably receive their just supply before the canvass is over.

CHAPTER XV.

CLARENDON IN TEMPERANCE.

THE liquor question, in the early days of Clarendon, had but little bearing upon the minds of the people. The Sturges distillery, with one at Holley, and some seven others in adjoining towns, gave the people whisky as common as cider at the present day. Stores not only kept the product on hand, but each customer who was in any wise thirsty was cordially invited to walk up and take a drink, to encourage trade, and keep not only the spirits in the barrel flowing, but also the spirits in the individual at a proper heat. It is related that one person having brought a double-yolked egg, insisted upon having two drinks instead of one, when the shell was broken and found to contain the extra deposit. Jugs and wooden bottles were taken to the distillery, and girls and boys on horseback might be seen, like John Gilpin before he broke his, homeward bound with the precious fluid to supply the wants of the family. If there was a logging-bee, raising, husking, or harvesting, whisky must be purchased at the cheap rate of two shillings per gallon, to keep all hands from becoming dry. In the house, tansy bitters, with a little tansy and very much whisky, was ready in the pantry, or over the fire-place, or in some corner, to drive away the "chills and ague," and in that day liquor seldom gave the shakes, which are so common over the poison of the present. If a dance took place, the boys had sling, and the girls sweet cordials, to keep their spirits in excellent trim for the fiddlers, and the instances were few in which the minister did not expect his

sling, hot punch, or toddy, and took it with the same relish and ease as the poor sinners. And all this occurred because society said "Yes," and the trip-hammer of denunciation had not yet fallen upon the head of this custom. There is no doubt in the minds of all thinking men, that this practice had very much to do with creating in the sight of the children a familiarity with liquor, and as they grew up they, too, began to sip and taste, as their parents had before them, and the result has been known to all who have opened their eyes. One by one certain persons began to see the effects produced by this common drinking, this loafing around taverns, this watching at the grocery for a "nip," in the bloated faces, the half-awake looks of the drinker, his disregard of personal appearance, and very often his unfitness for labor, and lack of confidence in his ability to do the work of life. The health of individuals who did not drink was also contrasted with those who did, the power to labor in the field, and the general condition of the abstainer and drinker. Three cents a glass at the taverns caused certain men to spend their pennies, which they earned by hard labor, and before long their red noses gave them the name of toppers and sots. These could be seen hanging around the village or country bar-room, ever ready to take a drink when called, and very often when not asked, with breaths that would have strangled an infant in the cradle if a breeze from their mouths had blown over the darlings.

Deacon Lemuel Pratt was in the habit of coming over to George S. Salsbury's, on the Barre road, where Budd Emery passed away, about 1836, and near the fire-place they would talk over the effects of intemperance. Mrs. James Annis had years before, in a drunken sleep, fallen into the fire in the old fire-place, where she and her husband lived, and the husband also, loaded with this fluid, nearly lost his life in pulling his wife out of the flames. This fact had not been

forgotten, and even the expression she made just before she expired, that she wished she was under a whisky-barrel at the spout, was enough to make these men think that something ought to be done to head off the effects of drinking. One night in the village of Clarendon, about 1847, the question was deeply agitated, and about a dozen formed themselves into a band called "The Sons of Temperance." T. G. McAllister had hauled down the old shed of the Cottage Inn, and a hall was at once made for the accommodation of this first temperance society of Clarendon, which was prohibition in its character, and initiated members from eighteen years upward. The fee was about one dollar for entrance, with certain dues, that were on hand for the sick, and only those who kept up their dues could receive such a benefit.

After about three years this society had the colored man on the brain; hot disputes took place, crimination and re-crimination, until at last they broke into pieces, and became as one of the past. The "Daughters of Temperance" was formed in the year 1848, and also met above McAllister's shop in the same room of the "Sons of Temperance" once every two weeks, on Thursday, at two P. M., thus allowing the school-girls over thirteen years of age an opportunity to run in for an hour and return just in time to spell. This society had about twenty-five members, of whom we could mention Mrs. John Bartlett, Mrs. Albert J. Potter, Sarah, Esther and Cornelia Grennell, Hannah, Lucy and Eliza Dutcher, and the Palmer sisters, Annis and Priscilla Salisbury and Jane Winn. In the "Sons of Temperance" Chauncey Robinson, George and Guy Salisbury, T. G. McAllister and Dr. Southworth were a few of the most prominent.

The "Daughters of Temperance" dissolved in 1850, and we are unable to give any farther facts in relation to these bodies, as the books are not to be found, and the members

have been scattered to the four quarters of this country or some other. The boys at the same time had a branch called the "Cadets of Temperance," under eighteen years of age, but, like the lamentation of Ontara, their "noon of life" has fled away into the shadows of the once present, and we know not of one living who is able to give us any information. And such is history, that *thirty-eight* years are buried in the grave of forgetfulness in the very town where the actors lived and where the scenes were played. The first lodge of Good Templars was established in Clarendon in the spring of 1868, and the meetings were held over McAllister's harness-shop. Abner Bailey, of Albion, was the founder, and at one time this order had nearly one hundred members, representing both ladies and gentlemen, which, among the married, as well as among the unmarried, was quite popular until the novelty wore away, and some began again to take to their cups, while, the members decreasing, the rental from McAllister became too heavy, and they adjourned one night *sine die* while the furniture and water pitchers were put up at auction.

After six or seven years John B. Finch came into Clarendon and aroused the sleepers, who called another meeting under the charge of J. W. Gunnison, from Buffalo, and the present lodge was opened with forty-eight members. This has been increased to one hundred, but at present numbers only thirty-five. This is called "Welcome Home Lodge, No. 48," bearing date October 25, 1877. The finances of this society allowed them at two entertainments to pay Lewis Patterson one hundred dollars for an organ which is still retained. Among the ministers who have been members of this order may be named Swift, Tanson, Knott, Lawton and Maryott. The worthy chiefs represent such individuals as A. L. Salsbury, A. C. Salsbury, Elder Knott, Eli Evarts, Alfred M. Potter, Will Glidden, James Gibson, Will Gibson, Will Le Roy, Allie Turner, James W. Lawton,

Charles Cramer, David Wetherbee, Perry Carver, Dennis Evarts and Will Coleman out of a list of over forty which we have not in our possession.

This order has employed speakers from abroad at different times, and the names of Carswell, Hurdley, Gurney and Hess are most familiar to the people of Clarendon and vicinity. The town-hall since 1878 has been the chosen spot where the secrets of this order are safely stowed away in the brains of the members. At times the interest seems to revive, and additions will be made, and then backsliding takes place, so that it is impossible to prognosticate or judge of the future as to this movement in Clarendon. The good it has accomplished is kept above in that eternal record to us unknown.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union was organized at Clarendon at the camp by Mrs. J. H. Ruggles, of Holley, as county organizer, on the 21st day of August, 1883. There were at this time fourteen present, and the first president chosen was Mrs. Harriet Gibson. Mrs. William Knott has been the other president of this society. The other officers are a vice-president, secretary, recording secretary and treasurer. The following persons have held different places of trust: Mrs. Bina Blanchard, Mrs. Eunice Cook, Mrs. Nora Mowers and Mrs. Mattie Copeland. This society has a superintendent of Sunday-school work, superintendent of scientific instruction and a superintendent of juvenile work. Sarepta S. Evarts is superintendent of the first, Mrs. Clark Emery of the second branch and of the third Martha J. Evarts. Mrs. Etta Copeland has charge of temperance literature. There are at present eight honorary members, embracing Rev. — Swartz, Dr. E. M. Crabbe, Joe Hess, H. P. Carver, Kirk Mathes, G. Henry Copeland, S. Herbert Copeland and Colonel N. E. Darrow. Meetings are held once in two weeks, on Wednesday, at two P. M. The membership has been as high as

thirty. Joe Hess, Rev. — Swartz, Rev. R. W. Copeland, Rev. Arthur Copeland, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. M. J. Weaver and Mrs. Mary F. Burt have at different times been invited by this society to address them.

In February, 1888, a convention was held at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Clarendon, when Mary J. Lathrap was present and a very large attendance from abroad, the ladies of the W. C. T. U. having a very fine collation prepared each day for those who desired to enjoy the feast. A large quantity of P. A. Burdick's tracts have been distributed, schools have been visited and A. B. Palmer's work, entitled "Hygiene for Young People," endorsed by Mrs. Hunt, has been introduced into the schools of the town, and the other works on the anatomy, physiology and hygiene of the human system carefully looked after. Delegates have also been sent to the county convention from this order, and the ladies have done all in their power to build up the cause of temperance in all classes of our people. This society could not have stood until the present unless it had within its membership women who were ready to attend each meeting and work and wait through all opposition, in good weather or bad, in hours of darkness or light.

The Loyal Temperance Legion was established by the W. C. T. U. of Clarendon, on July 15, 1887. The present superintendent is Martha J. Evarts. As presidents Carrie Ridler and Maud Gillis; vice-presidents, Maud Gillis and Le Roy Cook; as secretaries, Gertie Preston and Maggie Hess; as treasurers, Le Roy Cook and Cora Mathes; organists, Rosetta Evarts and Gertie Cook; chorister, Mrs. Etta Copeland. The legion has thirty members, from five to eighteen years of age, and these are divided into classes, which meet during vacation every Friday afternoon, and in school-terms every Saturday. The exercises open with prayer, followed by music, recitations, singing and speak-

ing. One feast was prepared by the legion in June, 1887, when the boys and girls had a good time both in eating and amusement. This Band of Hope should be extended so as to reach every district in the town, thus uniting not only the children, but forming a circle in which the parents would all be interested in the noble work for God, home and native land.

When the women of Clarendon put their hearts and hands to any work it is as sure to move as the sun is to shine, and men generally understand that the fair sex have more energy, activity, courage and hope than they possess, and are not every moment, like Bunyan and his fearful companions, looking for some lion in the way. And they are deserving of the highest praise in Clarendon, for the majority of the men are openly or secretly opposed to their action in regard to temperance, and do all in their power to block and hedge up their way by word and deed. If the women in every school district could be reached, and if their masters would only allow them horses, the W. C. T. U. would at once increase its members very largely, and all would be well.

The movement to form a Prohibition party may have its date from 1878, when Carswell and Hurdley entered the town and held meetings one week. The first two votes for this party were cast by Abraham L. Salsbury and Gustavus St. John. Since that day there has been a great change in the minds of the Clarendon people on the question of temperance, and the Prohibition party now number about eighty.

In 1883 Rev. J. Alden Copeland instituted his system of camps, twenty in number, located as follows: Clarendon, Lakeside, Olcott, Alexander, Spencerport, Cohocton, Machias, Elmira, Corning, Bradford, Wellsville, Cuba, Conesus Lake, Spencer, Smithboro, Freeville, North Hector, Tonawanda, Northfield and Aurora, increasing them in

years following to thirty-five. This was really the foundation of the St. John circuit, which reached from Erie county as far east as the Hudson river, a chain of camps that has done mighty work for the cause of temperance.

The camp at Clarendon has been under the management of S. Herbert Copeland, and has closed its sixth annual session in George M. Copeland's grove, on Hulberton street. The annual attendance during meetings, from six to ten days, would reach, at a low estimate, twelve thousand, on certain days as high as three thousand. Speakers, the most talented in the Prohibition ranks, have been called from different parts of the Union to address the multitude. Bain of Kentucky, Brooks of Missouri, Beauchamp of Ohio, St. John of Kansas, Sobieski of Illinois, Clark of Michigan, Small of Georgia, Copeland of Ohio, Cheevers of Georgia, Searls of Auburn, Finch of Nebraska, Dorchester of Massachusetts, J. A. Copeland of New York, Green, Clay, Smith of Kentucky, Ellen J. Foster, Mary T. Lathrap, Mrs. St. John, Mary Livermore, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Yeomans, Clara Hoffman and Mrs. Fixen have trod the rostrum under the grand canopy of shade and made the woods to echo with their earnest voices. Strangers visit this camp from all the neighboring counties, and there is only one other in the state, devoted to the cause of prohibition, that is more largely attended. When the sun smiles upon the grove, carriages may be seen moving from all points of the compass toward this noted spot, while the stars and stripes float proudly above, giving each one clearly to understand that the country, and the whole country, is the rallying center.

When we reflect that Clarendon is *three miles* away from the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. station, and that the people can reach this ground only by conveyances over country roads, or by journeys on foot, then we can appreciate the power, force and meaning of such a large gathering as this camp yearly

calls to Copeland's grove. If any person had dared, at the beginning, to foretell the future of this movement, he would have been called a lunatic, or devoid of common sense. And, most certainly, Clarendon should never cease to thank J. Alden Copeland for thus opening wide the door for the orators of the nation to enter, when the good people could enjoy the richness of their mental and moral worth, the grace of eloquence, the power of reasoning, and the depth of truth which have been displayed upon these different occasions by those whom thousands in great cities have never heard.

These camps have produced arguments in every light, the result of much thought, the very essence of all that has gone before, upon the use and abuse of liquors, and every question that could possibly arise out of the sale of these beverages, whether by tax or otherwise, so that the people of Clarendon have received the Alpha and Omega of the whole subject at their very doors, and if they are now blind upon this open volume of temperance it is because they are like the Pharisees of the Saviour's time, as those who will not come unto the light, that they might see.

CHAPTER XVI.

CLARENDON IN WAR.

TURN back the pages of 'Time's volume, and there the inquisitive will find carved out in bold relief the sons of Clarendon who did their country noble service when George Washington looked down the lines, and the future hope of this Republic was through blood, defeat, untold suffering, and all the unnumbered ills which overshadowed the land from Boston Bay to the Savannah, from Lake Erie to the capes of Delaware. When war's rude blast had died away into that holy calm which lovely peace ever brings, in this town some of these old veterans lived and died, pursuing their labors, ever bearing in mind the scenes through which they had passed.

In the Robinson graveyard rest the bodies of some who have no stones to mark their place of burial, or to furnish the historian with data from which to inform others. In this list we may include Thomas McManners, a colored man, who, when a slave at the sunny South, ran away from his master and joined the Federal army. His master came, in hot pursuit, to the camp, and demanded his property. The officer in charge asked the trembling boy if he wished to go back to the old plantation. "No, sah!" "Then, you needn't!" came from the officer, and the owner dropped his jaw and went his way, to curse the army. According to Horace Peck, McManners was the best old soldier in town—one who was very modest in his nature, not given to boasting, or telling great yarns as to how many red-coats he had laid low, how many dangerous places he had been

in, or how very often he had been saved just by the "skin of his teeth." He had that air of truth about him that ever inspires the listener with the feeling that the narrator knows what he is telling to be correct. He was present with Washington during the awful days of Valley Forge, and acted as a servant at his quarters. Those were the times that tried men's souls, as Tom Paine wrote, when the soldiers could be tracked by the blood left behind, while the British were having plenty to eat, drink and wear, in their snug encampment in the then Tory City of New York. But this brave old soldier has laid down his knapsack, and long ere this has met many of his comrades in that country where men learn war no more.

Charles Lee, often called captain, was another of the few who were willing to give all to save this beautiful land from oppression. No tombstone, not even a board, tells where his dust reposes, and we must pass him by, leaving his record to be unfolded in the world to come.

Ira Dodge was carried away by his friends, and the gravel thrown upon his plain coffin, but no one cared enough about his memory to leave us one word of his noble service in the Revolution. How little some men, and even towns, respect the heroic dead, compared with Greece or Rome, where orations were pronounced over those who had lived or died for their country!

In 1830 the light went out of John Dodge's eyes, that had once shone in the smoke of battle, when Great Britain was doing all in her power to strangle Young America in the cradle. But thanks to the Ruler of the universe, who inspired the souls of such men with that courage, devotion and self-sacrifice, that this haughty power was glad to sail away and leave the child to grow up to manhood. His deeds are unwritten, his conflicts unknown, and he, too, must go down into the chambers of that silence whose secrets we cannot unlock.

At the age of seventy-five years, Ebenezer Lewis, in 1828, "lay like a warrior taking his rest," with the shroud wrapped around him. Had he not known the bravest to fall in the scream of the conflict? But he was reserved to pass away quietly, falling to sleep as gently as he had in his last home on the Byron road. Where are now his blood and bone? Gone, like some sunbeam, back again to their native land—the Eternity of Eternities! He was of noble stock—a man full of energy, and must have been, in the days of '76, one upon whom Washington could rely in any emergency.

William Tousley, the head of all the Tousleys of Clarendon, died in 1827, at sixty-six years of age, and could have been only fourteen when the battle of Lexington was fought. When he enlisted we cannot say, but eight long years of bloody war gave him plenty of time to take down his musket, put on his flint and keep his powder dry for the English bull-dogs. It would be truly interesting if Tousley would walk in for a few moments and give us a full account of his actions during the service, and we would be sure to get the whole truth, now that he has sojourned in a region where yarns and lies have no market value. He could tell us of the long, long march, when the half-starved soldier would have been willing to have mortgaged his after-life for one good meal, or one sleep in which he could rest without being awakened. But we can now say, "Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er," and over his cold ashes drop the tear of respect, as we pass by.

Forty-four years ago, at the age of 83, Benjamin Pettengill, one of the old Pettengills, fell asleep in Clarendon. His house of clay, which his brave spirit occupied, was placed in the Christian burying-ground. He could have been but a lad of fourteen when the battle of Lexington was fought, and if he took a very active part in the struggle, must have been a hero. The last full pensioner of the

Revolutionary War died in Clarendon at the advanced age of 107, the stone says ; but the records only give 104, which is probably correct. The only stain upon his memory is the fact that he deeded to his son a farm to avoid the payment of taxes to his town of Clarendon, which seems very strange in an old soldier. If the failure to receive the farm back again was sufficient punishment, verily he had his reward, for the son retained the farm until his death, and then it went down to his heirs. The author has a distinct recollection of Lemuel Cook, the old soldier. He was as white above his eyes as Rip Van Winkle, his hair hanging in long locks down to his coat-collar, with a heavy face, large mouth, prominent nose, and when he opened his lips he could be heard the whole length of Main street by a deep, gasping, choking, exploding "A-hem!" which attracted the attention of all, and would have frightened a modern infant into fits. He was very deliberate in his walk, resting upon a heavy staff, and moving at a snail's pace in his latter days. If one desired to speak with him, he had the pleasure of taking in a full inspiration of breath, with the certainty that he would need the whole supply before the auditorium of the aged veteran was penetrated. He was with Washington at Valley Forge, and at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, when the British Lion forgot to open his jaws. For years George M. Copeland collected his pension, and Cook came down regularly to receive what Uncle Sam owed him. When he died Col. James Fuller was invited to deliver the sermon, and the exercises were held on the Root road, in the woods now owned by Tommy Benton. A few boards were placed in front of the speaker, where the coffin rested, and the large audience seated themselves as best they could, and for two hours listened to the eloquent words which came pouring forth in memory of the departed soldier. The text was taken from the words, "We have heard with our ears, our

fathers have told us," etc. This was the most impressive funeral that ever took place in Clarendon, and the only one that has ever been held in that most beautiful and grand of all, God's temple, the woods, where the golden pencils of light came streaming down through the arches of shade in all the richness of glory and softness of perfect peace and hallowed rest. In the words of Byron—

“ He has fought his last fight,
He has seen his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.”

In the Root graveyard, not far from Lemuel Cook's remains, is the grave of Lorana H. Davis, who was a pensioner of the war of 1812, and died at four-score and six years. Under whom he fought, and when, we cannot tell, as the witnesses, or those possessed of the facts, are to us unknown. Chauncey Robinson was drafted into this war, the first year of his married life, and went to the frontier to fight under General Porter, about 1814, leaving his lovely lady, Anna Lewis, to mourn his forced departure. If the ancient custom of allowing the husband the first year of his wedded state had been in vogue at this time, Chauncey could have sat by his fire-place and smiled over the situation. There have been other soldiers of this war from Clarendon, but we have not access to the records, and therefore must leave them to slumber, while their works do follow them. In the patriot war of the thirties, there were some in this region who looked cross-eyed over the borders, but we have never known of any of the would-be patriots who have desired to have their names or deeds recorded. The Mexican war had Martin Higgins, who was working on the New York Central Railroad at Schenectady, in May, 1847. With twenty-five other volunteers, he steamed down the Hudson to New York, and was transported to Mexico. The soldiers marched for nights in the mountains, in order to avoid the natives, and join the grand army. Martin was present at

the street fight in the City of Mexico, when the City Hall surrendered to the forces under General Scott. Not one of the dusky Mexicans succeeded in running Higgins through with a lance, or with their muskets leaving some of his Irish blood to make green the streets of their lovely city. He escaped all the diseases peculiar to that climate, and returned in fine condition to New York, thence to Washington, where he was discharged in 1849, when the Whigs ruled the nation.

We have thus taken the reader, as best we could, over the road from the Revolution through the Mexican war, and the meager details we have given only tend to show how little can be known, or even related, of the past, unless we have the actors before us to examine and cross-examine, in order to arrive at the truth.

When the bloody Rebellion blew its awful trumpet, Clarendon, like every other town in the whole country, was startled as if some earthquake had rolled through its borders. The town was so closely divided upon party lines, Democratic and Republican, that a deep feeling of hatred seemed to take the place of reason and good sense, and instead of joining heart and hand to aid the government, a large class were ready to look back over their shoulders, cursing the ones who started the slavery agitation, and using all their strength in windy discussions over the causes of the war. When we now look at these days, through the events of the past, and with our own experience to aid in summing up the acts and actors of that period, we can but admit that the course pursued by those opposed to the war was as dangerous to the safety of the nation as would be the mutiny of a ship's crew in a hurricane, when the vessel was on her beam-ends. There were certain individuals who were called by the Republicans "Copperheads," who loved to hear of a victory achieved by Lee's forces, but who always looked stormy and very chap-fallen when McClellan

or any other Union general had secured a triumph. So much did the love of self, and hatred of Republicans, rule the mind, that old men left their farms to spend long days in the heated discussions which these times naturally engendered. It was well for Clarendon that these old grumblers were too far along in years to be of any particular service to the town in which they lived.

The first enlistment of soldiers out of Clarendon was in May, 1861, for the 13th Regiment of New York Volunteers. The Clarendon boys, Warren L. Peck, Joseph Thompson, John North, Clinton Hood, Marion Patterson, and Thomas Westcott, all enlisted under Captain Hiram Smith, in the city of Rochester, and were sworn in for three months, unless sooner discharged. William H. Seward had said that ninety days would end the war, and therefore the first call by Abraham Lincoln was for 75,000 men for three months only. The Colonel of the 13th was I. F. Quinby of Rochester; Lieut.-Col., Steffin of Dansville; Major, Terry of Rochester; Quartermaster, Rochester of Rochester, and the Chaplain was from Brockport. The boys left Rochester on the 27th day of May, 1861, and after remaining in the Elmira barracks for two weeks, were transferred to Washington. On the 21st day of July, 1861, they had the pleasure of meeting the enemy at Bull Run, but they could not say, in the words of Oliver Hazard Perry, that "they are ours," for the Johnny Rebs came very near capturing the whole of these brave Yanks, who ran like white-heads, believing that the Black-Horse Cavalry were just at their heels. Of course, the Clarendon boys of the 13th were as brave as any other town volunteers, and if they did some fine retreating, they remembered the old couplet—

"He who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight some other day."

After this snuff of bloody war the boys all began to think of "home, sweet home," or "the girls they left

behind them," and were not so anxious to again meet the Johnnies in mortal combat. When the three months had expired, they wanted their eleven dollars a month, if they had not had it, and their discharge immediately. Warren L. Peck and John North refused to stay any longer, as in truth their time was out, but the government insisted upon their remaining, but they said "No!" and on September 4, 1861, they were landed, with thirty others, to work upon the forts at Dry Tortuga, off the Florida coast, where they could wheel brick, mount cannon and work like slaves until March 4, 1862, when they were taken to New York, thence to Washington, and very kindly given a furlough of thirty days, so as to salve over the heart-wounds, and once more prepare them to fight like good soldiers.

After joining the army under George B. McClellan, at Harrison's Landing, Warren and North were in the Yorktown, Winchester and seven day's fights on the Peninsula, and Peck was taken prisoner at Gaines' Mills and at first sent to Libby prison, then to Belle Isle. At these pens the officers, not satisfied with half-starving the "d — d Yankees," as they called them, would shoot any soldier if he stuck his head out of the window or attempted to cross the dead line, which was only about ten paces from the barracks or prison in which they were kept. When Peck entered these death-traps he was in fair condition, but when exchanged he had the inflammatory rheumatism, and was sent to the hospital on Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor, and afterward received an honorable discharge.

When the news reached Clarendon that our boys had been terribly beaten at Bull Run, what a scene occurred! The parents who had sons in that battle were nearly wild with excitement; fathers rushing up and down the streets with their eyes standing out of the sockets, and mothers and sisters lamenting the day that Johnny, or some other

lad, marched away to join the army. Teams could be seen on every road, and each person wishing to know the news; some taking the cars to Rochester, hoping to telegraph to Washington to find out where such and such soldiers were, and all kinds of business seemed for the moment to be at a stand-still. The newspapers made the situation as black as they could picture it, and every one expected that the next mail would bring the news that Beauregard had entered Washington. But the history of all campaigns clearly demonstrate that but very few officers know how to take advantage of a victory, and the battle of Bull Run only added one more case to prove the truth of the statement.

Then, to walk into the stores or shops in Clarendon and hear old gray-beards wag their heads and say "I told you so!" and "Good! Good!" was enough to paralyze the feelings of those who were interested by having their own blood and bone in the awful coil of war. But time has a wonderful power of familiarizing the heart and mind to the terrible realities of this life, and in a few days the good people of Clarendon began, like the rest of the nation, to shake off the chains of fear and arouse themselves to a just sense of the true condition of affairs at Washington. To us it seems very strange that with all the past teaching of history in relation to civil strife, that the whole country should have been so blind to the truth, so unwilling to believe that either side really meant to fight, or that the strife would be of any duration. A veil of absolute darkness had been drawn over the minds of the wise men, both north and south, and as the Jews, in the days of Titus, who would not believe that the Holy City could be taken, or the temple destroyed, so our people could not see before them four years of the bloodiest struggles the world has ever known. And it was well for Clarendon and all the towns of the north that Bull Run was a signal defeat, for

it roused the people and taught them that they could not boast in going into the fight as one in coming out. It also placed before them the dying and the dead; the mangled, bleeding, gasping, groaning, shrieking and moaning of war, horrible war! not in reality, but in awful picturing, which the words "died on the battle-field," or "in the hospital" produced upon their hearts when far away.

The 105th N. Y. V. had one company under Captain Henry Smith, of Murray, which went to the front, the regiment under the command of Colonel James H. Fuller, in November, 1861. The only Clarendon boys in this company and regiment were J. P. Bailey, Hiram Cady, Nathaniel Conners, Lucius Hickey, William Joiner, Charles Minick, George True, Edward True and George Weed. Cady was killed at the first battle of Fredricksburgh, and the sun of Clarendon never again shone on him. He died on the field, and this is glory enough. There is now not one of these soldiers in Clarendon, save Nathaniel Conners, who was present at the Fredricksburgh fight, doing his best for his country, and who was subsequently discharged for disability. The remainder of the company went through the two years and fought the good fight under the noble George B. McClellan.

The 151st Regiment N. Y. V. was composed mostly of men from Orleans and surrounding counties.

- Colonel—William Emerson, of Albion.
- Lieutenant-Colonel—Erwin A. Bowen, of Medina.
- Captain—Hezekiah Bowen, Company A.
- Captain—Benjamin Coleman, Company B.
- Captain—McMannes, Company C.
- Captain—George Hutchinson, Company D.
- Captain—Imo, Company E.
- Captain—Wilson, Company F.
- Captain—A. J. Potter, Clarendon, Company G.
- Captain—Clark, Company H.
- Captain—Augustus G. Collins, Company I.
- Captain—Wilde, Company K.
- Adjutant—J. A. Jewell, of Buffalo.
- Quartermaster-Sergeant—McDonald, of Niagara County.
- Chaplain—E. M. Buck.

This regiment had a drum corps and also a silver horn band, which was detailed from each company and was paid for by the officers. Thomas Cheshire, of Medina, was the leader, and this band was considered one of the best and he sounded all the calls for the regiment. The 151st left Lockport on the 23d of October, 1862, and were in the following engagements: Mine Run, Monocacy, Winchester, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cedar Creek, Petersburg and Cold Harbor.

Thirteen out of the eighteen boys from Clarendon returned. Captain A. J. Potter was discharged for deafness by a full medical board on October 27, 1863. William Cook, one of the best singers that Clarendon has known, was in this regiment, and died at Harper's Ferry from typhoid fever. John M. Wetherbee, of Captain Potter's company, lost his foot at Mine Run or Locust Grove, and from this wound resulted his death, as we have stated elsewhere.

The other members of this regiment from Clarendon will be found in the roll which we append to this chapter. The pay of the boys at this time was \$13.00 per month, and of Captain Potter, without rations, \$60.00. Capt. A. J. Potter and George D. Cramer are the only ones of these boys now living in Clarendon. The regiment saw very much of hard fighting under General Grant, and in the Wilderness and at other points, for three long years, had terrible pounding. In the first of their service, the 129th had a fine time, until they were ordered to the front by General Grant, when they soon discovered that war in hours of peace was very different from war in the smoke of the battle-field. This regiment, known as the 8th Heavy Artillery, had some eighteen hundred men, and while at Fort Federal Hill took life as easy as any other regiment would near a city like Baltimore. But when they marched against Lee's veterans they lost in killed and wounded, in the first fight. Cold

Harbor, 635 men. In this battle, George D. Church, while cheering his men bravely on, had a bullet pass through his hair, almost as close as a scalping-knife, and Thomas Westcott was struck just above the nose, the ball coming out in his neck, and he, straightening himself on his pins, said: "I am shot," without ever falling. But that fatal ball, in after years, hastened his death, and he died at Holley, one of the bravest boys that old Clarendon sent to the field. George D. Church, from his suffering in the army, in a few years after his return, fell into a consumption, and he, too, passed away—one who never knew what fear was, when leading the boys into the jaws of death. When Grant sent this regiment forward in the awful struggle at Reams Station, the Johnnies swung around them, and took the most of them prisoners, capturing their colors, and leaving the bearer stiff and cold upon the field. The flag was taken away down into South Carolina, and, after the war, was sent to the regiment, and is now at Medina, all tattered and torn, bearing the name of Col. Peter A. Porter, having been presented by his sister to the boys. There are only three remaining in Clarendon who went out to battle for their country in this regiment—Orson T. Cook, Charles Cook, and Samuel Fincher. The last-named individual may be seen very often in the streets of Clarendon and Holley, bearing upon his manly breast the badge showing that at one time he belonged to the gallant army that at length made General Lee to sheathe his sword forever.

In the 27th N. Y. V., J. Alden Copeland, a student at Lima, in the Genesee College, enlisted when hardly eighteen, in the spring of 1861. He joined the company from Lima, and the regiment was made up from the different towns in the vicinity. Henry W. Slocum was the colonel, and Bartlett, from Binghamton, lieutenant-colonel. The regiment was barracked for some time at Corning, and soon after reaching Washington was hurried to the front, under the

leadership of that once good officer, Winfield Scott. At the battle of Bull Run this regiment did its best to save the day, but all efforts were useless, and the sun went down upon the northern hosts defeated and fleeing. Copeland only weighed about 120 pounds, but managed in the heat of that day to carry a heavy Springfield musket for another tired soldier more than twenty pounds heavier than himself. The day was very hot, and when night came he threw himself on the Virginia turf and slept as only a soldier can. In the morning, when he awoke, not a soldier was to be seen, and he made the best of his way to Washington, looking out for someone to pick him up on the way. For two years Copeland was marker of the regiment, and followed its fortunes through the seven days of bloody fighting, when the gunboats saved the army from being annihilated. The Rochester *Union and Advertiser* weekly contained his letters from the seat of war, and all over Western New York his correspondence was looked for with much interest by those having friends around the camp-fires in those days of early warfare.

J. A. Copeland was in the Franklin grand division of the army under Gen. George B. McClellan, and for two years was in all the general engagements, without receiving a wound from the enemy, and was not in the hospital one day. When he was discharged he held the position of corporal, and on his return to Rochester was placed upon the staff of the *Union and Advertiser* by Isaac Butts, in consideration of his services as war correspondent for this journal.

It was an awful sin for soldiers to take anything without paying for it, and we had forgotten Bonaparte's way of reducing a country. One of the lads was in the habit, while in winter quarters, of taking more or less of flour out of a mill near by for his own use. While he was thus confiscating, the soldiers came upon him, led by the miller's boy,

and soon captured the rogue. "All right, boys, you have got me at last," he said, and when they reached the door he made one bound, and was lost in the darkness. The next day he met the boy, and told him that he had heard about the capture and escape of the night before. "Yes," said the lad, "he is a devil, for he got away from the soldiers." "I know him well," replied Harrington, "and unless you keep away from him he will kill you." After this information the boy slept o' nights, and allowed the flour to go or remain, as Harrington thought fit.

Since those days of first experience in gory fields of strife, Colonel Slocum has been advanced up the ladder of promotion, until now he is a major-general of the U. S. A., and before the brave Bartlett heard the last bugle-call of Time he also was a general.

In September, 1861, William Wetherbee enlisted in the 12th U. S. Infantry at Rochester, and was with them on the Peninsula until the seven days' fight, when he was sent to the hospital, and afterward discharged. The officers of this regiment were all West Pointers, and Wetherbee is the only one from Clarendon that joined the regulars. As will be seen by reference to the roll, Eugene Dutton belonged to Doubleday's Heavy Artillery, and he must have been more or less affected by the cannon's roar, as he hears not the sweet song of the distant meadow lark as distinctly now as he did when he lived in old Clarendon.

Fred Dutton, who now travels upon the road, has not forgotten Cold Harbor, and the effect that day produced upon his soul, when men fell like leaves of the forest around him.

In the 151st Regiment, George D. Cramer would be routed out all hours of the night to take charge of his wagon train, and get the baggage in line to move upon its way. This must have been a very unpleasant position, with drivers cursing, mules kicking, and the muddy roads of Virginia to pass over. It seems strange that the Clarendon soldiers

preferred the infantry service to the cavalry, but such is the truth, and Lawler, Elsom and Pullis were the only three who rode the high-spirited steed, and imitated the actions of Murat, or, perhaps, imagined themselves in a charge, as belonging to the brave Six Hundred, of whom Charles Mackay and Tennyson sang so grandly. If a Johnny dared to show his head in the wrong place, the "click" of Salisbury's breech-loader would very soon give him a long rest. We might spend pages over these boys, who made Clarendon famous from Washington to the James, from Harper's Ferry to Richmond.

William H. Westcott, who was lieutenant in Co. K, 129th Regiment, was a good soldier during the war. He became a very successful hardware merchant in Clarendon, and, since his removal to Holley, carried on one of the largest and best supplied boot and shoe stores in Western New York. He is now a leading citizen of Holley, and a main pillar in the Methodist church of this place—first and foremost in every good work.

An organization has been formed, called the Orleans County Veteran Regiment, of which A. J. Potter, of Clarendon, is colonel. It now numbers about 500 men who once wore the blue in the civil war. Each town has its own captain. The lieutenant-colonel is John Parks of Medina; major, N. W. Kidder of Kendall; adjutant, J. J. Brown of Albion; surgeon, M. E. Gillett of Kendall; quartermaster, Charles A. Maybee of Holley; sergeant-major, Samuel Tent of Barre. The following is a list of the captains for 1888:

Clarendon—Captain George D. Cramer.
 Murray—Captain Elisha Bronson.
 Kendall—Captain J. W. Simkins.
 Barre—Captain Riley Tinkham.
 Albion—Captain W. Young.
 Carlton—Captain Jerome.
 Shelby—Captain Young.
 Ridgeway—Captain Hopkins.
 Yates—Captain Ayers.

The ladies of Clarendon are entitled to much praise for what they did during the war. According to a report given in as early as October, 1862, they had, at this time, furnished three boxes and two barrels, containing every variety of articles necessary for the sick and wounded, amounting in the aggregate to over \$300. From this time until the close of the war, in 1865, the women of Clarendon, whose husbands were not opposed to the war, did all in their power to help and assist the suffering soldiers at the front, who were battling for their country. The chief actors in thus furnishing supplies were Mrs. L. A. Copeland, Mrs. William H. Cooper, Mrs. Amos Pettengill, Mrs. Phebe Culver, Mrs. John Church, Mrs. Stephen Church, Mrs. E. M. Kelley, Mrs. George D. Cramer, Mrs. C. B. Packard, Mrs. T. G. McAllister, Mrs. T. E. G. Pettengill, Mrs. Benjamin Copeland, Mrs. Eliza D. Pettengill, and many others, whose names we cannot give. At one chief house in town the women were told that "they should not have a rag!" This will serve as one instance to show the public feeling in the minds of those who would have responded if some one had asked them for a little lint for General Lee's forces. We regret exceedingly that we are unable to give the sum total of the aid furnished the brave soldiers by the women of Clarendon, but this is recorded in one Book, where full credit is allowed, and the whole truth shown to the minds of all.

The first draft for Orleans county, under the call for 300,000 men, took place in Rochester, August 8, 1863. As the wheel rolled around, the following names were drawn out by one person blindfolded, as the list from Clarendon:

Horace Coy,
 Jefferson Glidden,
 Hiram B. Joslyn,
 Charles Myers,
 John Murphy,
 Joseph Copton,
 Ely H. Cook,

Wm. L. Willoughby,
 Horace P. Mitchell,
 George W. Storms,
 Rens. E. Howard,
 Peter Barnett,
 Alonzo Page,
 Edward G. Nay,

Fred. A. Salsbury,
 Zebulon B. Packard,
 Ferdinand DeCeter,
 Millard Storms,
 Edward Riley,
 James Griffith,
 Wm. M. Pratt,

George B. Hood,	Darwin M. Inman,	Franklin W. Cook,
Thomas R. Glidden,	Francis H. Clark,	Richard W. Ketchum,
Stephen B. Salsbury,	Francis Feather,	George T. Hammond,
Conrad Gunther,	Thos. Mulligan,	Andrew M. Caton,
Jas. M. Templeton,	Marvin T. Fuller,	Daniel T. Starkey,
Edward P. True,	George E. Cowles,	George Howard,
Chauncey Burnham,	Charles D. Butler,	John J. Stevens,
Albert D. Turner,	Frank. A. Knowles,	Nelson W. Mower,
George H. Bassett,	John F. Elliott,	Gustavus A. St. John.
Joseph Nyms.		

This was the first time in the history of Clarendon that men were forced to go to war, and many began to think of the days when a Bonaparte levied his conscripts to carry on his mighty schemes of conquest and defense. The excitement was intense, and many went about the streets with faces that wore the appearance of having been in the Slough of Despond. There was no way of escape, save by paying for a substitute, or fleeing over the border, to Canada, where the queen would afford protection so long as one kept his feet from Yankee soil. Clarendon passed through another draft, but the town records do not give the names of those who were called to try the stern realities of the battle-field. The price of substitutes was very high, and one of the Clarendon boys received \$1,400, and only reached Elmira, when the close of the war gave him his bounty without requiring his services.

We have been furnished the following roll of names who were enlisted in Clarendon during the war, as Captain A. J. Potter has in his keeping :

Wm. Anner, 13th N. Y. V.	Wm. H. Cook, Co. G, 151st.
Charles Avery, 13th.	G. D. Cramer, Co. G, 151st.
Hiram Allen, Co. K, 129th.	Levi Curtis, Co. K, 129th.
Thomas Barry, Co. K, 129th.	Charles Cook, Co. K, 129th.
Abram Baldwin, Co. G, 151st.	J. A. Copeland, 27th.
Merritt Bateman, Co. K, 129th.	Hiram Cady, 105th.
J. P. Bailey, 105th.	Charles Cornell, Co. K, 129th.
Philip Cornell, Co. K, 129th.	Nathaniel Conner, 105th.
J. M. Cook, Co. G, 151st.	Mark Downing, Co. K, 129th.
George D. Church, 1st Lieuten-	Lewis E. Darrow, Co. G, 151st.
ant, Co. K, 129th.	Eugene Dutton, Doubleday's Art.
Orson T. Cook, Co. K, 129th.	Fred Dutton, Co. K, 129th.

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| Pat. Dolan, Co. K, 129th. | A. J. Reed, Co. K, 129th. |
| Thomas Elsom, 8th Cavalry. | Charles A. Reynolds, 129th. |
| J. J. French, Co. K, 129th. | Daniel Root, Co. G, 151st. |
| Samuel Fincher, Co. K, 129th. | H. L. Saulsbury, Co. G, 151st. |
| Martin V. Foster, Co. G, 151st. | J. M. Sherman, Co. K, 129th. |
| Franklin Fury, 129th. | J. P. Schedd, Co. G, 151st. |
| Homer Holmes, 129th. | J. W. Stevens, 140th. |
| William Holmes, 129th. | G. F. Siegler, Co. G, 151st. |
| Benj. Hines, 129th. | Erastus Storr, Co. K, 129th. |
| Wm. I. Halleck, 129th. | Benj. Swan, Co. K, 129th. |
| Henry Hunt, 129th. | Cornelius Sullivan, 129th. |
| D. C. Hood, 13th. | H. C. Taylor, 140th. |
| Michael Heitz, Co. K, 129th. | G. F. Tripp, Co. K, 129th. |
| Lucius Hickey, 105th. | Joseph Thompson, 13th. |
| Pat. Hays, Co. G, 151st. | George True, 105th. |
| Wm. Joiner, 105th. | Edward True, 105th. |
| J. H. Kirby, Doubleday's. | Aden Taylor, 8th Cavalry. |
| Peter Lawler, 3d Cavalry. | Van Antwerp, 129th. |
| S. W. Lawrence, Co. G, 151st. | Nathaniel Vinton, Co. K, 129th. |
| Hosea Lawrence, Co. G, 151st. | Amos Wetherbee, Co. K, 129th. |
| Matt. McFarlan, Co. K, 129th. | John M. Wetherbee, 1st Sergeant |
| John McFarlan, Co. K, 129th. | Co. G, 151st. |
| C. L. Matson, Co. G, 151st. | Wm. Wetherbee, 12th U. S. Inf'y. |
| Abner Merrill, West Point, 1862. | Albert Weller, Co. G, 151st. |
| William Mepsted, Co. K, 129th. | William H. Westcott, Lieutenant |
| E. D. Merrill, Co. G, 151st. | Co. K, 129th. |
| Charles Minick, 105th. | Thos. Westcott, Orderly Sergeant |
| Owen McAllister, 128th. | Co. K, 129th. |
| D. W. Prellis, 8th Cavalry. | W. H. Weirs, Co. K, 129th. |
| Zebulon Packard, 52d. | Luther Weirs, Co. K, 129th. |
| A. J. Potter, Captain Co. G, 151st. | George Weed, 105th. |
| W. L. Peck, 13th. | T. A. Salsbury, Sharpshooter, |
| Marion Patterson, 11th Heavy. | 151st. |
| Chas. L. Pridmore, Co. G, 151st. | Irwin Jenkins, 8th Heavy Art'y. |

Harmon L. Salsbury rose from captain to be colonel in a colored regiment. George D. Church came home as captain. Many of the brave boys, since those bloody days, have laid down life's armor and are now side by side with those they met upon the tented field. The smoke and carnage of the conflict have passed away; the sighs and groans of the wounded and dying have been hushed forever, and sweet flowers now hang their pearl drops of dew where many a noble heart looked upon the sun for the last time. Down in the trenches, in the valleys, by the grand, waving trunks of the wilderness, near some babbling stream, or by

some rushing river, rest the bodies of Clarendon's dead, side by side, the blue and the gray, made friends in the quiet sleep of the old Virginia grave. Happy will the children of Clarendon be, if they never awake to hear the loud cannon's jar, or the rattle of the musketry, driving dove-eyed Peace in terror from earth to heaven!

CHAPTER XVII.

CLARENDON BOYS.

FROM the different portions of Clarendon have arisen boys who have not only reflected honor upon themselves while in her borders, but also when away made her name worthy of praise and admiration; and we very much doubt whether any other town in the Empire State, proportionately to its population, can show the noble record which Clarendon opens up to all who wish to know, or desire to understand. Why this little town, only touched at its northern boundary by a railway and possessing but the natural advantages which God has given it, should have produced from its lime-rocks, swamps and woodland the brain and soul-power she has, we cannot tell or give any reason. One might answer that the want of riches was a stimulus to wealth of mind, or that the lack of manufacturing and speculation gave abundant opportunity for the employment of other powers that in the future were certain to produce fruit.

It is well known from one limit of this Republic to the other that the country outside of the city has furnished the strongest, brightest and healthiest material out of which the destinies of this nation have been carved. We take pride in placing at the head of our column James T. Lewis, who was the son of Colonel Shubael Lewis, and born on the Byron road, where now Thomas Butcher takes solid ease and comfort. In 1838 Lewis was made sergeant in Captain Thomas W. Maine's company of New York Militia, and was made lieutenant in the 215th Regiment in

1840. He taught school in Western New York in 1840, 1841 and 1842; commenced the study of law with Governor Henry R. Selden in 1842; came to Wisconsin, 1845; admitted to practice law, 1845. Since coming to Wisconsin he held the following positions, etc., to wit: District attorney, county judge, member of convention to frame the constitution for the State of Wisconsin, court commissioner, colonel of the 14th Regiment Wisconsin State Militia, brigadier-general of Wisconsin State Militia, member of assembly in state legislature, state senator, member of court of impeachment for trial of Judge Hubbell, lieutenant-governor, served as governor in 1855 during absence of governor from state, declined nomination for assembly in 1859, was secretary of state in 1862 and 1863, acted as governor during extra session of legislature in 1862 (there being no governor or lieutenant-governor in the state), regent of State University during 1862 and 1863, governor in 1864 and 1865, degree of L. L. D. conferred on J. T. Lewis by Lawrence University in 1864, declined nomination for governor in 1865 (see resolutions of State Convention, September, 1865), declined appointment as foreign minister in 1865, declined appointment as regent State University in 1866, chosen vice-president State Historical Society in 1868, visited Europe during French and German war in 1870, appointed school commissioner of City of Columbus in 1874, elected delegate to National Convention to nominate president, etc., in 1876, declined appointment as commissioner of internal revenue tendered by president in 1876, declined appointment as railroad commissioner for State of Wisconsin in 1878, went around the world in 1882 and 1883.

This record, as it appears, was furnished the author by ex-Governor James T. Lewis, who married Orlina, the daughter of David Sturges, in Clarendon, in 1847, after moving to Wisconsin. The governor had at one time

nearly all the territory on which Columbus, Wisconsin, was located, and in 1866 he owned a section of land, six hundred and forty acres, just outside the limits of this city, where he made his home.

When he first taught school in Clarendon village he slept in a log-house, up in the garret, where he could look out of the roof and count the stars as they twinkled over him, and in the morning brush the snow from the quilts above him. He was universally respected by his scholars, having that open, kind and generous nature that was superior to petty tyranny. He was member of a court-martial at Sandy Creek, and some of those now living will call to mind the scene which occurred upon the fining of a certain soldier-boy who failed to put in an appearance as the law commanded. The governor stands nearly six feet in his stockings, weighing over two hundred avoirdupois, his hair originally as black as a raven's wing, features good, with a clear, dark eye, and a smile that plays as sunshine over the face. He would attract the attention of all observers, whether in city or country, by that perfect ease and grace which seem to be a portion of his being, and the rich tones of his voice ever please the ear. Having a natural modesty, he was willing to take the lowest seat, and waited in Wisconsin, when the country was unsettled, for the residents and incoming people to ask him to come up higher until he held the honored seat in the chair of state.

During the Rebellion no official did more than James T. Lewis for the raising of troops, hurrying them to the front, providing for their comfort by establishing a "Soldier's Home," and using all his powers to build up not only the interests of Wisconsin, but through her the nation at large. Every school-boy who has read in his reader of the gallant 8th Wisconsin Regiment will remember the old eagle and what this same Governor Lewis did at the presentation to

the state in Madison, 1865. Governor Lewis, at the age of sixty-nine, is now enjoying the peace and happiness which arises from a life spent not for self, but for his state and country, and he is universally loved both at home and abroad.

Luther Peck, when a boy, lived with his father, Linus Peck, on the Byron road, near the spot now occupied by Newton Orcutt. One day, while chopping trees in the woods just back of where the Robinson school-house stands, he was nearly scalped by the falling of one of these children of the forest, and, throwing down his axe, he swore that he would no longer hack and hew timber, but at once fit himself by study and teaching to cut his way through remainders, reversions and all other estates, leaving the *tail* to go with the hide, in Blackstone, Coke and Chitty. If Judge Farwell and Joseph Sturges were now on deck we could give many pleasing anecdotes connected with this young aspirant after legal honors, but they are not to be called, even by the whistle of opportunity or the cry of memory.

He had charge, for a number of years, of Joseph Sturges' accounts, and in those log-cabin days made diligent inquiry after those who were in arrears. The position of justice was very trying then, as he was often called upon to issue papers on the spur of the moment, as settlers were liable to leave between the night and morning and flee into the wilderness, without leave, license or notice, forgetting to pay their honest debts. This brought Luther Peck to the front, and Joseph Sturges found in him one who, when he took hold, held on like a bull-dog, seldom letting go until he secured the pound of flesh or the bond. He would, as we have shown, teach schools in the winter and then attend to business in the summer, employing all his spare time to fit himself for the profession he had chosen. Before the death of Joseph Sturges, in 1829, he had removed to Pike,

which is now in Wyoming county, and then began the regular study of the law. He improved every hour in study and preparation, and when he was admitted to the bar, he was fully armed to fight the battles of any court in the state with any lawyer who wished to meet him in legal warfare.

George Matson is one of the most prominent business men of Indianapolis, and Andrew Knickerbocker, who lately died in Saratoga, was a miller's lad in Clarendon, but in Saratoga the chief manager of the Grand Union Hotel, and was known from one end of the traveling world to the other as one of the most genial, affable and polite of all gentlemen, and whose place is very hard to fill.

Where now Abram H. Bartlett drives his team afield, many years since Joseph F. Glidden, when a lad, did the chores for his father, David Glidden, and all other work peculiar to that early day. Having a mind that loved to see other lands, he emigrated to Illinois, and is now living at De Kalb City. He had not been long in that prairie country before he felt the lack of timber in the building of fences, and in his brain made a fence of wire, barbed in such a manner that the stock would not go through, or care to after they had once felt its pricks. This invention of Glidden has been scattered all over the great west, and is now forcing itself into the farthest limits of the east. He has for a number of years derived a very large income from this patent, and should he return to Clarendon now, he could buy the most of the Byron road on which he resided when a poor farmer's boy.

Jirah Hopkins was born in the old frame house which Abner Hopkins, his father, built, about 1817, on the Barre road. He only remained in Clarendon during his boyhood days, and then went west, and for some time was a hotel proprietor in Galesburg, Illinois. After he had accumulated a good fortune, he concluded to take a trip around

this world, which he did, via San Francisco, China, India and Europe. When he returned he found the expense so much lighter than he expected that he engaged passage, and made his second journey from sun-rising to sun-setting on both continents. Always jolly, hearty, and possessed of fine appearance, both physically and mentally, he must have been a general favorite, whether on deck in the Indian, chatting on the Pacific, or rolling up and down the murky Atlantic. Abner, his brother, was for many years in the railroad business, acting as conductor, and showing how well a Clarendon lad can look after the interests of the traveling public.

Darwin M. Inman for years lived on the old Hopkins homestead, and after teaching one of the best schools that Clarendon has known, has finally settled down in Vermillion, Dakota, where he can look over his banking business. He was elected a member of the Dakota territorial legislature, and filled the seat with ability. He graduated at the Rochester University, under Dr. Anderson, and was considered a good student. Darwin has lands in different portions of the west, and is just as ready to speculate in lands or politics as a hungry boy is to eat his dinner when it is before him.

Away back in our school days we distinctly remember Pratt Nelson, son of John Nelson, on the Holley road, who was one of the best mathematicians that Orleans county ever knew, when he was only fourteen. An example that his clear mind could not look through must have been like the labyrinth of ancient fable, with so many windings that one was quite certain to stray away from the right path. The author had now and then a scramble outside the entry with Pratt, when he would feel his fist just above his nose, and once in awhile he rounded or caromed on Pratt's proboscis. He remained in Corning, Iowa, until his democratic proclivities forced him to seek other quarters, more

congenial to his native independence of thought and action, and to-day he may be found behind the cashier's desk in Edgar, Nebraska.

Corning, in the southern portion of Iowa, daily, when present, looks upon the countenance of Lewis Darrow, who once made the stone school-house in Clarendon famous for his knowledge of Euclid. Not one of the nine books but he had at the end of his pointer, as Hammond discovered the day we all made West Sweden understand of what stuff Clarendon boys were composed. To Lewis figures were a delight, and he unraveled their mysteries as a woman would a spool of thread. For a time he was corresponding clerk in a large commission house in New York, but finally took up his abode in the place above mentioned, where he can handle crisp new bills, and look after securities and stock.

Charles J. Sturges saw the light for the first time in the David Sturges brick-house, and was born only a short time before his father died, as we have stated, from cancer. Charley was full of humor, always loved a pleasant joke, and was a general favorite with all the boys. Now he is engaged, as he has been for years, in the large establishment of Proctor & Gamble, in Chicago, and must thoroughly understand the nature of fats, and the properties of soap generally.

Who has not heard of the great Washburn Mills at Minneapolis? Within their walls you may find Charles J. Martin, one of the best boys that Clarendon ever raised. Perfectly unassuming in his nature, as modest as a lovely woman, he has down deep in his heart of hearts a mine of wealth, both in love and knowledge. In the stone school-house no other lad was his superior with the chalk, and when we listened to his recitation of the Frenchman and the rats, we all felt that the bread and cheese were hardly worth "*ten shelangs*." For years he was the private clerk of Governor Lewis at Madison, and was esteemed by all

who knew him. And now he occupies his chair in one of the greatest milling houses, not only in Minneapolis, but in the world. Truly Clarendon can be proud of the day when, on the Byron road, Dan Martin saw the eyes of this lad greet him with a smile, and every fence on the road, and all the old landmarks, would rejoice to tell how they looked upon him as he passed them by.

A short distance below Charley's home once lived Frank Coy, who attended school for some time in what was then called the Caryville Seminary, at Caryville, in Genesee County. Frank secured a fine position as bookkeeper in the firm of R. E. Page & Co, on Clark street, Chicago, who were noted confectioners before the great fire. He married Page's sister, but his health failed, consumption laid its pale hand upon his brow, and he passed away. He was a noble, generous soul, who knew his friends as well in Chicago as in the quiet streets of Clarendon.

On the Wyman road, at the foot of the hill, below Richard Babbage, Zina Richey, the son of John Richey, who now rests from his labors in Holley, first rambled as a bare-footed boy, with New Guinea and Tonawanda a short distance away. Perhaps he has forgotten the day when he saw a big bon- or barn-fire just across from the old house, but we dare say its burning rafters could be painted even now if he had the genius of Salvator Rosa. Yankton, Dakota, is proud of his hardware establishment, and we can safely say that Zina is as wide-awake and ready for business as any other of its enterprising citizens.

Jules Andrus left Clarendon years ago, and became a noted sheep-grower in New Mexico and Colorado. The city of Cherryvale, Kansas, has now an addition called the "Andrus," and year after year streets are being filled up in his block, showing the wisdom of his purchase. As one of his neighbors, Frank Turner now fits out the jay-hawkers with harness and trimmings, on a more extended scale than he

did in Clarendon. Frank Wyman, in the same city, attends to business, and no longer holds the plow on the old homestead on the Wyman road. Sam Wyman is in the lumber business of Michigan.

In the streets of Topeka, Kansas, James A. Soles disposes of his merchandise, and has not forgotten the eastern sun when it shone upon him on the Tousley road, or at the brown school-house.

In the store of George M. Copeland, in Clarendon, William Milliken was taught his first lessons as a merchant, and when in Rochester, under Burke, Fitzsimons, Hone & Co., he was justly considered one of their most favored employees. Always pleasant and genial to his customers, he carried with him that esteem and appreciation which was greatly missed when consumption removed him from business to the silent shades.

In the old turning-shop of Philip Preston, on Preston street, Willis Whipple loved to work, and we well remember the little saw-mill which he rigged up in his boyhood days, when out of school. Now he is a No. 1 miller in a large flouring-house in Reed city, Michigan, and the Wolverine State may be certain that he knows the quality of her wheat and the kind of flour she can roll through.

The growing City of Hornellsville has few merchants who have the push of Henry A. Pratt, as all his old scholars would be pleased to know. Vermillion, Dakota, echoes to the tread of Martin Lewis, and his voice may be heard in her busy streets when traders congregate. Fred H. Stevens, who once loved the shade of Honest Hill, may be found in the wholesale cap and fur business, with Dempster & Co., in the great metropolitan city of Chicago. Occasionally he loves to take a run down into old Clarendon, but the western world soon hies him away, and the demands of business require his attention and native energy.

In the railroad's busy traffic for thirty years has George

Ford traveled, passing over the iron and steel rails between Rochester and Niagara Falls until he can, as baggage-master and employee, foot up 1,500,000 miles of transit, or sixty times the distance around this ball upon which we whirl. He is drawn daily through the week (except Sundays) by that Nestor of engineers, Albert Nash, who handles the throttle like a chief on the "City of New York." He has never met with an accident, and when he retires safe and sound the Vanderbilts should grant him a pension. On South St. Paul street, Rochester, busy at job printing, is Augustus M. St. John, and he can rejoice that his practice under Hadley taught him to be quick of foot, and his education at Perry gave him an opportunity to show his ability in the beautiful Flower City. Albany had for a number of years in her midst a first-class printer, who, when a lad, loved to fire off a cannon with the author, to show how patriotic he was, until one fine day it burst and came very near taking the heads off the gunners with the pieces. In the capital city of the Empire State he was well known, but Death walked into his sanctum and the types of this life were all laid away in the forms of the tomb. Good-by, George Riggs, for the present, we may be able to compose for you on the other side!

Hard at work in the professor's chair in the University of Dakota, at Vermillion, may be seen during the term Lewis Akeley, who received his diploma at the Rochester University and took one of the first prizes in scholarship. He is a rising young man, and if God gives him health he may yet stand at the head of some noted western college. Edwin Matson, of the Matson road, is yearly in Texas, pushing his way to the highest seat as an instructor, full of courage, hope, ability and Clarendon sand.

In the list of composers we may mention John Mills, who had true original genius, and could he have had the advantage of a foreign education, or lived until this day under

the tutorage of some American master, he would have made Clarendon the echo of sweet song in other lands. But the silver chord was soon loosed, the golden bowl rudely broken and all the earthly strings of his musical soul snapped asunder by cruel death. Now and then Joseph Salsbury touches the notes of harmony in his native town, but his skill, like some sweet birds' song, enters the chambers of the soul for a moment and then—is gone. Strange that no language can impart the force of those chains "that bind the hidden soul of harmony!" John M. Wetherbee, born on the Millard road, was known for long years in the Copeland store. When the war asked for volunteers, and many hesitated, he stepped forward and said: "My life is no better than that of others," and moved at once into the ranks in defense of his country. He was terribly wounded, suffered amputation and came home, where, for a time, he was one of the proprietors in the Copeland store. Afterward he was made member of assembly, but his health could not stand the pressure, and all that the climate of South Carolina or California could do proved unavailing, and he went through the gates that never again open. His character was as clear as a sapphire highly polished, and his heart was as true to his friends as the needle to the pole. The winds of Clarendon mourned over his departure, and the hearts of many shed tears of love when his body was laid away.

In a double log-house on the Byron road was once the smiling face of Henry C. Lewis, who died at Coldwater, in the State of Michigan, 1886. His father, William Lewis, was the first sheriff of Orleans county, in 1825. Henry C. Lewis, when he bade this world farewell, left behind him his magnificent art gallery of paintings and statuary, valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as a bequest to the State University at Ann Arbor. Think of the genius and art love of such a log-cabin boy in the woods of

Clarendon. No wonder his name was typed from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Maine to Texas!

Joseph Thompson, born of humble parentage in the village of Clarendon, has, on the stage of thought and action, made his native town noted in the temperance cause. Among the ministers who have gone out to labor in the cause of the Master we can mention Edward J. Cook, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has done all in his power, not only to labor in the pulpit, but also to erect houses of worship where Christians might assemble to hear the Word. Out of the Copeland home have stepped forth J. Alden, R. Watson, Benjamin and Arthur Copeland. J. Alden Copeland has filled the Methodist Episcopal Church at Rochester, Bradford, Avon, Warsaw, Brockport, Friendship and Scottsville in the east, and Boonesboro, Webster City and Sioux City in the west, while in the temperance cause he has spent years, not only in founding the great St. John circuit, but in camps, churches and halls battled like a soldier against King Alcohol.

R. Watson Copeland has held services in the Methodist Episcopal churches of Attica, Niagara Falls, Holley, Otisville, Lafayette and Nunda, assisting also in the St. John circuit to spread the truth abroad. Benjamin Copeland, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been listened to on Glenwood avenue, Buffalo, at Limestone and Bradford, and is at present the pastor of the Richmond Avenue, Buffalo. Arthur Copeland at first was stationed at the Methodist Episcopal Church of Cato, then transferred to the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Auburn, at twenty-seven years of age, and was the pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of the same city, and now of Clyde, New York.

J. Alden Copeland was a student at the Genesee College, now of Rochester; R. Watson Copeland a graduate of Syracuse University and Boston Theological, and Benjamin

Copeland a student at Lima and Hobart Colleges, while Arthur Copeland was a graduate of the Syracuse University, from Lima and Cazenovia Seminaries.

In the political field, Horatio Reed was member of assembly in 1838, and George M. Copeland in 1852, and was defeated for state senator by Dan Cole in 1874. Colonel N. E. Darrow represented Orleans in assembly in 1861, John M. Wetherbee in 1872. Sullivan Howard sheriff of Orleans in 1883.

Prominent to-day stands John N. Beckley, who was, in 1866, a teacher in the Cook school, and, when admitted to the bar, first practiced in Batavia, and then moved into Rochester, where he was made city attorney by the Democrats, a position which he held with marked ability from 1882 to 1886, and was called upon by the press to still hold the office, but declined, and now constitutes one of the firm of Briggs, Bacon & Beckley, a very strong trio, that few of the legal fraternity desire to meet. Beckley was also a student at Lima, and was well known as possessing a mind far superior to the crowd that buzzed about him, which his after-life has fully demonstrated; and Rochester has not for many years had a city attorney who could give forth clearer opinions, and sounder judgment, based upon the law, and his own native ability.

David N. Salsbury is now engaged in a busy law practice in Rochester, having at first tried his hand in Albion, with Charles A. Keeler. He has risen steadily since entering the profession, and is ready to meet any Rochester counselor in the field of action.

Andrew J. Harwick was for a short time associated with John Cuneen in cases in Albion, and has, since his removal to Penn Yan, been district attorney for Yates county, in this state.

John Andrus, son of Elam T. Andrus, of the Byron road, is a well-known lawyer in Ashton, Illinois.

Zachary Taylor, son of Mortimer Taylor, on the Taylor road, has been one of the Flower City teachers, principal of Free Academy, and graduate of Rochester University, and is at present building up a good law practice in that city.

Calvin W. Patterson, the son of Calvin C. Patterson, of the Matson road, is now at the head of the Brooklyn schools, and has himself been the author of text-books. His brother Marion is well known in Northern Kansas.

W. A. Swan is a heavy real estate agent at Pittsburgh, Kansas, the great coal and manufacturing center for the southeastern portion of that state.

Gustavus St. John may be found, full of business, at Pultney, on Kenka Lake, and is deeply interested in the temperance work.

Eddie Pettengill, son of T. E. G. Pettengill, had for years a fine drug-store in Washington, D. C. True E. G. Pettengill, during different Republican administrations, was auditor in the department at Washington, and is now very busy in handling patent cases in that city.

Frank B. Hood was a fine student while in Clarendon, and has followed the profession of teaching since his removal to Iowa.

Clarence Akely, son of Webb Akely, on the Matson road, when only a lad evinced a deep love for the study of ornithology, and his house at home was the receiver of many birds which he stuffed. From Clarendon he took his station at Ward's, in Rochester, and was the taxidermist to put up and fill out Jumbo's skin, also the baby elephant, and is to-day in the cream-colored City of Milwaukee, doing ornamental work in his favorite pursuit.

Tracey Robinson, whom we have mentioned, many years floated the stars and stripes over the consulate office at Aspinwall, on the Isthmus of Panama.

Pratt Butterfield, who was once a school-boy at Bennett's Corners, is a prominent business man in Chicago.

Herman Southworth is in business at Binghamton, N. Y.

Ogden S. Miller, in his school-days, was one of the brightest figurers that any town could show up, and to-day he is one of the leading spirits in the manufacturing interests at Holley. John Downs, from a poor drover's boy, has become a banker in Holley, and is one of the best-known stock and wool buyers in New York State. Frank Bennett, son of Isaac Bennett, is a first-class grocer in Holley. Robert Milliken, who attended school at the Hood school-house, is one of Holley's most enterprising grocers. In Lockwood's dry goods establishment is John Richey, active in trade, and who was a scholar under the author, at the Robinson in 1866-7.

John Church has been many years station-master at Jefferson City, Mo.

Albert Turner is now the chief hardware merchant of Elba, or Pine Hill, as it is generally called. Day Wilcox, one of the author's scholars, is a leading druggist in Elba.

Harvey Brown, of Columbus, Wisconsin, has for many years been a merchant and postmaster of that fine town.

True Matson for a time did an extensive hardware business in Unionville, and has now one of the best stores of this character in Holley.

Dan. Glidden is a moving power in the life of Sioux Falls, and has the same push and energy that he possessed when in Clarendon.

Abram L. Salsbury has opened up, as it were, a new street in Holley, and, in connection with his park and other improvements, is doing all in his power to boom Holley.

Shepherd Foster is one of Miller & Pettengill's most trusted employees, and is deserving of much praise. He has a fine home in Holley.

Abner Merrill was a cadet at West Point, and is now a lieutenant in the regular service of the U. S. A. Norton

Merrill is a fine young business man in Chicago. Harmon Salsbury attends court at Alexandria, Virginia.

If we have omitted any names, the reader will please ascribe the same to ignorance, and not to desire. Here they are, a grand galaxy of mental and moral stars, and all from beneath the same blue canopy that looks so peacefully to-day upon their loved Clarendon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLARENDON GIRLS.

IT is the nature of woman, with rare exceptions, to be modest and retiring, retreating from the rude and boisterous paths of life into that quiet and peaceable seclusion which the home naturally enshrines. While man himself is busily plotting, scheming, directing, advising, controlling, commanding and pushing, woman in the household may be attending to domestic cares, training the child for its steps upon this great stage of life, and, unknown to the outside world, stamping upon the mind impressions and ideas that no after-years of toil, hurry, strife, prosperity or adversity can ever efface. Man's written history is the observation either of himself or others, or the recollections and traditions which Time hands down to her children, true or false. Woman's history is seldom written, save in heaven, or in the hearts who have loved her.

On the Holley road, in 1851, at the house of Hiram Joslyn could be seen a girl who made the atmosphere of home to smile with her presence. Almyra Baldwin from this place was in the habit of going to school at the stone school-house in Clarendon village, carrying with her the affection of all who knew her. Now she has left this life, to enjoy the happiness and blessings of that other.

Out of the Church mansion came Almira and Adelaide Church, the former the wife of a Universalist minister, and the latter with her fine family in Dakota. Adelaide was one who had the same pleasant countenance at every hour in the day, and a heart that affection made endearing to all.

Mary Ann Cook was bubbling over with humor, as cheerful as some bird that, singing, rises toward Heaven's gate. Now she breathes the pure air of Minnesota, and her life is a joy to those who know her.

Cynthia A. Copeland of Nyack, has been for years the wife of a Methodist minister, and is deeply interested in the Home Missionary work. Her name appears as one of the teachers at Bennett's Corners in 1859, and she also taught in Clarendon and Holley, beloved by all her scholars. She was a graduate of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima.

Harriet Darrow was in Wilson's History with the author, and we then had some vague idea of the Northmen, which after years have made much more satisfactory. Harriet is one of the leading spirits in church work, and in the cause of temperance she ever takes a willing part.

Ellen, the sister of Gertrude Farwell, ever had a sunny look, that was certain to dispel melancholy, and when she took her place in the class understood the lessons before her. She is now pleasantly located in Marion, this state, with love strewing her pathway with sweets.

We cannot forget Theresa Farwell, with her head covered with curls, and eyes that ever shone as stars. She was a beautiful girl, that made the school-room to glow with her presence.

Full of jollity was Alcy Glidden, and when she opened the door pale care flew out of the window. Alcy became a teacher in Clarendon, and the boys and girls have her treasured in their memories.

Sophronia Glidden has not forgotten the grammar class on the back seat, and how Henry Pratt took pains to say, "Consequently, third person"—. But those parsing days have gone, Sophronia, forever, and you can now hear your own daughter tell how she conjugates or gives numbers to her scholars. When we were striving for a prize, Sarah Glidden was sure to be very close, if not just ahead, and we

watched her with anxious eyes. But this good girl has gone up higher, in a better school than this world can supply.

Can we forget Emily Grinnell? Not when we call back her bright eyes and healthy cheeks, with lips that reminded us of some Crawford peach. And the lads and lassies recollect the evening parties of those days, when the mail sleigh was brought into use to carry the jolly load.

On Albion street lived Jane and Janette Preston, who came side by side to school. Where are they now? Gone through the ivory gates of this life, to enter the pearly ones beyond.

Lydia Patterson little thought, when she was a student in old Clarendon, that the City of Locks would be her home in the future, and she the wife of an M. D.

Away to Montreal did Nancy Tousley go when she said "good-by" to her native town, and her mind and heart found center in the queen's dominions.

In the winter-time, what girl came into Wm. E. French's school with rosier cheeks than Emma Cook? Lively, happy, and good-natured; after much suffering, she has gone to that better land that knows no pain.

Kate Dutton—does she have the same sweet smile that she had when a school-girl? The old Ridge road at Ladd's Corners will no doubt whisper "Yes," if we could only hear the echo.

Can anyone forget Leonora Lewis? If Clarendon ever had a girl as full of fun as she, we would like to have that one called out. She was as sharp as a double-edged knife, and her wit cut like a razor.

Georgette Mansfield has now become a chief actor in the cause of prohibition, and she masters the children as Napoleon would his soldiers.

Mary Potter was always a lover of sweet songs, and to-

day her dear husband can rejoice, under the smile of President Cleveland, in Albion.

Years ago Amorette Southworth moved into Rochester, but the light of her countenance has not been forgotten by those who knew her only to love.

Sarah Willoughby has been one of Clarendon's most noted music-teachers. She gave lessons at sixteen years of age. Mary Potter was her first pupil in the old Farwell mansion. She taught until 1865, and then in northern New York until 1876, when she returned to Clarendon, and is still before the sweet instruments of melody as an instructor.

Emma Luce, now of Spencerport, is a very fine teacher of music, and she travels from home into Byron to give her scholars the benefit of her knowledge and sweet voice.

Emma V. Riggs is a teacher in the Mohawk Valley.

Sarah V. Richey, one of the author's scholars, is now a teacher in Nebraska, where she has taught for eight years with the best of success.

Mary Culver, who once gave lessons in penmanship, has become interested in banking and insurance in Peoria, Illinois, and is the owner of lands in Kansas and Minnesota.

Irene Glidden, now of Holley, is possessed of true genius as an artist, and her oil-paintings are worthy of much praise.

Among the teachers who have taught since 1856, we take great pleasure in noticing those whom we have known in different portions of the town :

Elizabeth V. Keeler,	Louise J. Howard,	Eva Elliott,
Julia Glidden,	Frances Foster,	Luetta Cook,
Pamelia Glidden,	Mary E. Garrison,	Sarah Cook,
Lydia A. Glidden,	Julia M. Orr,	Ella Wetherbee,
Elmira Baldwin,	Sarah Milliken,	Annie Emery,
Mary J. Root,	Alfrida Albert,	Nora Wilcox,
Sarah Glidden,	Alcy Glidden,	Julia Hughes,
Frances Carpenter,	Alice Peck,	Jennie Cowles,
Sabrina Glidden,	Mary E. Wilcox,	Mamie Morgan,
Elizabeth M. Stevens,	Sarah Richey,	Anna Potter,

Harriet Darrow,	Estelle Benham,	Lillian Beck,
Mary J. Gibson,	Alice Blanchard,	Mary McKeon,
Addie Peggs,	Amelia Stuckey,	Sarah Rodwell,
Julina M. Wyman,	Emma Glidden,	Lucy Boots,
Electa S. Glidden,	Martha Hardenbrook,	Julia Crossett,
Thirza Stuckey,	Martha Wetherbee,	Jennie Jones,
Mary E. Wilcox,	Ettie M. Turner,	Hattie Barber,
Ella Housel,	Cora Andrus,	Hattie Milliken,
Alice S. Crannell,	Julia Sackett,	Viola Williams,
Mary French,	Frank McAllister,	Bessie Cook,

All of whom, with one or two exceptions, are girls born in Clarendon, and who have reflected credit, honor and praise, not only upon themselves, but have been loved by their scholars, and respected by the patrons of the several districts in which they taught.

When "Widow Bedott" was on the boards at our school exhibitions, we always smiled when Libbie Keeler was the "Widow," and Theresa North her daughter.

The girls at Clarendon will remember that sweet song which William E. French had them sing to the words—

"Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,"

And how many since that day have learned the meaning of those words—

"Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess ;
Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Only makes true happiness."

When did the Clarendon girls ever look better than under sun-bonnets, some as white as the driven snow, and others as pink as a Lady Washington geranium. The girls had their lessons more perfect than the boys, and this rule applies generally. At the blackboard, Adelaide Church, Jannette Preston, Alcy Glidden, Lydia Patterson, Nancy Touseley, Mary Potter, Sabrina Glidden, Laura and Sarah Maria Darrow were some of the best under William E. French. In grammar, Harriet Darrow, Sarah Glidden, Adelaide Church, Lydia Patterson, Cynthia A. Copeland, Mary Ann

Cook and Cornelia Jenkins carried away the palms. As leading scholars under Clara B. Newman, we name :—

Gertrude Farwell,	Jane Johnson,	Mary Potter,
Ellen Farwell,	Adelaide Church,	Jane Preston,
Georgette Mansfield,	Emily Grennell,	Janette Preston,
Nancy Ogden,	Esther Grennell,	Harriet Darrow,
Emma Cook,	Cynthia A. Copeland,	Caroline Jenkins.
Mary Dutton,	Nancy Tousley,	

When the two weeks came for compositions, how fine these girls would appear in their dresses as white as some cloud in the sky above the blue Indian Ocean, with their papers on every topic of the day neatly tied with a pink, blue or orange ribbon, and we in our seats wondering who the writers were that chronicled the future happy state of some loving school-boy and girl; for we all had *our* girls, and the girls all had *their* boys, whether the fact was admitted by the lips, or the blush of the countenance, or the careful watching of somebody's coming when absent.

Can the old boys forget Clara King, with her sweet face, that we loved to look at in the school-room, or whose voice was very musical when on our sled called the "Telegraph"? She has disappeared from this world as some beautiful song that lives only in memory. Nettie Bryan will never forget the day that she left the tyranny of Beadle for the other room, and how anxious we were to follow suit, but failed to do so.

Thirza Stuckey well remembers the day when the present postmaster of Holley pounded the author with a large ruler six times on each hand to make him squeal, when he knew that we had not hardened our palms for the occasion. This kind of tyranny would have put on the thumb-screw, boot, rack, pillory or even the fire-brands, for conscience sake! Once upon a time the boys had made up their minds to go up to the Christian Church to a school exhibition, and for some reason left the girls behind. Aley and Sophronia Glidden went home, told Darius of

the situation, and together they soon hitched up the nags on the old sleigh, drove up to the village in good style, called upon the girls, and the lads were astonished to see them come in to the show as independent as Madame De Stael.

When the stone school-house was to be trimmed for the last day, how glad the boys were to go up to old Tona-wanda, a whole load, with a dashing team, cut their ever-greens in the snowy shades and grand silence of the swamp, and then swing up in front of the entry-door, haul into both rooms, while the jolly, pretty girls would be scattered from the back seats to the front, ready to make wreaths and trim the walls in perfect taste and beauty. No wonder we feel like dropping a tear upon the page when we once more walk down memory's pathway into those happy aisles and hear the same sweet voices we once loved, and hold converse with eyes that gladdened at our coming.

Do the girls forget the picnics in Copeland's Grove or Church's Woods? The long tables under the magnificent temple of shade, loaded down with chicken, roast meats of different kinds, biscuits made by their own hands, bread which they had kneaded, sponge cake, fruit cake, frost cake of every kind, which they had watched in the oven, honey from the hives at home, maple syrup and jellies, with sauces, all kinds of Orleans county pies, that the world can not excel, with the bustle and hurry of getting a good seat at the feast, and then eating until we felt as if we would like to have some one come near and carry us away for a season to take a rest.

Then the swings, sometimes with poles reaching from one tree to the other, where they could go so high that they almost gasped for breath. Does Clarendon *now* have these days as we did every year in all its districts? Why not? We are too *nice* and *stylish* now to indulge in

such native simplicity and genuine happiness; too much afraid of fun or a deep hearty laugh; bound up in bands that would burst if we dared to make the attempt.

It is recorded that on the Wyman road, at one time, a certain couple got married, and the boys not turning out to horn the happy pair, the girls thought they would not allow the occasion to pass without remembering this time-honored custom. Accordingly, they robed their lovely forms in the robes of their dear brothers, and gaily as troubadours, marched up to open their entertainment. While they were imitating the green corn dance of the Tonawanda's, who should appear in the darkness but David Forbush, who squealed out, "Hold on there, boys, I'll go and get some more in New Guinea, and we'll have fun!" The girls, when he disappeared over Babbage's Hill, concluded to "vamoose the ranch," which they did without further ceremony.

According to William Glidden, the best-looking girl in all Clarendon when he was a boy was Sarah Sweet, daughter of Noah Sweet. In saying this, Glidden must have been very impartial, for the girl he married, Lucinda Cox, was very pleasant to look upon, and Clarendon has seldom seen a sweeter face than her own. If we had one of the old school-rolls of Colonel N. E. Darrow we could give other names of girls that have made Clarendon noted in the eastern portion of the town. In the Cowles and Glidden districts the daughters of these families have generally excelled all others as they have taken their places upon the school-room floor. Not only in mentality were they superior, but also in personal charms, such as modesty, politeness, grace and beauty. In the Root district, the Andros, Root, Cook and Barker girls stood first and foremost in all that makes girlhood beautiful.

No other portion of Clarendon has raised up so many teachers, as the roll from 1856 to 1888 will show. In thus

speaking of the girls in these districts we also reflect upon the brains and beauty of the parents, for like begets like, and good blood always shows. When Irene Glidden was only twelve years of age she studied Robinson's Elementary Algebra, and we have no knowledge of any other girl in Clarendon who can produce such a record. In the Cook district the Andrus, Stevens, Wilcox, Richardson and Peck households furnished the girls that stood above all others in scholarship and personal appearance. The Robinson had the Wyman and Wilcox girls on the Wyman road, the Glidden girls on the Glidden road and on the Byron road the Robinson and Lewis of the early days, and the Richey, Albert, Merrill and Orcutt girls of a later date. Over at the Brown school-house the Knowles, Omans and Palmer daughters bore away the prize, and latterly the Snyder, Wyman, Wells, Boots and Housel maidens have been deserving of most praise.

Where the Christian scholars thumbed their books in 1838, we might mention the girls that came from the Pettengill, Salisbury, Inman, Bennett and Littlefield homes, as those most familiar to us, and up the years the Root, Keeler, Annis, Bryan and Wetherbee, whose names appear in the list of 1849. At Bennett's Corners, the Warren, Butterfield, French, Wadsworth, Pratt, Downs and Bennett were in former days the girl stars of that district. It is an old saying that comparisons are odious, and if we tread upon the feelings of any one individual we do so from our own knowledge of the Clarendon schools as they are at present, and we affirm that no other person has, during the writing of this history, taken more pains to visit the schools of Clarendon than the author, and we hold ourselves responsible for the opinions we give of the Clarendon girls at present, which may aid some future historian in the compilation of his book.

The old stone school-house may be proud of the Ridler,

Salsbury, Glidden, Preston, Turner, Bowen, Hess, Cook, Pettengill, Mathes, Maryott, Lee, McKeon, Murphy, Gillis, Mower, Lambert, Mead, Goldsmith, Gillman and Copeland girls, all of whom are naturally bright, intelligent and witty, possessing qualities that will in time develop beautiful women. If their teachers would only give them the same opportunities that have been given in composition and acting in the past, they would at once bring back the crowd who loved to attend exhibitions when No. 3 walked the stage.

Bennett's Corners has some very promising scholars among the lassies, and Wadsworth, Lyman, Stuckey, Williams, Warren, Coy, Olmsted and Donnelly send out each term their daughters, whose eyes and fine appearance bespeak the wealth of brain within.

The old red school-house, in the Glidden district, only has a few girls now, compared with the many which once attended here. These are the precious few: Elzie Hovey, Jennie Lusk, Edith and Blanche McCormick, Carrie and Eva Allen. We had the pleasure of hearing these little ones in anatomy and physiology of the heart, and they were most excellent.

In the modest white Cowles school, Bertha Glidden and Belle Glidden, Edna Cowles, Bertha Lesso, Ella Munsie, Hattie Munsie, Cornie Laffler and Nellie Mack are the girls whose names we love to mention.

At the Robinson, Hattie Goff, Minnie Goodenow, Adella Wyman, Belle and Dell Holt, Zella Tinsley, Gertie and Addie Cole make the school-room bright with their daily appearance.

The Cook district is represented from the Cook, Cramer, Jones, Fuller and Stevens families by girls who are an honor to the whole town.

When the Brown rings its little bell may be seen the

Bridgman, Rollings, Fredericks, Soles and Housel maidens, full of life and energy.

Manning, at the Christian church, has the Packard, Lawton, Gaylord, Allen, Mower and Bailey daughters, who attract the attention of all who visit the school by their love of study and lady-like behavior.

In the touching of the ivory keys we have had, in the past, Almyra Church, Nancy Tousley, Emma Sturges, Cynthia A. Copeland, Mary Potter and Cora Martin, who could make sweet music when Clarendon had only a few instruments. Now, Lena and Gertie Preston, Mabel Turner, Mabel Maryott, Mary McKeon, Maggie Murphy, Agnes Pettengill, Cora Mathes, Blanche Glidden, Hattie Elliott, Mina Darrow, Merna Salisbury, Edna Lawton and Hattie Goff are a few, whom we can now recall, who love to spend hours in this most delightful service.

Clarendon has two devoted lovers of geology, Martha Evarts and Blanche Glidden. Their collections are fine and rare, and one can form a just idea of the rocky wealth of Clarendon by spending pleasant hours in their society.

In the love of the beautiful in art we are happy to name Susie V. Riggs, Martha Evarts, Blanche Glidden, Mrs. N. H. Darrow, Mrs. Harley D. Munger, Mary Boots, Mrs. Dr. O'en, Mrs. Bri. Libbie Albert and Mrs. Mary J. Pettengill, who admire the genius of the old masters, and would be charmed could they look upon the grand works of Titian, Angelo, Raphael or Murillo.

In thus attempting to give the Clarendon girls that meed of praise they so richly deserve, we can only say that we deeply regret our own want of knowledge and ability to do them justice, and we trust that all who read this chapter will lay our errors, not at the door of the heart, but in the outer gateway of the mind, which has been so heavily blocked by lack of material, and the peculiar position in which the author has been placed.

And it is well known by all who have undertaken the task of writing the lives of women, that the knowledge of their acts must come from those who are not brought into rivalry with them ; and that the chaplet of praise is much dearer and sweeter as distance and time intervene. Perhaps the opposite sex is the best able to judge of the claims which the fair sex possesses, as they do not generally come into conflict with them in the struggle of life, and, from the love we all bear our mothers, are ever ready to give our sisters, wherever we meet them, that gallant opinion which the days of chivalry so deeply inspired. But with us the cruel grave has blotted out names of which we cannot write, and buried forever memories that we cannot know.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHANGES.

ALTHOUGH Solomon has wisely said that "there is no new thing under the sun," yet every community has its hour and day of change from what we might call barbarism, up to the highest civilization. And this change is gradual or rapid, in proportion to the intelligence of the people, and the abolition of that conservatism which is content to follow old customs and tread in the worn steps of the past. In this country the introduction into one town of improvements necessarily opens wide the door for a further advance in neighboring localities, and such is the genius of republican institutions, that the advent of new modes of labor, through the mighty influence of the press, and individual co-operation is nearly simultaneous.

When Clarendon was first settled her inhabitants had only the actual necessities of life in the wilderness. Their means were very limited, and how to subsist with their families from day to day was the great question that looked them in the face each morning, and was very often their last thought at night. Not how much they could spend of God's bounties, but how much they could obtain, by the most rigid economy, was the true situation in which they were placed. When we remember that *money* was very scarce, and that the means of procuring it were based upon what little they might raise beyond the urgent demands of increasing families, or the production, by burning, of black salts, with long distances to be traveled to find even the cheapest markets, with a demand that was far below even

the supply, then we may form a small idea of the situation in which the noble fathers and mothers of our Clarendon were placed. They rose at the first opening of the eastern gates, and all hands, from the children up to the silver-haired, worked like beavers to make this noble town one of the pearls in the coronet of the great Empire State.

On all sides was an unbroken wilderness, interrupted only by the gurgling of the waters of Sandy Creek, as it wound its serpentine way to join the blue Ontario; above the sigh and moan of the lofty trees of the forest rose the plashing of the flood as it fell over the slaty ledges, when Eldredge Farwell, on that beautiful morning in golden October, 1810, beheld it for the first time. How grand must have been Clarendon in those days of native beauty! Could we in our "mind's-eye" take in the mighty maples, pines, beeches, ash, basswoods and evergreens which he saw in that journey along the banks of Sandy Creek, how would the heart swell in pride over such scenes, only to drop the silent tear of regret on the vandal destruction of so much of grace, glory and shade. How must he have toiled, in the following spring, to reach his final camping-ground where now the village of Clarendon greets the smiling sun! How about that beautiful and noble woman who was willing to share with him the dangers, privations and sufferings of a home in this wilderness, unknown only to the Indian and the beasts of the forest? They are not here to tell us their story—their hopes, their fears, their trials, or to look fondly back over the many happy hours of their early home. But in the spirit, and through our conversation with those who once felled the towering woods, we can hold communion, and walk down the aisles and avenues of the years long since fled. Clarendon has kept step with her sister towns in improvement, and her changes have been steadily onward and upward. She has not had the advantages which manufacturing on a varied scale might have

given; she has not had the hurry and bustle of the iron-horse to arouse her latent energies, only as it pauses in its mighty work to bear away her beautiful sandstone, or sends its shrieking to arrest the attention of the laborer in her fields. Outside of her fruit supply, and her lime production, she has depended mainly upon the yield from her acres of waving grain, with a small furnishing of stock. Our changes have, therefore, been those of a rural community, and when the elegancies of culture and refinement have been introduced, they have come through the influence of neighboring cities, such as Buffalo and Rochester, and the direct communication with New York, by such merchants as Frisbie, Sturges and Copeland.

In 1875, Brad and Menzo Lawton began to drill by horse-power the wells of Clarendon, and in 1881 they introduced steam to do this labor. This was a great change from the digging by hand, or the drill worked by the foot, as in tread-power. The gradual diminishing of the water supply had brought about the necessity of deeper wells, where the dependence is upon streams far below the surface, and the limestone and sandstone are now penetrated at a depth of sixty feet in some places, at about two dollars per foot, by drillers.

Moses Kidney, who once sported about the old Indian lot, can now be found ever ready, at any season, to bring forth his steam-drill to pierce any rock Orleans county may have under its soil, and in the former days Martin V. Foster, now the proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel, had his mind fixed upon the strata through which he was boring to strike water. Contrast the present system with the spring of the surface, or the old well dug and stoned, and one can but see the great advantage of the present over the past as to the supply.

If, then, the true history of any country, as Carlyle and Macauley assert, rests in the actual growths of all the comforts and conveniences which make up civilization in any

age, then we invite the reader to walk with us through the silent years, while we show what time has done for Clarendon in progress and improvement. Minor changes we have given in other portions of our history, confining ourselves in this chapter to the chief agencies which have made Clarendon what she is at present.

The old fire-place, in its day, was a very convenient spot in which to burn the back-log and fore-log, with large quantities of wood piled across, and the basswood floors would allow the oxen to haul in these logs, which were large enough to keep a fire day and night in the absence of lamps of any character, and at first of even candles. Here the whole family could sit around, listening to bear stories, or tales of ghosts and witches, as a book, outside of the Bible, English reader, or Webster's spelling-book, was a rare thing. If the fire went out, the children, or some other member, hied away to a neighbor for a brand to start another, or some tinder made out of cotton or other material was used when the flint from the old musket gave the spark before locofoco matches had been introduced in Tammany Hall. The cranes on which to hang the kettles, the spits for the roast meat, the bake-kettles for bread and other bakings, the ashes with potatoes roasting under hot embers; the pigs six to eight weeks old, with turkeys, geese and chickens, and fine roasts of venison, beef or spare-rib, was a sight, the very mention of which is enough to make even an epicure sigh for the good old times, to say nothing of the effect produced upon the stomachs and minds of hungry children, and men who had been clearing, logging and bushwhacking generally. Tin ovens next came, and the brick ones were ready to follow if one only had the material.

The first stove of which we have any mention was to be found in 1830 in the Polly Tavern on the Brockport or Fourth Section road. Taverns at this time were the first

to have improvements, as they had the money to buy and were the first to hear of radical changes from the passing traveler. The Polly stove was a large one for that day, and the demands upon its cooking capacity was great. At first the ovens were elevated, and even at this day some of the good old dames will have no other under their charge. What a sight this stove must have been to the log residents of 1830! What big bubbles of envy must have swelled and heaved in the breasts of ancient mothers when they looked at this wonder of creation! No wonder that Elsie Polly remembers *this* stove and the year when its griddles opened to her view!

To the women of Clarendon the *stove* was truly the greatest and most highly-prized of any one invention. From the old Franklin with two griddles down to the modern range with six griddles and reservoir, capacious ovens, burning coal or wood, Clarendon women can look back to the dingy, dusky, cobweb fire-place, and take a long sigh of relief over the present circumstances, as compared with those of their grandmothers.

In 1866 we find coal stoves in use at Daniel Barker's, George Root's and Henry Kirby's outside of the village, while Benjamin Copeland, David N. Pettengill and Amasa Patterson were the first to introduce their cheerful light at their homes. The "Morning Light" was a good coal-burner in its day, but N. H. Darrow can now furnish heaters that would soon retire the pioneer into some obscure corner. The effect of these latter-day stoves has been to largely do away with the cutting of firewood, and wherever coal has once been used, whether for cooking or heat, the wood-pile ceases to be seen, and in the summer, oil stoves are beginning to dispense in small families with the use of coal or wood.

The effect of this change from wood to coal has been the relief to the farmer, which he so much needed, from months

of wood-chopping and all the inconveniences of slush, snow and ice after a busy time of hard labor in the short seasons of Western New York. To the women coal has been so much of a blessing that not one in Clarendon but prides herself upon the innovation, and her chief complaint is that her liege lord is too apt to prefer the old patterns to the new—out of a selfish motive.

The old hand-sieve, in which to clean up and winnow grain in the early days, must have been a very slow and tedious process. But we here observe that generally as mankind requires something new and better, some plan is devised to bring about the desired result. In 1820, at Benjamin Sheldon's, Thomas Glidden saw the first fanning-mill of which he has any recollection. He saw this mill in operation at Samuel Hawley's, where now the Jacksons have fine possessions. This mill was carried around by Sheldon, and each farmer thought himself fortunate if he had grain sufficient to pay for the use of this machine. Now, the music of the fanning-mill may be heard in all quarters of Clarendon.

The old-fashioned way of cutting grain was by the sickle, as any reader of the Bible well knows, and Clarendon followed this mode up to 1835 generally. F. A. Salsbury has in his possession a sickle, over fifty years of age, which did good service in his younger days. It required the best of Clarendon men to cut one acre a day with the ancient sickle. In 1826 Edward Packard made a cradle with a crooked handle, and the noted grape-vine cradles were introduced early in the forties. These were considered a decided improvement upon the straight or crooked snath, and cradlers were very proud when they could from sun to sun cut four to five acres of grain, bending their backs as if they had india-rubber vertebræ, with the raker and binder tight to their heels. It was really amusing to hear these mighty cradlers, around some warm fire, tell of how

many acres they had cut when the witnesses were either over Jordan, west or surely absent. What a change the cradle must have been, and what an advantage over the sickle. But it brought more slavery upon the women, as each cradler required a follower, and this made the cooking during harvest a mighty work.

The first reaper in Clarendon was used by James Cain in 1850, across from Curtis Cook's place, and the people came for miles to see this work, although Orange Lawrence informs us that he saw one in operation in Murray in 1844, on the Zula Martin place. Here was the third step forward, and when the rocks of Clarendon gave room, and the stumps had returned to their native elements, this new way was the admiration of the farmer, but the woe of the cradler, as he began to feel with Othello that his occupation was gone.

Time flew by on his noiseless flight, when one day, in 1883, William Hines drew into Clarendon his self-binder and reaper. And this is the last figure on the dial of change which grain-cutting has received in old Clarendon. Good-by to the sickler, cradler, raker and binder, they can now return with the past to lament over the new webs time has woven and the strange shuttles the human brain can spin. Do the women shed many tears over this recent visitor into the harvest-field? Their tears are those of joy when the husband comes in and reports that he has cut with his binder twelve acres, every shock of which is standing up ready for the storm, and that she need not worry herself about extra hired men. As William S. Glidden remarked to the author, "Harvesting is no work nowa days," and he laughs at the prospect of cutting his fifty or seventy acres of grain.

If Clarendon rejoices over the binder, how must Dakota and the great North-west laugh over this wonderful change! With the cutting of grain came the means to prepare the

same for the market, and this became especially urgent when the Erie canal was opened in 1825, and the farmers of Clarendon saw an opportunity not only to supply the mills of Rochester, but also a demand from the seaboard for Genesee wheat, as it was then called. Jason A. Sheldon in 1835 had a portable threshing-machine with the cylinder resting on poles, the wheat and chaff falling below unseparated and the straw raked away by hand. This was run by a horse-power and was considered very admirable by the good people of that day.

The same year the Marshal raker machine was at Ferrin Speer's, and in 1838 the Root separator was run by Alvah Ogden. Here there was a decided improvement; a machine that could clean its own threshing, saving a mighty labor on the part of the farmer. In 1840, Manning Packard procured a patent for a grain separator, which was in many respects superior to any in the market. Now we have machines made in Buffalo and other points in this great country that are almost perfection in their handling of the grain, and they are known to the farthest limits of the globe. If the horses could all stand up and whinny a loud hurrah over the man who first harnessed the sunlight, as the great Stephenson termed it, to the threshing-machine in the place of the sweep, with poor beasts panting under the whip of some merciless driver, we should hear a roar of exultation that would shake the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The horse-power tired the noble horse more than one week's steady work, and now the coal or wood can run through with an even, steady motion all that any one or two good men desire to feed.

These steam threshers were first introduced into Clarendon by Daniel Gillett and Charles H. Turner, in 1879, while the traction-engine, the last great change, which can roll over the highway as a locomotive, drawing thresher, tank and men, first blew its whistle under the Lawton

Brothers and John Nelligan in 1885. The day will come when these traction-engines will in a great measure supersede the use of horses in the carriage of produce to the markets adjacent to Clarendon. In the cutting of grass the scythe could, with great sweating, be pushed through one to two acres, and this had reference to meadows or pasture lands, where the conditions were very favorable. In 1854, John Church had for the first time a Ketchum mower in his meadow on the Byron road. This machine, if well handled, could cut ten acres in one day, equal to five of the best men Clarendon could furnish. The horse hay-rake Church had in 1846, and the hay-tedder in 1862. What could the owners of large meadows do if they depended upon the hand-rake and the scythe to finish their haying? In Clarendon it would be necessary for some one to insure the weather and the crop before any farmer of the present day, with our short seasons, would venture with a gang of men upon such an uncertainty.

When the farmer had a large quantity of hay the hay-fork which William S. Glidden and Abram Bartlett attached to their barns in 1870, was found not only very serviceable when the time was valuable, but also a great preserver of backache and, perhaps, hernia. Especially is this true in hip or gamble-roofed barns, the first of which in Clarendon was built by John Irish on the present farm of A. D. Cook, in 1842, and the latter on Tommy Benton's place in 1872.

There is no farmer but appreciates the great difference between a building such as Pratt Butterfield has erected on the old homestead on the Butterfield road and that which was built by Linus Peck, one of the first on the Byron road, on the premises lately owned by his son, Horace Peck. When this town, after the clearings abounded in stumps, a hole could be made in the soil between, and kernels of eight-rowed Dutton corn dropped

therein, for the warm rains and sun, with genial nights, to sprout. And it must have been a strange sight to behold this kernel thus growing, for which we are indebted to the Indians.

This was the day for the finest and largest of pumpkins, with the juiciest of water-melons and immense squashes, which the cutting down of the timber and the lessening of the rainfall has materially changed. The old-fashioned hoes which Bishop made and other blacksmiths out of cast-iron, the blade and shank quite rude, were sold by David Sturges as high as one dollar, without a handle, and these at first were used long before the cultivator came into use, its date to us unknown. This cultivator must have been a strange implement compared with the fine ones we have at the present day.

At first the corn could only be shelled by hand, or, as the squaws did in the old fort at Oakfield, by rubbing on a rock. In 1847, corn-shellers made their appearance in Clarendon, but we are unable to tell by whom at first used. What would the hands do now with shelling even the corn crop of Clarendon, not to speak of the great west and southwest? Zebulon Packard, who came into town in 1819, had for his first plow one with two handles, a wooden mold-board and steel point, which must have been hammered out by some one of the smiths at Mudville, or Manning as it is now called. Robert Owen, who lived near this point, had the first Jethro Wood patent, a cast-iron mold plow. Compare these with the Wiard or any other plow of the present day. We often complain of the stones and rocks of Clarendon in plowing, but what patience must the pioneers have possessed to move with oxen between the stumps, where horses could not be used.

“Gee! haw! buck!” has now given place to “Whoa, buck!” and whether farmers swear louder and stronger than their fathers we leave the crows to answer.

David Pettengill, on the Simeon D. Coleman farm, had a bean-planter in 1849, and the same year Manning Packard invented one which was not patented. Bean-shellers must have been introduced shortly after, and the bean-thresher belongs to our day. In 1885 Alexander Miller and his son Fred manufactured a bean-harvester, which George Thomas now owns on the Byron road. Potato-diggers or forks have lately been introduced, but are not generally used in town. If the boys thirty years ago received one cent for eight or ten rods in pulling beans, they did well ; but now they will not bend their backs unless they receive the same pay for every four or five rods. But the bean-puller is rooting out the boys, and their backs in the future will grow straighter, and their knees have less patches for the good women of Clarendon to look after. The first bean-puller in this section was owned by Day, of Holley, in 1860.

Calvin Tupper, on the Butterfield road, had a hay-scale in 1870, and now they may be found in different portions of our town. William S. Glidden had his first drill in 1855, which he used to a good advantage instead of the old broad-cast system. The ancient drag was good enough among stumps and stones, but in 1876 William S. Glidden hauled his in the corner and adopted the spring tooth, which he now prefers.

If anyone had told the father of John Nelson that in 1883 Calvin Tucker would be seen riding on a sulky-plow over the furrows he once plowed, he would have said: "Get thee hence !"

Charles Elliott, in the old red shop in the village in 1854, taught the farmers of Clarendon that his bob-sleds were much better to haul out logs from Tonawanda in the winter than the long-runner sleigh that required its length to turn in, and this was the occasion for the toad-smasher, or log-sledge long before bobs were dreamt of by our good

people. The author well remembers of a black-eye which he received from the rocks of a log gate pounding his head down at Harley Hood's, on the Holley road.

In 1866, Manning Packard patented a traction gate, and the log one is now rarely to be seen. Pumping water by hand for stock was always a dreaded job, until such men as Daniel Barker, on the Barker road, showed all passers-by how he harnessed the gentle breezes to the rod, and made them do his business. In 1887, this gentleman invented an onion-marker for his own, which the author saw in perfect use on his lands.

George Thomas has introduced an engine into his barns which he uses for many purposes, saving much hand labor.

The Clarendon farmer has not yet adopted the double-roller, but this will soon be seen when Benton or Glidden have an opportunity to see it work.

George M. Copeland has introduced, through Charles Tinsley, on his farm, a miller's carriage, on which to wheel his bags of grain, by which they may be dumped into the wagon below. At these barns, on the Byron road, on both sides of the barnyard, may be found watering-troughs, which are fed by a spring above, and give an abundance of water to the horse on the highway, as well as to the stock inside. The old rail-fence and stone-wall may be still seen, but in 1879 Nicholas H. Darrow began to sell barbed-wire fence to the farmers, and some are now using the slat-wire, which is made in Murray.

The improvement in horse-barns is very marked, and the patent feed-boxes and mangers are worthy of notice. The underground stables are to be found in most new barns, and the manner of feeding from above may be seen well demonstrated at Nathan R. Merrill's.

The cross-cut saw is often used for cutting timber where formerly the axe only was known.

Helen Reed, who lived, in 1854, on the Milliken road,

had a small sewing-machine which she fastened to a table, and used when employed by the good women of Clarendon. In 1860, the Grover & Baker ran its needles at Asa Glidden's, on the Skinner road. No one invention has done more for the mothers of our town, who were formerly obliged to do all their sewing by hand, sitting up at night until eleven o'clock, when they had large families, and the boys wore patched clothes. Now ready-made clothing has taken the place of tailoresses in the household, and the stocking-machine has nearly superseded private knitting. Miliners and dressmakers have set up their shops in Clarendon, and the home-spun flannel, and home-knit stockings, are only known to the grandmothers, who are fast passing away. Well was it for them that they lived in days of true simplicity, or they never could have endured the ceaseless cry of "What shall I wear?" or "When will I have a new dress or hat?" The consequence is that parents are now slaves to their children, whereas formerly they had them as props in the journey of life, and a large family was accounted a blessing. The great question now is, "What shall I do with my boys and girls?" This fact is seen in small families, the dread of children, and the gradual decay of the race.

In an early day the water was taken from springs, then the well was dug, and now the steam drill, and the sweep used, or ropes with pails or buckets drew it to the surface. Then came the well-curb, with the windlass and bucket, and last of all the pump by hand or wind. The rain was caught in troughs outside the log-house, or in barrels, then in cisterns beyond the house, and about thirty-five years ago the masons began to mortar them on the inside of the dwelling. For years the water would be drawn by hand from these cisterns, until the iron pump came into general use, as it remains at this day.

In 1878, Abram Salsbury introduced into the Chace

mansion a furnace, and at this time there was only one in Holley. George Root, on the Root road, put in his in 1881, and Ogden S. Miller and Walter T. Pettengill soon followed.

Ira Phillips invented a carpet-fastener in 1857, and Morris Dewey the set soon after. Myron Snider invented another carpet-fastener in 1859.

The first piano was owned by Almira Church and Nancy Tousley in rapid succession. Emma Sturges could be heard when a girl playing on her melodion, and in 1858 Cynthia A. Copeland had one from Prince, of Buffalo. Now the keys may be heard from one border of the town to the other.

In 1871, William H. Westcott sold horseshoes by the keg to the blacksmiths of Clarendon, and in 1875 N. H. Darrow began to supply them with nails by the keg also, leaving only Pat McKeon to make his own nails at date.

David Sturges purchased in 1840, in New York, a four-wheeled chaise for \$250, and the town has never seen its equal since, and this was in corduroy times, when the roads were fearful.

The following customs of the past have been kindly furnished by Mrs. Samuel L. Stevens: Cob and potato pipes, with a goose-quill to smoke through. Dr. Samuel Taggart's wall in Byron was painted with flowers in 1838, before paper was used. In 1843 the border on wall-paper was ten inches wide; wooden hinges on log-houses; wooden latch, and the string in the day was on the outside, but pulled in at night; iron skillets on legs for wash-dishes, with soft soap; wooden dish-pan, with ears on either side, in which to wash dishes. Mrs. Stevens had a tin tea-kettle which she used for fourteen years, and it did not leak; copper coffee-boiler to set into the stove. She has a brass clock thirty-seven years old, which was bought at Albion for \$2.50, and is as correct as when new; the looking-glass,

about ten inches high, twelve inches of glass, and in width six inches, with a flower at the top; earthen salt-dish; tin pepper-box—round; vinegar in cup or bottle on the table; wooden bottles, with a stopper to pull out, and used in the fields to drink from; also other wooden bottles to drink from neck. She has in use a tin funnel forty-three years old. She has the same old flat-irons now, of the present pattern, but larger; a wooden mortar to pound spices in; pestle made out of hemlock, fifty years old; a chopping-knife fifty years old, in use now; the frying-pan has a handle three feet long, to rest on coals in fire-place, the handle on a chair, in which to fry meat; a stone churn, made in 1837, holding one and one-half gallons, good at present. She bought her first lamp about 1860, at Byron, with a can for kerosene. She has a salt-bowl of white-wood, fifty-five years of age, which could be mended with a needle.

John Church was the first owner of a phaeton, and Col. Shubael Lewis drove in one of the earliest top-carriages.

Screen-doors and window-netting came into use in 1875, and the women are now afraid of flies.

The Mason jars have made even the winters to smile with their wealth of canned fruits, and house-plants have converted December into sunny May and blooming June.

Rag-carpets are giving way to Brussels and Wiltons, while the smoky candle is supplanted by the show of elegant lamps, and the greasy whale or elephant oil is now unknown.

We look now through large window-panes, instead of greased paper or 7 by 9 glass, sit in cane-chairs instead of bark, recline on sofas and *tête-à-têtes* instead of basswood floors, sleep on mattresses and springs instead of husks and straw, have French bedsteads instead of poles, extension tables instead of leaves, Japanese ware and stone-china in the room of pewter and wood, fine window-shades and few paper ones, fancy lambrequins in lieu of nothing, crazy-

quilts on top of calico, button shoes before calfskin, pictures on the walls where only the whitewash once was seen, and roll paper to cover the mortar, beefsteak as a substitute for pork, granulated sugar instead of molasses, jellies, custards, frosting, cakes and pies to drive out johnny-cake and pork-grease, puddings and preserves to charm away buttermilk, fine carriages in the place of pungs and foot or horseback traveling, cushioned seats and pews in church instead of the soft side of a plank, choirs to monopolize the hymns where once the congregation were musical—in fact a general revolution in Clarendon customs, habits, manners, politeness, simplicity and nature, but her soul is smaller and her heart less sympathetic than fifty years ago.

CHAPTER XX.

CLARENDON GRAVES.

THERE is ever in the minds of those who love the departed that feeling which memory cherishes, which time endears, and that occupies a place in the heart made sacred by the recollection of associations which death has rudely cut asunder. We call back the eyes that once looked love into our own, the voice that we delighted to hear, the smile that made the countenance to shine and glow as a sunbeam, the ear that was ever bent forward to listen, the step that seemed to gladden at our coming, the hand that grasped ours in the truth of affection, the heart in whose keeping we knew our lives were precious. Where are they now?

We go down into the humble graveyard, where the first sweet flowers which the angels of spring have planted begin to look up and thank God, in their beauty, for life, when the robin has come again, and the lark and blackbird lift their praises with each returning day; under the sighing of the evergreens, or the rustle of the maple, we stoop down by the turf or gravel, and ask for those who once knew us, who loved us, as we loved them, but the silent home gives back no response. If we could only be confident that they were present at our coming, then we could feel assured that they would, in a thousand unheard voices, teach us that, instead of lamenting their departure, we should feel happy that they have passed from death of the body into the higher life of the soul.

Our graveyards should be spots, as in old countries, where

the children could come daily, where those who are left behind could impress upon their minds the beauty of heart, the sweetness of life, the wealth of soul which these possessed when traveling the road of existence, as we are now journeying. This would make death, not the king of terrors, as the old monks in their awful cells made it, but the opening door to heaven, the invisible gate, swinging noiselessly to allow many mortals to leave their burdens behind. Away, then, with all this monkish ignorance! This belongs to the Dark Ages, when the life of man was a curse, not only to himself, but a reproach in the sight of his Creator.

We have visited the different graveyards of Clarendon, and from the tombstones have taken the names of those we would not willingly let die to the world's eye. For the history of every town is as deeply embedded in the silent, as in the noise of the present, and in these caskets the treasure of Clarendon's true glory is deposited.

On the Byron road, nearly one-half mile to the southward, is the village burying-ground. The fences are fast going to decay, the old posts rotted away, and the general appearance bears the picture of neglect and desertion. The busy days of the present, with fingers that grasp for money, and feet that are swift to get gain, have no moments or hours to spend in making this resting-place of mortality beautiful. The trees that grow yearly, and give forth their wealth of shade and glory, are the chief evidences that nature loves her own, when man has become cold and forgetful. Rose-bushes, that some dear heart has planted here, open up their buds and blossoms, and give forth their sweet fragrance, as if calling for the passer-by to open the gate and come in from the dust of the highway to spend an hour or more in the sacred chambers where the spirits love to hold communion. Nestled in the grasses, the pinks, lilies, larkspurs and red roses hold sweet companionship,

while their little day of sunshine, soft showers and bird-song glides as gently away as the white cloud-ships above them, in the blue sea of heaven.

As you enter this quiet home, three old tombstones meet the eye, carved very rudely, and telling a tale of over sixty years ago. It was only a step to these graves, from over the way, where William D. Dudley lived in that early day. But where is his tomb? Where his wife, who sat up long nights watching over these children? Ask the maples above you! Just beyond Jephtha Kellogg and his two wives have the marble to speak their memory. Jephtha Kellogg we all respected away back in our boy-days. He ever had that "Good-day" for us, that look that invited us to come near him and talk over the past. Although for years this beautiful world was nearly shut out from his eyes, yet within he had, upon the altars of memory, the lamp of knowledge burning daily, fed with the oil of intelligence and admiration.

Fanny Philips always opened the door to us with that every-day face that seemed to be as free from clouds as the sky of Arabia in the golden season. In that quaint-looking house which Timothy G. McAllister occupies once lived a beautiful woman, Lois M. Cook, the daughter of Lemuel Cook, Jr. When she passed down the streets it was as if some sunbeam was moving over the way, and when she spoke in the prayer or class-meeting, the heart of the listener opened every door to hear her words of loving truth.

Leonard S. Foster can almost be heard at present trying to convince some Republican that his party brought on the war, and should go south to do all the fighting. Mahala, his wife, was one whose patient look has left an impression behind that cannot be effaced. Elizur Platt has raised a monument to his mother, father and sisters, evincing his deep love for their earthly home and the tribute he bears

to their precious memory. A beautiful stone tells of Sarie Z. Glidden, whom we knew and loved in the happy days of school-life.

Bowdoin McCrillis calls no more at the old stone store to hear the news, and his place has never been filled by any other farmer in Clarendon. We always loved to meet his wife; she was one of the *good* women of Clarendon, beautiful in countenance and spiritually beautiful in heart. When she passed away a golden sunbeam was lost in the sky of Clarendon. Adam and Nancy Richey we cannot forget, and when we traveled with mother to the old log-house, where Frederick Putnam now lives, the door always swung upon welcome hinges, and the house was home when we entered.

David Angus! we call back the day when you took your last swim in the old mill-pond, and how all of the scholars stood around the grave and almost trembled when the gravel struck your coffin. Aaron Vandyke no longer does his daily labor on this earth. No longer he takes time to talk with the boys about Heaven. No more his voice is heard in earnest prayer. He never can be forgotten by those in Clarendon, and his name is as familiar as household words to many far away. Alexander Milliken and his good wife always made their happy home to smile when the boys gathered around, or the guest enjoyed their hospitality. Years ago, we were ever pleased to say a word of greeting to Mrs. Simeon Glidden. We knew that her eyes were the true index of the heart, and her words the echo of the soul.

Bertie Church, you have gone before us upon the journey, but we still cherish the many pleasant days we spent together in Albion or in the streets of Clarendon. There was a sweet, loving air of grace that ever seemed to hallow the countenance of Anna, the wife of Captain Stephen Martin. Such portraits in the gallery of this life we always

hang upon the ceilings of the heart. Hannah Sturges may be seen, as in the past, stooping to enter our house, and we, as children, looking up to her and wondering if the Amazons of any age were superior to her in strength and physical form. It took six strong men to bear your body to the tomb, and now your heavy voice is as silent as the turf above your remains.

A good woman was Sally Fields, one who from under her white cap loved to smile upon us when we could only crawl upon life's surface. If we believe one who was present at the marriage of David Sturges and Cynthia Shepherd she must have been very beautiful. When she was a girl, and living in the deep wilderness, the night black with storm, and thunder and lightning making the situation awful, above the crash and jar of the elements could be heard the sweetest music that ear had ever heard, and as the old log-cabin door was opened it seemed to fill the air with its heavenly melody. "Oh," said the mother of the author, "this was the singing of angels, as was heard when Jesus was born!" In her thirty-fourth year Cynthia, like a bird, flew away to hear those sweet voices that rose above the storm and darkness of her earthly home. Mary Sturges was beloved by all who knew her, and many who once looked upon her sweet face will again call back her spirit as they read these lines.

Laura A. Sturges, the blessed mother of the author of this volume, was one whom no words can ever measure or language treasure. There was not a road in Clarendon that she did not travel on errands of love in sickness and health. Jumping out of the buggy, and never passing a house, no matter how humble, running in to kiss the baby or give some word of comfort or cheer, nights with the sick, administering her blessings, so that the outside world had no knowledge, and living not for this life only, but for that to come. A heart as loving as a child, a soul as forgetful of

self as a mortal could be, and resting only upon the blessed Christ in all her hours of suffering and care. Twelve children, four to entomb, from daybreak until eleven at night, never losing one moment; a little body of only one hundred pounds, but containing a soul that embraced the whole of earth and heaven. She thought of poor soldiers daily, she prayed for them; she loved George Washington and all our patriots, and was one of the first to respond when the ladies wished to purchase Mount Vernon. There was not a rock or tree by the roadside but she loved to notice; the woods were to her loving friends, and the flowers God's beautiful children. Ask the trees in this city of the dead to tell who it was that put out their roots and branches, their trunks, their wealth and beauty of shade, and they will all breathe her name! The old rocks that overhang the brow of Church's Hill, how often have they felt her light step! But they know it no more—the low, soft voice is no longer to be heard under the shady temple, and her pleasant face on the roads of Clarendon has disappeared forever.

A lovely old lady was Johanna Eddy! Her voice was low and sweet, her life as pure and serene as the summer's sky, and she faded away like some light beam in the closing of evening. Truly we can say that the life of the righteous shineth more and more unto the perfect day!

We give the names of this resting-place as we have taken them, with age and year of death :

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1855—Stephen Martin, aged 67. | 1881—Jeptha Kellogg, 88. |
| 1870—Anna, wife, 76. | 1854—Mary, wife, 60. |
| 1872—Morris Dewey, 59. | 1883—Fanny, wife, 73. |
| 1869—Mary Louise, wife, 44. | David Matson, Sr. |
| 1875—Luke Turner, 66. | 1872—Betsey, wife, 88. |
| 1857—Adam Richey, 57. | 1874—Betsey A., wife of Timothy Carr, 55. |
| 1857—Nancy, wife, 54. | 1857—Philander, wife of David Matson, Jr., 42. |
| 1834—Zina Sturges, 33. | 1870—Elisha Burr, 83. |
| 1859—Hannah Sturges, 64. | |
| 1826—Augustus Sturges, 67. | |

- 1851—Mary, wife, 88.
 1869—Sally Fields, 84.
 1843—David Sturges, 52.
 1830—Cynthia, wife, 34.
 1828—Joseph Sturges, 39.
 1842—Mary Sturges, wife Rev. C. S. Baker, 23.
 1869—Laura A. Sturges, wife Geo. M. Copeland, 52.
 1879—Benjamin Copeland, 88.
 1867—Johanna Eddy, 92.
 1868—Asahel Merriman, 64.
 1845—Eunice Platt, wife, 39.
 1831—Simeon Glidden, Sr., 62.
 1831—Sarah, wife, 56.
 1850—Dr. S. E. Southworth, 33.
 1855—Alvin Ogden, 43.
 1842—Caroline, wife, 32.
 1853—Leonard Foster, 38.
 1871—Jabez Joslyn, 92.
 1850—Sarah, wife, 68.
 1868—Albert Joslyn, 65.
 1872—Rachel, wife, 62.
 1863—Frederick Putnam, 76.
 1883—Lucretia, wife, 89.
 1876—Bowdoin McCrillis, 71.
 1880—Hannah M., wife, 72.
 1859—Michael McCrillis, 81.
 1830—Thomas Brintnall, 86.
 1865—Simeon Glidden, Jr., 66.
 1878—Lucy, wife, 76.
 1867—Aaron Vandyke, 66.
 1873—Polly, wife, 73.
 1843—Samuel Nay, 42.
 1853—Alexander Milliken, 54.
 1857—Sally, wife, 69.
 1858—Shepherd Weller, 51.
 1870—Rachel, wife, 63.
 1877—Cynthia, wife, 86.
 1864—Leonard S. Foster, 55.
 1878—Mahala H., wife, 63.
 1835—John Platt, 56.
 1846—Alice, wife, 65.
 1846—Melissa Platt, wife Wm. Bates, 37.
 1841—W. R. Barker, 36.
 1846—Sarah, wife, 36.
 1857—Mary Mitchell, 81.
 1876—Sophronia, wife of Lyman Raymond, 76.
 1830—Emma P., wife of Thomas Glidden, 21.
 1864—Sally H., wife of Lowrie Clark, 56.
 1855—David Angus, 12.
 1867—Rhoday, wife of Truman Webster, 62.
 1888—Malvina A., wife of Wm. H. Cooper.
 1870—James Cooper, 76.
 1865—Mrs. Eliza M. Church, 50.
 1840—Joseph Turner, 72.
 1859—Mary, wife, 74.
 1875—Margaret A., wife of John L. Preston, 62.
 1854—Mary, wife of Samuel Milliken, 88.
 1853—Elvira, wife of George M. Clark, 35.
 1856—Minerva T., wife of Henry Smith, 58.
 1873—Edward A., son of Stephen and Nancy Church, 25.
 1831—Mary Ann, wife of Amos Glidden, 33.

The Robinson graveyard is one of the oldest in Clarendon. Horace Peck at one time had a plat of this ground, but this has disappeared, and is to the writer unknown. This yard has many graves that are unmarked, where the weeds grow in rank luxuriance, and the scythe and spade could be used to very good advantage, in the western borders, and a new fence would demonstrate that the public still had some respect for this quiet spot.

Chauncy Robinson has a monument which tells that he was born in Durham, Connecticut, in 1792, and settled on this soil July 25, 1813. He died in Holley in 1866. This graveyard also contains the following:

- 1823—Anna, wife (Wm. Lewis' daughter), 33. Their infant daughter was the first burial here.
- 1878—Damaris, wife, 84.
- 1881—Lucy, wife of Merrick Stevens, 73.
- 1861—Col. Shubael Lewis, 66.
- 1834—Eleanor Robertson, wife, 42.
- 1852—Pama Nichols, wife, 54.
- 1827—William Tousley, 66.
- 1851—Sally, wife, 84.
- 1866—Zardeus Tousley, 79.
- 1839—Nancy, wife, 52.
- 1829—Betsey, wife Harley Hood, 32.
- 1887—Samuel L. Stevens.
- 1845—Amanda, wife, 39.
- 1857—David Church, 79.
- 1827—Lucinda, wife, 44.
- 1831—James Barber, 61.
- 1830—George Hood, 31.
- 1842—Valentine Tousley, 38.
- 1831—Betsey, wife, 27.
- 1846—Margaret, wife, 38.
- 1835—Mary, wife Isaac H. Davis, 38.
- 1847—Stephen Wyman, Sr., 59.
- 1831—Nancy, wife, 42.
- 1861—Stephen Wyman, Jr., 52.
- 1884—Electa, wife, 72.
- 1836—Almira, wife of Jacob Glidden, 31.
- 1862—Sally, wife Lyman Cook, 61.
- 1841—Mary, wife of Jonas Peabody, 34.
- 1859—Samuel Coy, 79.
- 1847—Bethiah, wife, 61.
- 1843—John Milliken, 57.
- 1840—Fanny, wife, 54.
- 1830—Asdel Nay, 33.
- 1831—Polly, wife, 34.
- 1842—Samuel Milliken, 89.
- 1853—Harriet Snyder, 88.
- 1848—Cyrus Coy, 63.
- 1873—Hannah, wife, 81.
- 1849—Enos Nichols, 75.
- 1858—Lemuel Cook, Jr., 66.
- 1871—Susan, wife, 78.
- 1873—Shubael Stevens, 58.
- 1840—Rebecca, wife, 22.
- 1845—Sallie Maria, wife, 27.
- 1877—Rachel, wife, 57.
- 1841—Daniel Crossett, 41.
- 1860—Jotham Bellows, 84.
- 1854—Polly, wife, 74.
- 1858—Mary A., wife of F. A. Salisbury, 39.
- 1830—John Dodge, 81.
- 1835—Millard Dodge, 38.
- 1830—Cynthia, wife, 25.
- 1833—Benjamin Harper, 56.
- 1855—John J. Harper, 43.
- 1861—John Stevens, 87.
- 1844—Elizabeth, wife, 64.
- 1859—Mary, wife, 64.
- 1828—Ebenezer Lewis, 75.
- 1826—William Lewis, 39.

This yard should be made beautiful, as William Lewis, the first sheriff of Orleans County, was buried here, and his son, Henry C., was the donor to the Ann Arbor University of whom we have written. And in honor of the noble dead whose bodies repose here a memorial shaft should arise sacred to their memory. Some of the sweetest and

best of women have laid down their forms here for the grasses and weeds to grow over, a living shame to those who once claimed to love them ; but mouth and heart occupy different positions.

When the author visited the Glidden burying-ground to get his information, he found briars, thorns and brambles, that had taken almost complete possession of the soil, and it was with difficulty that he was enabled to read the inscriptions on the tombs, or even approach them. But that day convinced the good people that some respect should be paid to this sacred spot, and in the future flowers will try to grow in the place of weeds. This is a small home for the silent, embowered in shade, where seldom the roll of a wagon is heard, and those whose bodies are resting here could not have chosen a place more appropriate to their mode of life :

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1852—Theodore Maine, 48. | 1843—Stephen Williams, 53. |
| 1852—Amanda, wife, 34. | 1851—Eleanor, wife, 52. |
| 1863—William H. Cook, 28, Co. G., 151st Regt., N. Y. V. | 1869—Electa, wife of Marvin Fuller, 31. |
| 1828—Asa Glidden, 55. | 1850—Esther, wife of Gideon Chapin, 63. |
| 1845—Sarah, wife, 68. | 1887—Patience Williams, 75. |
| 1839—Emeline, wife, 26. | 1851—Almira, wife of David Mower, 26. |
| 1868—John North, 39, Co. F, 13th Regt., N. Y. V. | 1866—Ann J., wife J. C. Tupper, 30. |
| 1835—Samuel Lusk, 55. | 1834—Alma, wife Jos. L. Cook, 31. |
| 1883—James Lusk, 71. | 1869—Maria, wife of Stephen Northway, 62. |
| 1868—Susannah, wife, 42. | 1837—Lydia, wife Warren Glidden, 19. |
| 1842—Joseph L. Cook, 44. | 1850—Eliza J., wife, 34. |
| 1837—Nancy, wife, 22. | 1836—Col. William Ross, 50. |
| 1878—Betsey, wife, 43. | 1851—Ira B. Keeler, 52. |
| 1838—Clarissa, wife of Helon Babcock, 27. | 1847—James A. Smith, 63. |
| 1828—Ruth, wife, 33. | 1827—Sarah, wife, 44. |
| 1830—Josiah Howard, 66. | 1869—Jacob Hall, 45. |
| 1827—Phebe, wife, 55. | 1871—Sabrina S. Glidden, 31. |
| 1848—Jacob Glidden, 80. | |
| 1880—Elijah L. Williams, 78. | |
| 1864—Janem, wife Ferrin Speer, 42. | |

There is one plat of ground in this place which the Joseph L. Cook family, or friends, have lately arranged

very tastefully, and is the only redeeming feature in the whole lot. Fire must have been allowed its way here in clearing up the brambles, as many of the white stones are black with smoke, so that one can hardly read the names. In a few years more this place will be as if it had never been.

Where the Root district has its tombs on the Root road, the sighing of the evergreens is in perfect harmony with the repose and quiet around. This has been one of the old burial-places of Clarendon, as will be seen by the names given below, together with the year in which they died, and age at death :

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1853—Edwin P. Sanford, 65. | 1833—Lyman Hammond, 64. |
| 1853—Patience, his wife, 63. | 1877—True Worthy Cook, 80. |
| 1851—Acsha, wife E. G. Smith, 37. | 1860—Sarah, wife Silas Millard, 58. |
| 1824—Asahel Clark, 37. | 1864—Susan, wife James M. Hollister, 67. |
| Lorena H. Davis, 86. | 1864—Polly, wife Thomas Turner, 87. |
| Levi Davis, 86. | 1866—Alinda, wife William Turner, 63. |
| 1859—James Dean, 68. | 1873—Catherine Hudson, 79. |
| 1845—Theodosia, wife, 49. | 1859—Nathan Merrill, 73. |
| 1844—Sarah, wife James Richardson, 82. | 1863—Nancy Merrill, 76. |
| 1882—Curtis Cook, 80. | 1881—Joshua S. Merrill, 90. |
| 1870—Russell Munger, 80. | 1870—Betsy, wife, 68. |
| 1830—Deborah, wife Rev. Joseph Avery, 80. | 1832—Chauncey B. Bird, 78. |
| 1863—Seth Langdon, 77. | 1829—Lydia, wife Deacon Thos. Templeton, 29. |
| 1863—Elizabeth, wife, 81. | 1880—Nathan Root, 82. |
| 1859—Wm. N. Beckley, 31. | 1866—Sally Ann, wife, 58. |
| 1850—David Beckley, 79. | 1856—Polly, wife of Thomas T. Maine, 81. |
| 1851—Jacob Andrus, 79. | 1875—Sylvia, wife of Thomas Butcher, 72. |
| 1838—Sally M., wife Samuel L. Nay, 27. | 1866—Lemuel Cook, 107. |
| 1833—Hannah, wife Enoch Andrus, 20. | |
| 1829—Electa A., wife of Erastus Clark, 19. | |

By taking the general average of the life of the persons here entombed, it will be seen that they reach nearly sixty-six years, which is certainly a high mark to arrive at, when we consider that “the days of a man’s life are three-score years and ten,” as the Psalmist said, long before Western

New York was dreamt of, even by Roman or Grecian explorers. And this fact illustrates another truth, that the early settlers of Clarendon were long livers, notwithstanding the pressure of large families, chill-fevers, hard fare, and all the ills attendant upon the settlement of a new country.

Where the Brockport road intersects the County Line road to the east of the old Polly tavern, is another place for mortality, which contains some of the former residents of Clarendon. This spot is at present neglected and forsaken, and no graves have been dug here for years, the style at present being to carry coffins either to Holley or Brockport. The following is a list of names, date of death and age of those interred here:

1857—Dan Polly, 71.	1865—Thomas Hood, 74.
1868—Abigail, wife, 85.	1842—Dorothy, wife, 48.
Sarah, wife of Prosper	1848—Ophelia, wife of Sidney O.
Polly, 84.	Thomas, 39.
1842—Deacon Ebenezer Hill, 84.	1834—Lorana, wife of Charles A.
1827—Asa H. Hill, 40.	Bennett, 34.
1847—Ebenezer B. Hill, 50.	1827—Nathaniel Warren, 39.
1849—Susan, wife, 46.	1861—Polly, wife, 66.
1854—Benjamin Sheldon, 69.	1841—David Warren, 61.
1827—Benjamin Barber, 52.	1854—Hannah, wife, 69.
1862—Eleazur Warren, 72.	1836—Asaph Smith, 73.
1850—Sally A., wife, 56.	1833—Vienna, wife, 39.
1863—Sally, wife, 57.	1863—John French, 84.
1837—Abigail, wife of John War-	1854—Mary, wife, 72.
ren, 30.	

The average life of the men whose bodies were borne here for interment was a trifle over sixty-three years, while that of the women reached fifty-nine, thus showing that the weaker sex, in this instance, were nearly as tenacious of staying on this side of Jordan as were their husbands and acquaintances. And it is a well-settled statement, that both sexes cling to the old hulk of mortality until the last wave rolls over them, despite doctors and diseases, which cannot change their time.

About one mile west of Clarendon, on the Pettengill

road, is the old Christian graveyard. At present this has a new fence, which improves the appearance generally, and if the sunken graves had head-stones we might be able to give the names of many more who once helped to make Clarendon what it is in this day of fine farms and fruitful orchards.

- Daniel Brackett, Sr., an old Revolutionary soldier, somewhere about 1826, age not known.
 1865—Daniel Brackett, 81.
 1871—Lydia, wife, 86.
 1841—Levi Brackett, 36.
 Dennis Evarts, 76.
 Susan Oman, wife, 75.
 1869—Hypsey A., wife, 70.
 1856—Horace Farwell, 40.
 1855—Frances H., wife, 32.
 1866—Hannah B., wife B. G. Pettengill, 68.
 1870—B. G. Pettengill, 74.
 1879—Samuel Wetherbee, 78.
 1828—Polly, wife, 20.
 1862—Hannah, wife, 61.
 1863—Joshua Coleman, 77.
 1863—Esther, wife, 73.
 1864—Conrad Mower, 65.
 1874—Christina, wife, 74.
 Martin Evarts, 61.
 Louisa Evarts, 67.
 1834—Eli Evarts, 61.
 1848—Susannah, wife, 71.
 1852—Nathaniel Huntoon, 67.
 1864—Sarah, wife, 77.
 1863—Lynds Lee, 46.
 1852—Wealthy, wife of Harrison Curtis, 45.
 1844—Abner Hopkins, 64.
 1843—Lydia, wife, 52.
 1852—Hannah, wife Abner Hopkins, Jr., 24.
 1862—Sarah Jane, wife, 28.
 1832—Seth Knowles, 70.
 1836—Lucy, wife, 73.
 1871—William Knowles, 71.
 1864—John Millard, 68.
 1855—Betsey, wife, 56.
 1836—John Wetherbee, 84.
- 1868—Jacob Oman, 84.
 1871—Amelia, wife, 87.
 1844—Benjamin Pettengill, 83.
 1848—Phebe, wife, 79.
 1857—Mary A., wife Benjamin Pettengill, Jr., 49.
 1855—Remick Knowles, 59.
 1879—Susannah, wife, 78.
 1831—Elder Jeremiah Gates, 58.
 1880—Philip Preston, 85.
 1868—Sally, wife, 74.
 1870—Lemuel Preston, 44.
 1862—Nancy, wife Elias Lawton, 66.
 1873—Abraham W. Salsbury, 79.
 1848—Mary, wife, 51.
 1871—Lucinda P., wife, 66.
 1881—George W. Baldwin, 59.
 1860—Mary Eliza, wife, 35.
 1865—Amos Palmer, 72.
 1855—Chloe, wife of Jeremiah Palmer, 87.
 1857—Levi Preston, 74.
 1833—Wealthy, wife, 55.
 1840—Orrilla, wife, 43.
 1843—Eldredge Farwell, 73.
 1821—Polly, wife, 39.
 1872—Samuel Knowles, 73.
 1864—Eunice, wife, 61.
 1846—Joseph Salsbury, 77.
 1852—Phebe, wife, 81.
 1865—Franklin Weiss, 25; killed by Edward H. Pettengill.
 1872—Reuben Bennett, 83.
 1863—Amos Wetherbee (sergeant), died in battle.
 1875—Hon. John M. Wetherbee, 36.
 Jared Thomson, 65.
 1832—Chauncey Hood, 39.
 1866—James Myers, 71.
 1831—Nathan Wickwire, 66.

This graveyard was laid out over sixty years ago, from the land of Jerit Hopkins. The first fence was built of rails and posts, by Zebulon Packard and Adam R. Hamilton; the second fence was of hemlock boards, furnished by Abner Hopkins; the third was nailed by Benjamin G. Pet-tengill and Philip Preston; the fourth, as it now stands, of timbers and wire, in 1888, by the Church society and James Medill.

Horace Farwell, whose remains are here, was caught in the drive-wheels of a locomotive, in 1856, at Albion, and terribly mangled, and the Masons buried him.

We might enter the new cemetery at Holley and give the names of many within, but we prefer to allow them the privilege of being considered in a much finer spot than the old burying-ground could furnish, and, therefore, pass them by with a simple *Requiescat in pace!*

CHAPTER XXI.

C H I P S.

THE mason has his chips, the good housewife, in a wooden country, her chips, the worker in marble his chips, the laborer in the great mental workshop all kinds of thought-chips, beginning with the A of reasoning and ending with the Z of reflection, and in this history we have found daily these chips accumulating in our pathway in such a manner that we have been forced to brush them aside for the hour, but will now collect them as best we may in order that nothing valuable in information, either of the grave or laughable, may be lost.

Clarendon has had some very strange characters, individuals who have ever possessed native traits of being that were particularly noticed. The rise and fall of political parties, the rallying of her people to hear the different expounders of the Word, the excitement over social matters, the every-day hum and buzz of gossip peculiar to a rural community, have all tended to make her known as a wide-awake actor upon the stage of being. These are some of the streams which we shall follow toward their source.

When the roads were dotted here and there with log-cabins, and simplicity and originality walked hand in hand unfettered by the tyranny of public opinion, Clarendon was as a child, open and honest in her thought and action. The latch-string was on the outside of the cabin door; the master or mistress happy to welcome the incoming guest, and all understood those humble rules of politeness which spring from the heart and not from the mouth; that

genuine hospitality that gives the guest the best the house can afford ; that asks him or her to sit down at the table, and, if away from home, remain over night, not in a half-smiling, sneering way, but in that true and child-like manner of welcome that can ever be understood by those who open their eyes and minds.

From Asa Glidden's old log-house, on the Lusk road, over to John Stevens', on the Barker road ; through the woods to Horace Peck's or Sam Stevens' early home, on the Byron road ; at Sam Knowles, in the confines of New Guinea, when Isaac Swan was present ; down at Stephen Wyman's ; at good John Millard's ; by the Packard, Oman's, Annis' or Hopkins' fire-places ; in the circle of the Bennett homes, where the unbounded hospitality of the Milliken mansion was hourly apparent ; at the Spafford, Warren, Nelson, Wadsworth, French, Sweet, Sheldon and Petten-gill tables—all was common, and the soul of the guest and host were in harmony.

How is it in 1888 ? Do we find the door open or glad to swing, the heart and face wreathed in welcome and smiles, the chair and table at our disposal ? Are we better men and better women than our fathers and mothers ? Do we do unto others as we wish they would do unto us ? or has true love become a prisoner behind the bars of the dead past ? The iron trip-hammer of fashion and selfishness has long ago made dust-work of nobleness, generosity, hospitality and heart affection in the borders of Clarendon. Who rides up and down the roads now to call upon the well with a word of joy, and, at the bedside of the sick with a face full of cheer, asks after their health and administers to their comfort ? One may die now, and only the doctor has the news. Who sits up with the children of disease ? Our mothers went from house to house in the black midnight, in sunshine and storm, and when the bells tolled for the

funeral the schools were ready, out of respect, to close their doors.

Where is the heart-meeting and the hand-shaking of the stranger at church? Now we must have an *introduction*. Where the old tea-parties? All, all have departed, the old familiar faces!

Years ago, when David Sturges had given up the old red store for his stone establishment, into its walls came one Ephraim McAllister, who has now disappeared from his old resorts. In this building he accumulated his ash, oak and hickory, and here he made lumber-wagons out of seasoned timber. A little boy, with yellow sun-bonnet over his happy face and large brown ringlets, entered one morning to call upon this framer of felloes and spokes. "I don't know him from a girl" was the quick salutation, and, with his big shears, he clipped those beautiful curls close to his head, and left them among the chips and dust of his business. When some of the girls were at the bedside of the sick in the stilly night, his face appeared like the ghost before Hamlet, and if they did not shriek "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" they certainly turned deathly pale at the sight. An Irish girl, in the blackness of the morning, when her arms were buried in the froth of the wash-tub, heard a gentle tapping at the window-pane, and looking up she saw a face that at once made her scream "Holy Virgin!" and flee to her mistress. Albion street and Holley street beheld his running when, like Tam O'Shanter, the witches, or some other host, was after him. The beautiful acorn tree on the Byron road laid low its green branches under his fatal stroke. But his hours of rest and conversation were the delight of children, and he has a large corner in their hearts.

Commodore Elliott, who once had a butcher's stall in London, often said that there were only *three* beautiful sights in this world—a handsome woman, a fine horse and

a ship under full sail. Of a stingy man he would remark that his pocket was made of hog-skin, every time a cent came out it came out with a grunt.

Perly Ainsworth, who had the first tin-shop in the old red store of David Sturges, made Mrs. D. F. St. John a tin cullender in 1834, and the number of pumpkin-pies which have had their origin in this vessel we will allow the boys of the household to answer. How very precious beef must have been in the Eldredge Farwell family in 1812, to have cost in those days of barter five dollars and fifty cents for one hundred pounds! The fine houses of Walter T. Pettengill and Georges Mathes are pleasant to look upon where once George M. Copeland's orchard stood, on Brockport street, but if David Sturges had not passed away under the shadow of the grand maples he would have erected a mansion much more elegant than either of these, and the roll of his carriage-wheels would astonish the good people of our day.

To have seen the first blacksmith pounding back of the old stone shop, which was then a log smithy, on a huge rock, would have made P. T. Barnum or Christy open wide their eyes, and among the foxy politicians of 1888, the pencil-written ballots and Judge Farwell's stove-pipe hat for a ballot-box would tickle the diaphragm of any Battery boy. How did Judge Farwell's steam-pump work in those log days? And did Cynthia Sturges and the Lady Hamilton have all the water they desired from the deep spring below the old rocks?

Where are the yellow-throated adders that once laid their heads on the stones of the old mill-dam, when the lads moved stealthily to haul them out from their holes? The minister no longer takes the candidates for baptism into the waters just above, and these, as the water, have passed away. What has become of the mill that Fobes once occupied near Caryville, where St. John ordered his fine mahog-

any for coffins, that would cost as high as ten or twenty-five dollars when David Sturges was borne away? Have the old bureaus, of the Sturges and Pettengill homes, an existence now, that he framed and were considered very elegant, even as Haydin's? Our harnesses look fine at the present, but they were not stitched by Julius Royce, or passed over by the Cook brothers.

The Methodist Church has no more the large poplar to wave over the stranger, and one may listen in vain to hear Brother Van Dyke as he prays, or the sweet music of the flute, as Henry C. Martin played, or catch the low, soft voices of those who loved to sing "Jesus, lover of my soul." Wood-choppers may come and go, but who asks the boys and girls about the Saviour, or tells them of that better country where we all wish to go? Does William Gibson move over the Holley road on his way to church? How about the beautiful Mrs. Milliken, who was so glad to have us come and, with George and William, enjoy the first maple-sugar?

The sap-bush is yet to be found in Clarendon, but the happy days are gone forever. The island where we loved to take our girls in boyhood days to pick wild strawberries would not be known now by the oldest inhabitant, and the paths we once trod have been passed over by the feet of the destroyer. The grooved skates and the heel and toe-straps have disappeared, and Church's meadow seldom hears the merry shout, or Church's hill the crust-riding in the sharp winter day. Knee-pants and button-shoes have frozen the fun out of boys. The tavern barn still stands with its doors inviting the stranger to enter, but the lads, like Jennings, Foster, Turner and Maine, are not there to take their hand at side-hold, back or square-hold, or just in front of the hotel, with large stones, take one or three jumps to determine who had the most spring; and the day

of thrown-off coats and bloody noses, with black eyes, has been sealed to never again open.

Take your place just above the village graveyard on election days, and watch Frank Phelps, John Crossett or Henry Hooper, as they held their fast nags, while some one mounted them to fly over the Clarendon Derby. What waiting! what expectation! what anxious faces! what strange opinions and, often, betting! Hark! Now John shouts "*Go!*" and they do go, down the Byron road as if "Sleepy David" was on the home-stretch. And then the looks of defeat—the cheers—the bustle—the confusion and the general scrub for the village—all this belongs to the day when elections meant something besides bribery, and money was not God.

Before Christmas or New Years' day, down in Benjamin Copeland's meadow, some eighty rods away, would be placed a turkey, tied down, while such men as Jones Peck, Alexander Miller and Morris Dewey would take their station in the red shop near the creek and blaze away at the poor turkey's head, while the lads would look on in silent admiration. But the soil long since drank up the victim's blood, and many of the shooters have at last been shot by death. To hear the sound of sweet song was ever pleasant to the ear of the Clarendon gentry, and when William Cook, Henry Vandenberg or Oliver Jenks met, some one in the crowd would quickly say, "Now, boys, give us a song," and it would be given with that sweetness and force that never can be forgotten.

The whole world loves to hear a good story, as all will admit who know that "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights" have been published in all tongues. In the old stone smithy the boys would collect on a vacation Saturday to hear William H. Cooper tell of Napoleon and his marshals, or the many strange incidents which had been nailed in his anvil career. If one had a relish for Baron

Munchausen, he could be gratified by consulting Don Annis, who was rarely excelled by Dwight Goldsmith or the Wandering Jew. As to lessons in science or the study of the heavens, St. John had a ready stock of ideas, which were ever as open to the public as an Irishman's cabin. In the long winter evenings, around the old bar-room stove, sat a crowd who were loaded down with the heavy experiences of this life, and religion, politics, love, racing, fighting, trading, cunning, betting, and all other human subjects, were freely discussed, until the hand of Time was on the hour that told them they must, though unwilling, adjourn to their several homes.

On Holley street, where G. Henry Copeland holds possession, was once the famous gun-shop of Morris Dewey. The only difficulty in the enjoyment of his work was that one must ever stand to the windward of his breath. Here were to be found guns of all the muzzle patterns, with their twist or plain barrels. He was an excellent workman, and in Remington's would have been looked up to as a master of the craft. But he has made his last piece, he has looked at the sight for the last time, and the trigger of Time has let fall the hammer of silence upon all his movements.

Near the noisy, plashing waters of the creek, on the hill of Preston street, we took particular delight in watching Philip Preston at the turning-lathe, and wondering how he could make that so finely smooth which was once so coarsely rough. His spindle has ceased its revolutions, and he has been turned over to that old destroyer of elegant humanity—Death. The bright light of the furnace fires, where the masses of smelted iron were taken out in the large ladle in the dingy shop just east of the mill lumber-yard, and the glow in the old Miller foundry, farther to the east on Byron street, have all been banked, the molds broken, the sand scattered and the fingers of many of the workmen are as silent as their patterns.

The most noted of all the Clarendon pettifoggers was Job L. Potter, and he was very brave in his case if he knew that the court would shield him from harm. Once upon a time he was trying a case against Henry A. Pratt, the Clarendon schoolmaster, before Ezekiel Hoag, Esq., one of the ablest justices of the olden days. Job made some cutting remark that entered Pratt's soul, when he jumped up and said: "Let me get at him! I will lick him quicker than hell can scorch a feather!" Someone held Pratt, and when Job saw this he replied: "Let him come! I am ready for him!" The old settlers ever loved to have lawsuits, and would turn out in strong force when a case was on the town calendar, which was generally a weekly court. After the Sturges store was opened for this purpose by the owner, George M. Copeland, this was a very convenient place to hold these trials, and the amount of litigation was without parallel in Western New York. Albion, Brockport, Holley and other towns furnished their legal talent, where until midnight the parties, and many others, would wait to hear the verdict. Now a justice in Clarendon could not afford to purchase Cowen's Treatise, depending upon his cases to pay for the same. Men have become more peaceable, and have not the sand in their spinal columns which their fathers possessed, and now fight with their mouths instead of opening the wallet.

Among the stone men, Billy Knowles, Lines Lee and D. R. Bartlett have been the chief workers. The first two worked from one end of the town to the other, until they were at last mortared, graveled and sanded by Mother Earth. The remaining one now takes with him Elias Goodenough, Ferdinand Mowers, or John Gillis in his labors, which are at present within the boundaries of the modern Holley.

In the former days the boys loved to hear the loud anvil's roar, when a wooden plug would take its flight skyward,

bells ring at midnight, and the good citizens aroused out of "balmy sleep" by all the noises peculiar to the morning of July 4th. Once the author had the rim of his straw-hat sent upward by an anvil; and at another time a cannon bursting nearly closed his smoky career. J. Alden Copeland, and another youngster, while trying to determine whether powder would explode in an old teacup, had his face filled with the material so that he jumped an old red gate in Benjamin Copeland's barnyard, took a creek bath, and then hied away for the old house at home as fast as his muscles could carry him, there to be whitewashed for a week or more with sweet oil and flour by Dr. William S. Watson, now of New York.

Sidney Maine, one of the gallant Jack Tars of South Clarendon, had a scramble with the Randolph crew, of Brockport, and cleared the deck so suddenly that he was enabled, by fair sailing, to reach his home port without even losing a backstay, or being injured in the figure-head.

When Isaac Bennett kept the Clarendon Hotel, he had the finest mail sleigh that has ever been on the course, and Benny Crossett, in his fine mail coach, would make Holley in fifteen minutes by the watch, up-hill and down-hill, three miles away, and if Morris Dewey were on earth he could tell how old Jack took five passengers to the cars one fine morning in the old buggy that had low front wheels, and high back ones, in the same space of time.

Somebody smelt a little gas under the Farwell mills, and straightway an oil company was organized, the engine attached, and R. P. True sent down the drill for 700 feet, when the croakers began to croak, and the hole is now covered by chips and pumice. But they smelt gas and oil!

In the sounds of sweet music Clarendon has ever been at the front, even from the old training days when such men as Henry Crannel were ready to sound the call on the shrill fife, and Albert Turner to blow his cornet. George P.

Preston has kindly furnished the following list of the old home band, which was the delight of the town some years ago: Albert Turner, Guy Salsbury, Alexander Salsbury, Alphonso D. Cook, Abram Frederick, Frederick Glidden, George P. Preston, Theodore Stone, John N. Beckley and Frank Storms. This band was an honor to Clarendon, and should have been kept up for all time, as it discoursed excellent music, and caused the hearts of many to rejoice. A drum corps was organized some years ago, and George Lee laid aside his coopering to give us the names: Charles Cramer, leader and fifer; Tom Lee, Ferdinand Mower, Frank Foster, Emery Dexter, Henry Webster, Aden and John Bowen, fifers. Drummers—Levant Jenkins, Lewis Mathes, Ben Mathes, John Kidney, Robert Wilson, James Josey, Will Mead, Shephard Foster, George Lee, Frank West, Varnum Miller, and base, Vernon Mower; John Mansfield as drum-major. This corps has been one of the best in Orleans County, and has won the admiration of all listeners.

The town, a number of years now gone, formed a baseball nine, which played at Medina, Shelby, Albion, Bergen, Byron, and many other places, with the best of success. Their names, as furnished by George P. Preston, are as follows:

Frank Mower, pitcher.	Lyman Preston, left-fielder.
John Pike, catcher.	Alex. C. Salsbury, right-fielder.
Simeon Glidden, first-base.	James Day, center-fielder.
Lyman Nelson, second-base.	Tom Barron, short-stop.
George P. Preston, third-base.	

This original nine was in time dissolved, and other nines have stepped to the front, playing with the Ninth Ward Stars of Rochester, at Medina, Brockport, Holley, and various other places, the different clubs returning the visits at Clarendon, where the grounds have been north of Cope-land's Grove, on the Inman estate, and west of Cyrus Foster's.

The Tuscarora Band of Indians have visited town on the 4th of July, and John N. Beckley of Rochester, John Cunneneen of Albion, Rev. J. A. Copeland of Rochester, and other orators, have addressed the multitude, either at Copeland's Grove or on the Campus, near the stone church, and the public for many miles distant have ever declared that Clarendon can beat the state on this great day, in her fantastic parade, and general display of patriotism.

It must have been a very strange time when the wood-sawyer, in the old Farwell mill, sawed the log with one leg holding down the candlestick, or when Streeter, in 1818, stood on his head on the ridge-board of Judge Farwell's big barn, now standing on Woodruff avenue.

Those interested in the silk manufacture would have been pleased to have seen the silk-worms when they spun the cocoons on the mulberry trees, which made a dress for Mrs. Ira Phillips, and this in Clarendon about 1840, on land now held by George Turner in the village. All this we owe to Ira Phillips at that early day.

Emma Sturges, wife of T. E. G. Pettengill, of Washington, informs us that Miss Baldwin, wife of Eldredge Farwell, Jr., had the first piano in Clarendon, and that her own melodeon had a piano frame.

The violinists of Clarendon at present are: Charles Darrow, Dan Albert, Jay Northway, Corydon Northway and Don Goodenough, who can keep up the old-time reputation of Bishop, Fosters and Turner. Barney Goodenough was a violin-maker, and his instruments had much sweetness of tone and depth of melody.

Horace Peck, in 1817, set out one plum sprout on his lands, on the Byron road.

While Col. Shubael Lewis was driving furiously on the Byron road, Robert Crossett crossed the track and was no more.

When Samuel L. Stevens was twenty-one years of age,

he had a flour-chest made by Solomon Gaines' father, east of Pumpkin Hill, which Mrs. Stevens uses now, and is sixty-six years old.

The Wilson stove, in 1834, had a pipe in the center, and was three and one-half feet high, with two griddles, with the oven in front, and only one tin to go in at a time, with a copper boiler three feet high. The rotary stove had five griddles, one large, three small, and one of a pint-basin size. This stove had a crank to turn the top, a tin oven with a reflector on top, which would hold five loaves of bread.

Old John Stevens' pocket-book, which he left to his son, Samuel L., had four places for money—two for silver, and two for bills—and was marked in large letters, "Constantinople;" and Sam's pocketbook had two pockets, with six memorandum leaves inside; and Mrs. Stevens has them both in her possession (1888). Samuel L. Stevens left his wife a German thaler, date 1764, which his mother left him at her death in 1844. Mrs. Stevens has the old chopping-bowl of John Stevens, which he had when he first began to keep house, made out of a black-ash knot, and over ninety years of age, in which she still chops her meat for her good mince pies; also a cherry table with no leaves—oblong, and made sixty-three years now fled. Sol Woodard hammered out her hammer and tongs in 1828.

In 1844, the Millerites were all ready, in their night-gowns, to go aloft, and when the earthquake came, Daniel Austin, as he saw his dear wife hold up her hands to ascend, said very calmly: "Don't go yet, Sally!" Perhaps he wanted her to stay a little longer over here.

Mrs. Samuel L. Stevens rode twenty miles in a cutter in the great snow-storm which began October 27, 1844, and snowed three days, and one man on the Byron road was buried, and found after the storm had passed away.

The New Guinea road was so very bad, in an early day,

that Sam Stevens could not draw, with his best team, a barrel of whisky up the hill, and four men turned out and carried it up on poles—a precious lift!

Mrs. Stevens remembers well the terrible flood which nearly drowned Buffalo in 1844, when she was near Pendleton, in Niagara county, almost soaked through in the distance of one-fourth of a mile.

Mrs. Hiram Ward was weaving the morning of the earthquake of 1844, and her father in the cornfield thought the shock of corn would tumble on him as the earthly shock rolled under him.

In learning to trip “the light fantastic toe,” Clarendon had Carl Dickson as the first master, and Hadley of Rochester, showed the lads how to take a “pigeon-wing,” or give the “Highland Fling” to perfection; and the best dancers have been George McCrillis, Augustus and Gustavus St. John, with Simeon Glidden.

The strongest Clarendon boy was Sickles Maine, and he was a giant that must have had a muscle on him such as Victor Hugo gave to Jean Valjean.

Adolphus Van Buren, John Manchester, and Jared Thompson would not step aside for Kilrain, Sullivan or Tom Hyer.

Oscar Sawyer, among the old school-boys, was as quick as the Japanese Giant when someone wished to knock his pins from under him, and it took a good man to lay Jacob Glidden on his back.

Delos Platt could write his name with skates when the ice was like a molten looking-glass.

Lyman Nelson and Corydon Kelley could skip over Clarendon soil like some Indian of the plains.

The old games of barn-ball base, hunt the gray, two-old, three-old- and four-old-cat have gone out into the fun and frolic of the past, while pom-pom pull-away, leap-frog, crack-the-whip, ring-around, jump-the-rope and anty, anty

over, are laid away in memory's play-shop. Boys very seldom put the *chips* on each other's shoulders, and then dare each other to knock them off; and the absence of whipping at school or at home has taken most of the sand out of young Clarendon; and if another war should occur the *girls* would take their places in the ranks, just as the white man used the darkey in the lower regions. Boys hang around the stores, shops and groceries now on cold days, instead of courting the winter storm on Church's meadow, or coasting on Church's hill, and their dear mothers are making dudes of them as rapidly as fashion will allow.

When Elder Cornish had preached at the Christian church six months acceptably, one morning, at the Conference meeting, Daniel Austin very gravely arose and informed the brethren that he had listened to Elder Cornish for six months, and in all that time had heard him say nothing about hell, and he hoped he would not hear any more such sermons, and sat down. No notice was taken of these remarks by the elder, but the next day, at a funeral of a young girl, he preached this lower subject so vividly, and touched Uncle Daniel, who was present, so forcibly upon his love for the "Oh, be joyful," that he never again commented upon the good elder's lack of hades-preaching. The afternoon after the funeral sermon, the elder came out where Squire Pettengill was hewing timber, who said: "Elder, you were quite fiery in your sermon this morning." "Yes," he replied, "I never preach hell unless I am full of hell myself," which saying would be very applicable even now.

Elder H. S. Fish, of the Christian church, was a very earnest worker, and, withal, a little unguarded when his tongue took possession of his judgment. He had been for some time holding evening meetings, and, after he had delivered one of his most persuasive sermons, paused and asked "all those who desired to start anew in the Christian Church to come forward on to the anxious seat." He

waited a few moments, and none came. He then said they would sing a verse, and he wanted all to come. The verse was sung, but none came. He paused again, and then asked if none of them wanted to go to heaven. No response! Then he exclaimed, "Sit in your seats and go to hell, then!" and at once closed the meeting. The next day the "Squire" met him as usual, and asked the Elder if he did not think his closing was rather brash. "Well," he replied, "I was so mad I could not help it!" and no doubt the bad angels laughed in their spirits on both occasions.

Edwin P. Sanford, of the Root road, was one time working with old Lemuel Cook, of Revolutionary fame, and he was, as usual, telling his great exploits, to kill time. He said that he was the father of *seven* sons, and he did not believe that any one knew of another such family. Sanford, in his stammering way, replied, "He h-a-d r-e-a-d of j-u-s-t s-u-c-h a f-f-amily!" and when pressed to give the name, he said, "It w-w-as M-m-ary M-m-agdalene," and that turned the laugh on old Lemuel with a general roar.

In the old tavern days there were many incidents which occurred when the laugh went round. Ezekiel Hoag was complaining at one time of the many trials and troubles which he encountered in this life, in the presence of Philip Angevine, who was the landlord. Angevine replied to Hoag, "Hoag, you should walk in the path of rectitude and virtue, and then you won't have any trouble. Hoag, step in my track!" Hoag straightened himself up and said, very gravely, "Angevine, make a track; I never knew you to make *one* in my life!" Some one was going from Clarendon to Michigan, and each one was telling the individual that if he saw any one that he knew to tell that person of their several situations in life. Hoag, who was present, with much dignity remarked, "And if you see any-

body that knows me, tell him that I am in easy circumstances." Jimmy Bowles and Jared Thompson, having had a glass or two, fell into a dispute, which resulted in blows, when Jimmy had Jared in the corner foul. After they were separated, Jared said, "Jimmy, I could have knocked you into hell in a moment if I had wanted to!" "I know it," said Jimmy, "but I did not want to go." Martin Dewey and Hoag had been out hunting with the boys in the green-corn time, and, returning to Levi Preston's, on the Barre road, had a roast. After the corn had been eaten, Dewey and Hoag bet the liquor as to who could hit a mark the nearest to the center. In the meantime, Dewey had stopped the air-hole next to the pan, and then stepped forward and made his shot. Hoag walked up, took his old musket, aimed very deliberately, and there was only a flash in the pan. "Well! well!" said Hoag, "I never saw the likes of this. I have lost, and we will try it again." Both fired, and Hoag had again the same flash, without any explosion, and, full of astonishment, he raised the pan and saw the wooden plug, which ended his wonder, and all adjourned to the old tavern to receive the wager.

In 1826, a vote was taken at a town meeting that a fine of fifty cents be imposed upon any farmer who would allow Canada thistles or Tory weed to grow on his farm. In the same year constable and collector were placed on one ticket. In 1839, one hundred dollars was raised as a bounty on crows, at one shilling a head. In 1841, thirty dollars for bridges and roads. In 1842, two hundred dollars for schools. In 1843, one hundred dollars for schools and fifty dollars for roads and bridges. In 1844, two hundred dollars for schools. In 1846, six dollars and seventy-five cents out of the poor fund for bridges and roads and two hundred dollars for schools. In 1845-47-48, two hundred dollars each year for schools. In 1852, sixteen dollars for schools. In 1855, twelve dollars for roads and

bridges ; path-masters were made fence-viewers ; swine, at large, fifty cents fine ; lawful fences, four and one-half feet high ; no cattle, sheep or hogs at large from November 1st until April 1st, fine one dollar, within half a mile of any store, mill or distillery ; twenty-five dollars for standard of weights and measures ; ten dollars for procuring a map of Clarendon ; one hundred dollars for schools ; four ballot boxes and four tickets, viz., supervisor and town clerk, one ticket ; assessors, commissioners and overseers of poor on the second ticket ; collector and constable on the third ticket, and commissioners and inspectors of schools on the fourth ticket, and that a poll-list be kept. These resolutions, as above given, were passed at town meetings in 1821 and 1822. In 1828, the record of weights and measures was made as follows : One-half bushel, one peck measure, one four-quart measure, one two-quart measure, one quart, one pint, one gill, one scale and balance, one weight of fifty-six pounds, one of twenty-eight pounds, one of fourteen pounds, one of seven, one of four, one of two, one of one, one of one-half, one of one-quarter, one of two ounces, one of one ounce and one of one-half ounce, all of which were recorded May 4, 1828. In 1831, that the collector shall have five cents on each dollar ; that all neat cattle shall be free commoners, and that every man shall keep a good fence. In 1835, that the town clerk be authorized to purchase such blank books as may be necessary for Clarendon ; that the suit against Daniel Brackett be pushed by the supervisor if thought advisable by counsel. In 1838, that horned cattle run as free commoners from May 1st to November 1st. From 1821 to 1835 one thousand and seventy-six dollars were appropriated for schools and fifty dollars for the poor. This demonstrates that the poor were very few and self-supporting generally, whereas the town poor of 1888 cost the town about two hundred dollars and the roads and bridges have cost in one year the

snug sum of nine hundred dollars, from which a very instructive lesson may be learned if figures do not lie.

In the old days the owners of stock had private marks, by which they could tell their own, and these were recorded by the town clerk. This was called the ear-mark record, and the shape of the mark was entered on the book. William Lewis had a slit in each ear of his stock; Stephen Martin a half-penny on the under side of the right ear; William Dudley, a half-penny on the under side of the left and right ears; Chauncey Robinson, a half-penny under the left ear and a slit in the same; Benjamin Thomas, a swallow fork in the left ear and a slit in the right; Noah Sweet, a square cross off the left and a half-penny under the right ear; Cyrus Coy, a slanting cross off the upper side of the right ear; Anson Bunnell, a slit in left ear; William Tousley, a hole through the right ear; Eldredge Farwell, a half cross off the under side of each ear; Seth Knowles, a tenant on left ear; Abner Hopkins, a square cross off the left ear and a hole through the right; Chauncey Hood, a square cross off the left ear; John French, a swallow fork in the right ear and a half cross under the left. These are a few of the ear-marks, which we have given to show the custom of our fathers.

In 1821, the first year of Clarendon, the town was divided into twenty-seven road districts with twenty-seven overseers, as follows:

- No. 1—William Phillips, near the Polly tavern.
- No. 2—Nathaniel Huntoon, at N. E. Darrow's.
- No. 3—Isaac Cady, on Hulberton road.
- No. 4—Enos Dodge, at John Church's.
- No. 5—Michael Spencer, on Taylor road.
- No. 6—David Sturges, on Byron street.
- No. 7—Alexander Annis, on the Barre road
- No. 8—Ezekiel Lee, at Honest Hill.
- No. 9—Jared L. Cook, Lusk road.
- No. 10—John Miller, Warren road.
- No. 11—Noah Sweet, Templeton road.
- No. 12—Levi Broughton, Sawyer road.

- No. 13—Lemuel Pratt, Webster road.
 No. 14—Jacob Oman, Millard road.
 No. 15—Elias Palmer, Milliken road.
 No. 16—John Stedman, West Glidden road.
 No. 17—Peter Drouns, Butterfield road.
 No. 18—James A. Smith, West Glidden road.
 No. 19—Ira Lucas, at Lucas & Curtis' mills.
 No. 20—Simeon Glidden, Matson road.
 No. 21—Cyrus Coy, at Robinson school-house.
 No. 22—Enoch Belcher, Reed road.
 No. 23—Henry Jones, Wyman road.
 No. 24—Asdel Nay, Ward road.
 No. 25—Asahel Clark, Root road.
 No. 26—Zebulon Packard, Packard road.
 No. 27—Chauncey Gould, Taylor road.

Eldredge Farwell had the highest tax of fifteen days in the "Mills" this year, and Dan Polly and Benjamin Thomas ten days each, and John Cone, fourteen days; Joseph Sturges and Seth Knowles, ten each; Abner Hopkins, Elizur Warren, David Church, Linus Peck, Shubael Lewis, John Stephens. Asa Glidden, Cyrus Hood, James Cornwell and James A. Smith had eight days each; Elias Palmer, ten days; Chauncey Robinson, twelve days, and William Lewis, nine days; Noah Sweet had sixteen days in his two lots purchase.

It will be observed that outside of the village the wealth of the town was to the south and east, and the same rule holds in 1888. In 1829, David Sturges had twenty-nine days, as against five days in 1821, and Eldredge Farwell had twenty-seven days second in order on the tax-roll. Dan Polly had fifteen days and John Cone nineteen days. Some of the first on the list of 1821 were tending to the last in 1829, and some of the last in that year were rapidly climbing to be the first in 1831, and so rolls the world away.

In the list of 1835 there were forty-four overseers, who embraced the following:

Dan Polly,
 David Sturges,
 Remick Knowles,

Ephraim Fletcher,
 Helon Babcock,
 Joel Clark,

Stephen Wyman, Jr.,
 Stephen Wyman, Sr.,
 E. P. Sanford,

John Church,	William Sheldon,	Charles A. Bennett,
Leonard Gillett,	Alpheus Curtis,	Manning Packard,
Daniel Green,	Calvin C. Patterson,	Philip Inman,
Abner Hopkins,	Cyrus Coy,	Elijah L. Williams,
Simeon Howard,	Elijah Ainsworth,	Horatio Reed,
Jason A. Sheldon,	Jacob Glidden,	Cyrus Hull,
David Warren,	Ira Richmond,	Alexander Annis,
John Abrams,	Nathan Merrill,	Samuel Miller,
Harley Hood,	Amos Cady,	Samuel L. Stevens,
Caleb Hallock,	Horace Richardson,	Eli Beardsley,
James Preston,	Aaron Rand,	Charles Burns.

Not one of these, to our knowledge, is now on this whirling globe of time, and in fifty-three years they have been rowed over that river by the silent Charon who never brings back any of his passengers. And it is a sad thought that the faces we have ever loved to look upon must give us their last appearance, that the bright eyelights must go out in darkness, the deep rich tones of the silver chord be loosed forever, the golden bowl of storied intelligence be rudely broken, the hands drop down silently and the feet no longer hasten at our coming! But we shall meet beyond Clarendon!

David Forbush, whom we have mentioned as living both on the Byron road and on the Tousley road, had a stomach like an alderman and a voice like a woman. At one of the New Guinea prayer-meetings old William Holt was present with a goodly company of brethren and sisters, Forbush among the number. Forbush prayed thus: "Brethren and sisters, I had a beautiful dream last night; I thought I went to heaven and saw Jesus Christ sitting on a great white throne, with a great multitude of angels all about him. By crackey! I would give *fifty dollars* if I could only have the same dream again to-night." Old Holt, who had his gray head buried in his hands, and supposing the voice of Forbush to be one of the women present, cried out, "*God bless that sister!*" Whether he discovered his mistake before the meeting adjourned we cannot say, but the fact was too laughable to hide from

the public ear. When Forbush wished to whip his boy Milo, he would say, "Milo! Milo! come here and see what a pretty little bird I have got," and if Milo was caught give him a good thrashing.

When Abraham Lincoln was president, during the war, Abraham W. Salsbury and Benjamin G. Pettengill visited Washington, and, wishing to see the president, attended the same church and at the close stationed themselves at the door. When Mr. Lincoln passed by, Salsbury placed himself in the way, with Pettengill, and said: "Mr. Lincoln, my name is Salsbury, and this is Squire Pettengill, and we are from Clarendon!"

Daniel Brackett was a cross man to his children, and if one of them failed to move as he wished, the toe of his boot was generally ready to assist. When the great fall of aerolites took place he became very good, and was ready to pray with his children for about the space of three days, until he became convinced that the world was not on the eve of dissolution. Then, like some storm-escaped passenger, his true nature returned, and he became as ferocious as ever. One of his boys happening to displease him on the fourth day, he gave him an old-fashioned kick, and the lad said to his uncle, "I wish the stars would fall again!" This story teaches that affected kindness springs from fear and not from genuine love in instances of this character. If the kicker could have been kicked by some one larger than himself he would have then realized the force of the punishment.

When the Fullers kept the hotel at Mudville, some party had raised a pole to illustrate their feelings in relation to Morgan. When the father and son returned home they at once chopped down this pole, which stood just in front of the inn. Jacob Oman, hearing the blows of the axe, ran down from his home very quickly, and said to his son Jacob, "Jake, you take young Fuller; I take the old man!" and

the way he took him very soon made the gray-haired fighter to cry out, "Take him off, take him off!" as loud as he could bawl. Soon after another pole was raised by the Oman's faction, when Whipple, of Barre, took Reuben Bennett, who had thrown his arms about the pole to prevent its cutting, and tore his shirt nearly from his body before he would release his grasp. Alexander Annis stood in the line of the falling pole and dared any one to cut it down. When it fell it brushed very closely to his head, and Whipple asked old Jake Omans what he had to say about it. He could only snarl and walk away growling.

Among the noble women of Clarendon we love to particularly mention Mrs. Eldredge Farwell, now of Holley, the mother of Ellen, Gertrude, Susan, Florence, Fowler and Horace Farwell, embracing one of the best families in the Empire State. Mrs. Farwell is at present over seventy years of age, and is a leading member of the Chautauqua literary circle—a beautiful woman in person, mind, heart and soul; one of the few in this life who, when they pass away, are missed as we would the snuffing out of a celestial orb.

Jimmy Bowles was at one time complaining of too much water in the whisky he drank, and one of the leading citizens remarked: "Why, Jimmy, I should think this would please you, as you will not get drunk on such liquor." "No, it don't," said Jimmy. "I only get fifty cents a day, and when the whisky is good I can get full on six cents, at three cents a drink, and take home three shillings and sixpence for my family. But when the whisky is watered, it takes three shillings and sixpence to get drunk, and I only have sixpence to carry home, and I go there bloated up with water." Jimmy was a wise philosopher.

In the love of literature, Judge Farwell, Benjamin Copeland, George M. Copeland, Daniel F. St. John, Henry Crannell, William H. Cooper, John B. King, Col. Charles James

and Manning Packard have ever evinced their love for books, the *best friends* that man has upon this earth, while among the younger class we would name James McCrillis, S. Herbert Copeland, Winfield Ward, Frank Foster and Albert Church. A literary club would be well appreciated in Clarendon, if properly organized.

In a country village, some persons love to hear all the news, and are never satisfied until they have opened the doors of their houses, and as soon as possible opened the doors of their mouths into some neighbor's ear, especially if the news be bad, or someone is falling in the race of life, or dying, or dead. When Mrs. Jared Thompson moved away, it was said of her that she had all the news of the village and country, and yet never said one evil thing about anyone. She was a very remarkable woman, and always had a whole army of Tabbies about her home.

As special admirers of style and speed in the stately stepping steed, we can mention Lewis Patterson, Martin V. Foster and Lyman Preston, of the village; C. H. Chace, on the Holley road; George Taylor, on the Taylor road; William Lyman, on the Butterfield road; Daniel Barker, on the Barker road; Nathan R. Merrill and Charles Tinsley, on the Byron road; Edgar Stevens, on the Stevens road; Edwin Babbage, on the Wyman road; David Bridgeman, on the Milliken road, and Anson Salisbury, on the Hulberton road.

Away back in the old Revolutionary days, the good mothers were quite often left alone and unprotected in the wilderness. This was the case with Mrs. Daniel Brackett, whose husband was in the field fighting the British. A party of Indians came around the old log-house one night, set up their war-whoop, and did their best to enter the cabin. The old Dutch fireplace was in full blast, and one of the braves thought he would jump down the chimney. He did so, and the good woman threw into the flame

a feather bed, and gave the Indian a crack with the poker which settled him.

The following descriptive rhyme was given us by Mrs. D. F. St. John, which she had preserved since that day among her school-rolls :

ON CLARENDON VILLAGE.

Since poetry is my design,
 I thought I'd write you a few lines
 About this village, all so neat,
 Because it is bold Clarendon's seat.
 'Tis first I'll tell you its bounds :
 A hill most part of it surrounds.
 To see the ground's majestic grace,
 Yourself upon this hill must place.
 This hill is oft a favorite walk
 For people who delight to talk.
 They leave the gay and sportive throng
 Of noisy boys that play along.
 Of the suburbs next I shall treat :
 The streets irregular, though neat.
 Two stores in this place you'll find,
 And dwelling-houses of every kind.
 A church you'll find in Scio street,
 Where all good people love to meet ;
 A steeple high as need to be—
 If you're observing you will see.
 The taverns I have not mentioned yet,
 Although I shall not them forget.
 There are two taverns, as you may tell,
 And one is called Clarendon Hotel.
 Besides, some blacksmith-shops around
 To cheer the village with the sound.
 Two schools, which much do vary,
 And one is called Clarendon Seminary.
 Two shoemaker-shops besides—
 And a doctor that does electrize.
 A tailor-shop, as you do see,
 Likewise a little grocery.
 Besides, there is an ancient mill
 That stands on yonder distant hill,
 And it grinds the wheat
 For the Clarendon men to eat.

Composed by J. W. GLIDDEN.

H. W. MERRILL INST., January 19, 1836.

"Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality."

There was a very poor old woman, who was in the habit of traveling around the country, and when she came to Clarendon, made Mrs. Laura A. Copeland a special call, and was a guest in every sense of the word. The author remonstrated with the mother as to these visits, but she rebuked him by saying: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." "But," said David, "I don't believe God sends angels looking so bad as this woman." This argument never drove the needy from our door.

Eldredge Farwell, wishing to inspect the old log school just below W. H. H. Goff, rode up in front of the door, when the teacher went out of the back door, and ran into the woods very near by. In came the judge, and asked for the master. Horace Peck told him that he had ran into the woods. "Well, then," said the judge, "you call the scholars up, and I will inspect them." Horace did so, and when the judge had left the teacher came sneaking in again, and took charge of affairs.

One of the earliest surveys for the Erie Canal was made through Clarendon, and Mrs. Samuel L. Stevens can remember of the surveyors sticking their stakes in her orchard, on the Stevens road. The hills and bluffs at this point would have made Clarendon the Lockport between Buffalo and Albany, a much more direct line than the one finally adopted by the outlayers of this grand work. But the rocks of Clarendon were too heavy for the moneyed men of that pioneer day.

Ira G. Cole, and Neville, his son, have built, since 1866, in Holley and vicinity, more houses than any other two carpenters in this section. They have erected the finest houses in this portion of New York, and their buildings are on every street, and of the most modern style of architecture. One fine point in the work of these contractors is, that when they take a contract they push it day and night

until the work is completed. They can ask for no other memorial than their buildings to perpetuate their name.

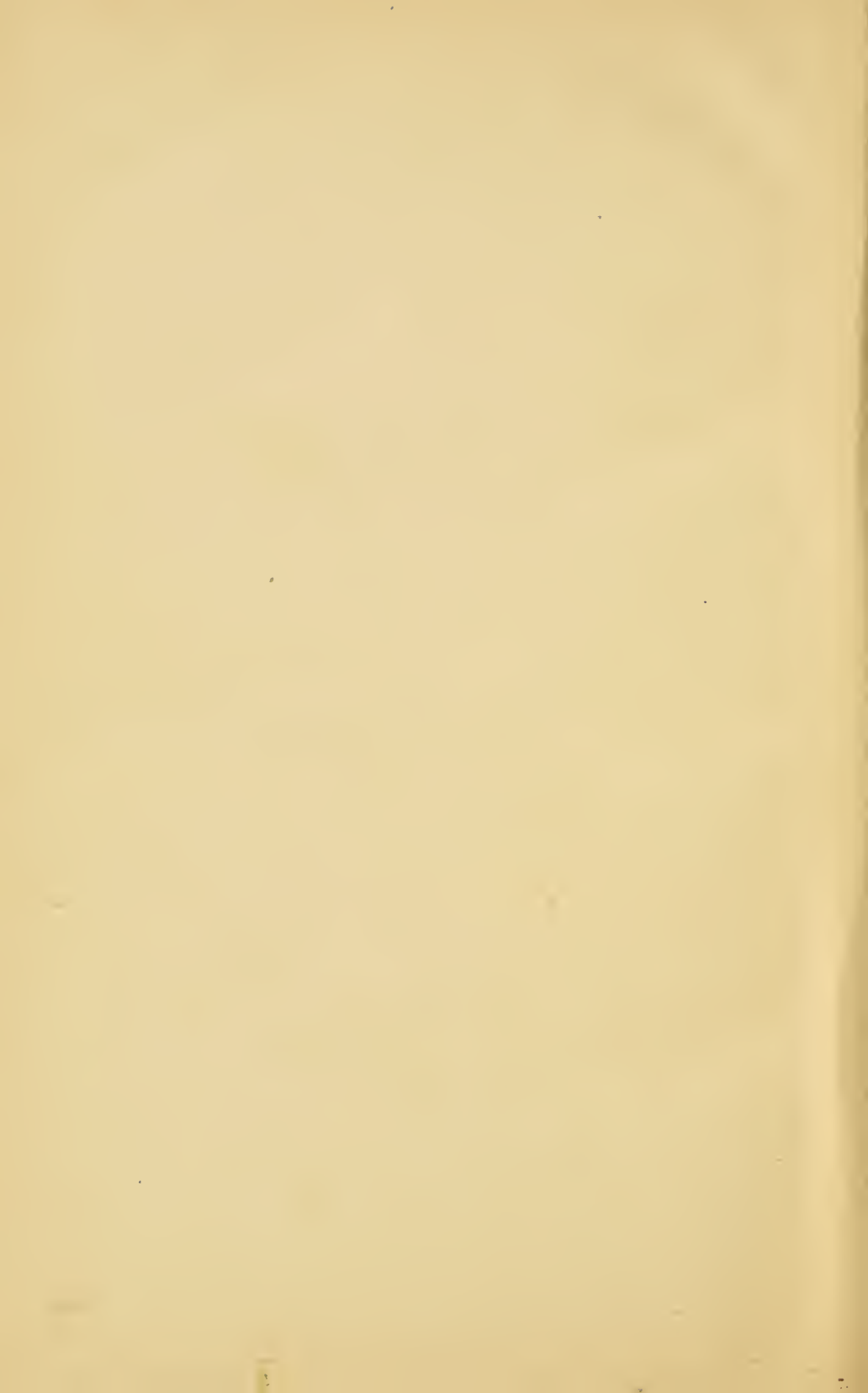
According to Michael Murphy, his lime-kiln, up to December, 1888, sold 22,000 bushels of lime, and the fires are still burning, and will all winter, if the season permits. For one year this is an excellent showing, and some idea can be formed of the value of this product when we figure the price of twenty cents at the kiln, and twenty-five cents a bushel when delivered; and this requires teams daily to supply the demand, which is increasing yearly, demonstrating that Clarendon has a mine of wealth in lime.

When the "General Roll" is called, the books opened, we earnestly hope that Clarendon may be found with her history, like the moon in the Indian skies, increasing in glory as she travels the grand highway of eternity.

FINIS.







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